





HISTORY
OF THE
78TH REGIMENT O. V. V. I.,

FROM
ITS "MUSTER-IN" TO ITS "MUSTER-OUT;"

COMPRISING
ITS ORGANIZATION, MARCHES, CAMPAIGNS,
BATTLES AND SKIRMISHES.

BY REV. THOMAS M. STEVENSON,
CHAPLAIN OF THE REGIMENT.

(SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.)

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TO THE
HON. CHARLES W. POTWIN.

WHOSE PATRIOTIC DEVOTION TO THE
INTERESTS OF OUR SOLDIERS
WAS CONSPICUOUS DURING THE WAR—

WHOSE TIMELY BENEVOLENCE
RELIEVED FROM WANT THE FAMILIES
OF MANY OF THE
“SEVENTY-EIGHTH OHIO,”

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

TO THE READER.

In introducing this Book to the reader, we do not propose to present a history of the slave-holders' war and suppression of the Great Rebellion, but a minute and unvarnished narration of the battles and campaigns of the SEVENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT OF OHIO VOLUNTEERS. No body of men in the service have taken part in a greater number of skirmishes and battles—traveled over more territory, and participated in more important campaigns.

It has for nearly four years been constantly in the front, and during the summer's heat and winter's cold has been actively engaged. Its heaviest and most important marches have been performed during the winter months; through a country thought by rebels impracticable for active operations. The leaders of the enemy were confident of victory, believing that the army of General Sherman must, sooner or later, be utterly destroyed in the rivers and swamps of a country through which the inhabitants could scarcely pass in times of peace.

The Regiment has passed through nearly every State of the would-be Confederacy, going in at Paducah, Ky., marching nearly all the way to Grand Gulf and Vicksburg; passing through Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia.

A history of these long wearisome marches and their battles, will certainly be of interest not only to the brave soldiers of the Regiment, but to every true patriot interested in the welfare of the Federal Army.

Never in the history of the world, did an enemy fight with more obstinate determination than the rebel army. The whole power of church and State combined stretched every nerve and sinew of war to their utmost tension, to accomplish their vile and ambitious purpose—the establishment of a Confederacy whose corner-stone should be slavery. For the attainment of this object every species of misrepresentation, falsehood and fraud, were resorted to, to arouse the passions of the Southern people against the North and northern institutions.

With the details of this volume the soldiers of the Seventy-Eighth Regiment are familiar. It has been, therefore, written as a text book to guide you in your conversation with families and friends of the honored dead; and will be a reminder of what you have done in vindicating and upholding the liberties of your country—the hardships and privations you have endured, the sacrifices you have made for the Union. It has been published in a durable form, that you may preserve it for your children, that they may read what their fathers have done in suppressing a Rebellion which has created a new era in the history of this *Great Republic*.

Such a record is justly due the brave men of the Seventy-Eighth, to whom this work is dedicated. Let the father, during the long winter evenings, gather around him his children, the son his parents and sisters, and read it chapter by chapter, and tell them what part *he* took, and his position in every battle.

The facts and events here recorded will furnish material for many an evening's conversation, and pleasant recollections.

SEVENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT OF OHIO INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

In the autumn of 1861 the rebellion began to assume such a magnitude, and degree of earnestness of purpose with the people of the South, that it behooved the friends of the Union to make greater efforts than they had hitherto made to recruit and reinforce the army, now insufficient in numbers and discipline to protect the borders and defend the National Capital. The rebel armies had possession of almost every slave State, and were contending with alternate success for Missouri and Kentucky. In the East the enemy was entrenched within cannon range of Washington City.

Darkness enveloped the nation. The nation's life was in imminent danger. The bugle gave the alarm to all parts of the country, that all would soon be lost unless the people would, with one accord, rally round the standard of the Union. Many had already responded to their country's call, and were bravely and nobly holding the enemy in check, but must soon be overwhelmed unless reinforced by the strong and patriotic men who, as yet, seemed not to realize the peril of the nation.

The response to the earnest and loud call of the nation was soon made. Men left the plow, the workshop, the desk and the pulpit, determined not only to drive back the enemy, but to push the war into the very heart of rebeldom, that the rebels who had instituted the war might see its desolations and feel its terrible and frightful consequences.

M. D. Leggett, then Superintendent of the Public Schools of the City of Zanesville, felt that it was his duty to abandon his high position of usefulness and go in defense of the flag of his country. He made an appeal to others in whose patriotism he had confidence, and who occupied positions similar to his own, but who had not, as yet, the most remote idea of engaging in the bloody conflict then going on in the nation. Many came forth at once in response to the appeal of Lt. Colonel Leggett, and encouraged him in his efforts to enlist men for the war. It was proposed to raise a regiment, and that M. D. Leggett take the lead, many promising to engage in the work under his superintendence. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel by Governor Tod, and authorized to raise a regiment to be known as the SEVENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT OF OHIO VOLUNTEER INFANTRY. He at once selected his men to superintend the raising of companies in the counties of Muskingum, Morgan, Guernsey, Noble, Monroe, Belmont and Columbiana. Recruiters for other regiments were already at work in this field, and putting forth their best efforts to fill up regiments not yet complete. Colonel Leggett visited all the important places in these counties, and by his earnest and eloquent appeals to the patriotism of the people, aroused them to a sense of their duty to their bleeding country. Strong, young and intelligent men were induced to leave all, and fly to their country's rescue.

The regiment rendezvoused in Camp Gilbert, near West Zanesville, and on the 11th of January, 1862, was organized and reported ready for the field. It mustered nine hundred and forty men. No other regiment excelled it in intelligence and high-toned morality. It had, perhaps, more professors of religion than any other regiment recruited in the State. Genuine patriotism inspired every heart.

It sustained its high Christian character in all the battles, marches and campaigns in which it was engaged during nearly four years of service. It has for the first time to be driven back, or surprised and panic-stricken by the enemy ;

it never disgraced in the field or in camp its commander, by cowardice or outrage.

No regiment has a purer record. In discipline it was thorough and complete; quick to destroy when ordered, and ready to let alone and spare the enemy when destruction and slaughter were useless. Under the command of Colonel M. D. Leggett the regiment left the State, and arrived at Fort Donelson, Tenn., February 15th, 1862, while that desperate battle was in progress. It took an active part in all the bloody battles in the West under General Grant, and afterwards, General Sherman. First Shiloh, Siege of Corinth, thence it marched to Jackson, Tennessee, thence to Bolivar, Grand Junction and LaGrange, where, with the Twentieth and Sixty-Eighth Ohio regiments, it was in the field daily, breaking up rebel encampments and harassing the enemy between Bolivar, Tenn., and Iuka, Miss.

It commenced the winter campaign under General Grant into the interior of Mississippi, and returned after a march of two hundred miles to Grand Junction. Thence it marched to Memphis and Vicksburg, and took an active part in running the transports past the rebel batteries, during the cover of night, which solved the difficult problem of the capture of that city.

It crossed the Mississippi River below Grand Gulf and did its full share of fighting in the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion's Hill, Black River, and Siege of Vicksburg. After the surrender of Vicksburg, it made an important campaign under General Sherman to Clinton and Jackson; and a second campaign to Monroe, La.

February 1st, 1864, it commenced the long and most destructive campaign of the war, through Central Mississippi to its extreme eastern boundary.

The 20th of March, 1864, the regiment started from Vicksburg for home, on veteran furlough. May 7th it left Columbus, Ohio, for Georgia, marching from Clifton, Tenn., to Rome, Ga., via Huntsville, Ala.; thence to Big Shanty, where it took an important part in all the bloody conflicts of

the Atlanta campaign. Kenesaw Mountain, Nickajack, Chattahooche, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy are all grave-yards of its heroic dead.

After three weeks rest it started on the campaign into Northern Alabama, in pursuit of the rebel army under the command of General Hood. It soon returned to Atlanta, where it was partly supplied with clothing, and on the 13th day of November, 1864, entered on the greatest campaign on record, through Central Georgia to Savannah, thence to Beaufort, South Carolina, Pocotaligo, Columbia, Bennettsville, Washington City, and Louisville, Ky.; in all more than four thousand miles the regiment traveled on foot, three thousand by railroad, and twenty-six hundred by water; making a total of nine thousand six hundred miles.

The loss of the regiment was ninety killed in battle, two hundred wounded, thirty missing in action, two hundred and twenty-five died of disease, two hundred and ninety-five discharged for disability, seventy deserted, and thirty-one transferred to Invalid Corps.

SECOND BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

WHAT THEY HAVE DONE, AND WHERE THEY CAME FROM — HISTORY OF THE
SECOND BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

This brigade was organized at Bolivar, Tennessee, in the month of November, 1862, under the command of Colonel (now Major-General) M. D. Leggett, of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, who commanded it during the entire campaign through Northern Mississippi to Water Valley and back to Memphis, and thence down the Mississippi River to Lake Providence, thence to Milliken's Bend, and in that memorable campaign in the rear of Vicksburg, participating in all the battles fought in that campaign. Colonel Leggett having been promoted to a Brigadier-General, still retaining command of the brigade until in June, 1863, he was assigned to the command of the first brigade, when the command devolved on Colonel (now Brevet Major-General) M. F. Force, of the Twentieth Ohio, who commanded until November, 1863, when he was assigned to the command of the first brigade, third division of the Seventeenth Army Corps. The command then devolved on Colonel (now Brigadier-General) R. K. Scott, of the Sixty-Eighth Ohio, who commanded it until the 22d of July, in front of Atlanta, where he was taken prisoner, when the command devolved on Colonel (now Brevet Brigadier-General) G. F. Wiles, of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, who commanded until Colonel Scott was exchanged, on the 28th day of September, 1864, when he resumed command of the brigade and commanded it until the 28th day of December, 1864, while at Savannah, Ga., when he was granted a leave of absence to go North to recuperate his health and visit his family in Ohio. While at home he was appointed a Brigadier-General, on the 12th day of January, 1865. He rejoined the brigade at Golds-

boro, North Carolina, on the 25th day of March, 1865, and resumed command of the brigade, since which time he has commanded it. During his absence in January and February, 1865, Colonel G. F. Wiles, of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, commanded the brigade. The brigade has been in all the principal battles and marches in which the Army of the Tennessee has taken part, from Fort Donelson up to the surrender of Johnston in North Carolina. The following is a list of the battles inscribed on its banner:

Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Siege of Corinth, Bolivar, Inka, Corinth, Matamora, Thompson's Hill, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Fort Hill, Vicksburg, Fort Beauregard, Bocachita, Meridian Raid, Big Shanty, Bushy Mountain, Kenesaw, Nickajack, Siege of Atlanta, Atlanta, July 21st, Atlanta, July 22d, Atlanta, July 28th, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Milledgeville, Savannah, Pocotaligo, Orangeburg, Charleston, Columbia, Bentonville—34 in all.

Brigadier-General R. K. Scott and staff; 1st Lieut. Henry Welty, of 68th Ohio, A. A. A. G.; 1st Lieut. Jasper H. Smith, of 68th Ohio, A. A. D. C.; 1st Lieut. Rus. Bethel, of 78th Ohio, A. A. D. C.; 1st Lieut. Henry E. Bigelow, of 78th Ohio, A. A. Q. M.; Capt. Rollin H. Crane, of 17th Wisconsin, Pro. Mar. and Brig. Insp.; 1st Lieut. George Thorna, of 20th Ohio, in charge of brigade ambulances; Capt. Ed. E. Nutt, of 20th Ohio, Picket Officer.

TWENTIETH OHIO VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

The Twentieth Ohio Veteran Volunteers was organized at Camp Chase, Ohio, in the months of September and October, 1861, and first commanded by Col. Chas. Whittlesey, of Cleveland, Ohio. It was engaged during the winter of 1861 and 1862 in quelling an insurrectionary district in Kentucky. In February it moved up the Cumberland river, was in the battle of Fort Donelson, and thereafter became a part of Grant's army of the West, now known as the Army of the Tennessee. The battles and marches of this famous army are the record of the regiment. Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Bolivar, Matamora, Mississippi Central Expedition, Thomp-

son's Hills, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Siege of Vicksburg, Meridian Raid, Big Shanty, Kenesaw, Nickajack, and Atlanta 22d and 28th, at the Siege of Atlanta, Jonesboro, and Lovejoy—the pursuit of Hood in North Georgia and Alabama—Sherman's march to the sea and through the Carolinas, participating in the battles of Savannah, Pecotaligo, Orangeburg, Bennettsville, &c. The regiment re-enlisted as veteran volunteers at Vicksburg, Miss., on the 1st day of January, 1864; it has lost in action since coming into the field nearly four hundred men; its present aggregate is five hundred. Soon after the battle of Shiloh Col. Whittlesey resigned, and was succeeded by Colonel M. F. Force (now Brevet Major-General). Since General Force's promotion the regiment has not had a Colonel—not having the “minimum” required to secure and master in that grade. It has since been commanded successively by Lieutenant-Colonel J. N. McElroy, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Fry, Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Wilson. The latter of whom has commanded on the march through Georgia and the Carolinas. The following is at present the field and staff of the regiment: Harry Wilson, Lieutenant-Colonel; P. Weatherby, Major; H. P. Trickey, Surgeon; J. W. Guthrie, Assistant Surgeon; H. O. Dwight, Adjutant; J. W. Skillen, Quartermaster. Nine medals of honor have been granted as follows in the regiment: Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Wilson, Captain L. N. Ayers, Captain Charles Stevenson, Captain Ed. E. Nutt, Sergeant William Blackburn, Sergeant John Rinehart, Sergeant David Robbins, Private John Alexander, and Private M. Elliott.

NINTH ILLINOIS MOUNTED INFANTRY.

The Ninth Illinois Infantry was organized and mustered into the United States service at Springfield, Illinois, on the 25th day of April, 1861, under command of Colonel (late Brigadier-General) E. A. Paine. At the expiration of three months, the regiment was recruited for the term of three years, retaining its number and original field officers; and

was stationed during this time at Cairo, Illinois. September 1st Colonel Paine was promoted to Brigadier, and the command devolved on Colonel Augustus Mersey. September 4th and 5th moved up the river and took peaceable possession of the city of Paducah, Kentucky. February 5th, 1862, started with the expedition against Fort Henry in the second division, Army of Tennessee, commanded by Brigadier-General C. F. Smith. After the fall of Henry marched with the command across to Fort Donelson, taking part in the attack on that stronghold, and in the engagement of the 15th, losing 33 men killed, 165 wounded, and 6 missing. After the surrender of Donelson moved up the river to Clarksville and Nashville, from thence down the Cumberland and up the Tennessee, arriving at Pittsburg Landing on the 18th of March; took part in the battle of Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April, 1862; losing on that field in officers and men, killed, 74, wounded, 280, missing, 10. In the month of May, following, took part in the siege of Corinth, having 18 men wounded in skirmishes. After the evacuation of that place, was stationed there and at different times at Danville and Rienzi, Mississippi, until the 3d of October, when the regiment took part in the defense of Corinth against Price and Van Dorn, losing in all 20 killed and 82 wounded. Was stationed at Corinth during the winter of '62 and '63. March 4th, 1863, the regiment being much reduced in numbers was ordered to be mounted, and was assigned to duty with the celebrated Colonel Cornyn, of the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, making several dashes with him into Northern Alabama and Mississippi. On the 3d of June, 1863, moved camp to Pocahontas, Tennessee, making innumerable scouts and marches, and taking part in the raid on Grenada, Mississippi, in which 54 locomotives, 500 cars, and a large amount of Ordnance, Quartermaster's and Commissary stores were destroyed; being engaged during this time in sixteen skirmishes of greater or less importance, losing in the aggregate ten men killed and forty-two wounded. October 30th, left Pocahontas, Tenn.,

on the 13th of November, arriving and being stationed on outpost duty at Athens, Alabama. March 11th, 1864, moved across Tennessee river to Decatur. In picket-skirmishing here lost two men killed and ten wounded. September 3d, 1863, 128th Illinois Volunteers was consolidated with 9th Illinois. May 1st, 1864, left Decatur, Ala., to escort Sixteenth Army Corps wagon train to Chattanooga. Arrived at Snake Creek Gap, Ga., in time to take the advance of the Army of the Tennessee, and open the fight, skirmishing all day, where Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips, who had commanded the regiment ever since it had been mounted, was wounded. Lost sixteen men killed, wounded and prisoners that day. Was with the Sixteenth Army Corps through the campaign ending at Lovejoy Station. Was transferred with the Second Division Sixteenth Army Corps to the Fifteenth Army Corps, and stationed for some time at Rome, Ga., where, in scouting and outpost duty, the regiment lost ten men. On leaving Atlanta, in Sherman's campaign to the sea, the regiment was transferred to the Seventeenth Army Corps, but was assigned to duty with the Twentieth Army Corps, and held the advance of that Corps from Atlanta to Savannah. Was engaged in several sharp skirmishes, losing on the campaign two officers and twenty-three men. On the campaign through the Carolinas held the advance of the Seventeenth Corps, taking part in all the battles and skirmishes in which the Corps was engaged in that long and eventful campaign, losing one of its best officers and several men, and being especially complimented in General Orders from Headquarters Department and Army of Tennessee, for the part taken in the action at River's Bridge, South Carolina. The regiment was reorganized and consolidated on the 28th day of July, 1864, near Atlanta, Georgia, by reason of the non-veterans, about 350 men, and all the officers but three, being mustered out—the command devolving upon Captain S. T. Hughes. The regiment was, in obedience to orders from Major-General McPherson, commanding the

Department and Army of the 'Tennessee,' reorganized as a six company battallion, known and numbered as the Ninth Illinois Mounted Infantry Volunteers. While at Alexandria, Virginia, a veteran detachment of the Twenty-Seventh Illinois Infantry was consolidated with it, forming the seventh company. On leaving Washington to come West, for want of adequate means of transportation for their horses, the battallion was dismounted and assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, of Seventeenth Army Corps for duty. The aggregate strength of the battallion, present and absent now, is 578 men. The field and staff officers are: S. T. Hughes, Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding; William Padon, Major; D. L. Bigge, Surgeon; L. L. Troy, Adjutant; Samuel Cove, Quartermaster.

SIXTY-EIGHTH OHIO VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

This regiment was organized at Napoleon, Ohio, November 21st, 1861, from whence it moved to Camp Chase, Ohio, January 13th, 1862, and moved from thence, February 12th, 1862, by way of Cincinnati and Louisville to Paducah, Ky., where it joined the fleet, then about to move up the Cumberland river against Fort Donelson. The regiment disembarked below the Fort and joined Grant's army, and took part in the reduction of that rebel stronghold. On the 10th of March following it moved across the country with the balance of the army to Metal Landing on the Tennessee river, six miles above Fort Henry, where it took steamer for Pittsburg Landing, but before arriving there received orders to stop at Crump's Landing, five miles below Pittsburg; it formed a part of the Second Brigade of General Lew Wallace's Division. The brigade was commanded by Colonel Thayer, of the 1st Nebraska, (now Brigadier-General); it was not engaged in the battle of Shiloh, being left in charge of camp and train at Crump's Landing. It took part in the skirmishes in the advance on Corinth, and the siege of that place. After the fall of Corinth it was marched to Bolivar, Tennessee, and took part in the movement on Iuka, and in

the battle of Matamora, on the Hatchie river, with Price and Van Dorn; after which it formed part of the Second Brigade of General John A. Logan's Division, and was in the Northern Mississippi campaign, and arrived at Memphis, Tennessee, January 25, 1863; from thence it moved down the Mississippi river to Lake Providence, and helped to dig the canal from the river to the lake at that place; from thence it moved down the river to Milliken's Bend, and assisted in building the military road from the Bend to New Carthage—the road by which Grant's army moved to gain the river below Vicksburg—and on the 1st day of May, 1863, it crossed the Mississippi and took part in the battle of Thompson's Hill; following the enemy closely, it took part in the battles of Raymond, Mississippi, May 12, 1863, and Jackson, Mississippi, May 14, and Champion Hills, May 16, 1863, and participated in the entire siege of Vicksburg, and all the raids in Mississippi, from Vicksburg to Jackson, Canton, Bogachitta, Meridian, and the Monroe raid, in Louisiana. The regiment reorganized as veterans December 15, 1863, and went home as a veteran organization in April. After returning to Cairo, May 10, it moved with its old brigade, second, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, up the Tennessee river to Clifton Landing, from there it marched across the country to Huntsville, Alabama, from there to Rome, Georgia, from Rome to Ackworth, where it joined Sherman's army. It participated in the fight at Big Shanty, Bashy Mountain, Kenesaw, Nickajack Creek, Atlanta, July 21st, 22d and 23d, and the entire siege of Atlanta; also at Jonesboro and Lovejoy Station; also in the famous chase after Hood through Northern Georgia and Alabama, and in "Sherman's March to the Sea." It participated in the siege of Savannah, and Sherman's raid through the Carolinas; at Pocotaligo, Orangeburg, Columbia, Bentonville, Raleigh, etc. The regiment has marched on foot over five thousand miles since its first organization. The regiment was first commanded by Colonel Samuel H. Steedman; he was succeeded by Colonel (now Brigadier-General) R. K. Scott;

he was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel George E. Welles, who now commands it; the regiment not being a minimum one, is not entitled to a Colonel. The regiment has lost in killed and wounded since entering the field over three hundred men. The aggregate strength of the regiment at present is 525, 375 of whom are now in camp for duty. The following are the field and staff: Lieutenant-Colonel, Geo. E. Welles; Major, Arthur Crockett; Surgeon, John G. Bigham; Adjutant, H. Welty; Quartermaster, Elmer Y. Smutz.

SEVENTEENTH WISCONSIN VETERAN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

This regiment was organized at Madison, Wisconsin, on the 10th of March, 1862, under orders from the Governor, and was composed principally of Irishmen. Its original Colonel, John L. Duran, resigned November 25th, 1862, and was succeeded by its present Colonel. Shortly after its organization the regiment was called to Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, where it joined the grand army under Major-General Grant, then about to advance on Corinth. It was assigned to the First Brigade, Sixth Division. The regiment participated in the battle of Corinth, October 3d and 4th, 1862, and in the Mississippi raid, after which it was ordered to Lake Providence, Louisiana. It took an active part during the siege and battles before Vicksburg. After the fall of the city it was ordered to Natchez, where it was mounted, and did active service for four months. On the 8th of March the regiment proceeded to Wisconsin on veteran furlough, and returned to the field on the 23d day of April, 1864, reporting to Brevet Major-General Leggett, commanding the Third Division, of the Seventeenth Army Corps. Under his command it participated in the campaign before Kenesaw, on the Chattahoochee, and around Atlanta—in the battles of Jonesboro, Lovejoy's Station, Savannah, Pocataligo, Orangeburg, Columbia, Bentonville. The regiment now numbers thirty-four commissioned officers and 729 non-commissioned officers and privates, making an aggregate of 763 present and absent. The field and staff officers are

A. G. Malloy, Brevet Brigadier-General; Donald D. Scott, Lieutenant-Colonel; P. H. McCauley, Major; Hardy Den-
nisten, Adjutant; Richard Phelan, Quartermaster; George
St. Sime, Assistant Surgeon; Francis Fusseder, Chaplain.

COMPANY OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN

OF THE DIFFERENT COMPANIES, AND DISPOSITIONS OF THE SAME; ALSO THE ORIGINAL AND VETERAN ORGANIZATIONS, TOGETHER WITH THE NAMES OF RECRUITS AND DRAFTED MEN ADDED TO THE RESPECTIVE COMPANIES.

COMPANY A.

Was raised in Muskingum and Guernsey counties by Horace D. Munson, of Putnam, Ohio, and organized November 21st, 1861. H. D. Munson was appointed Captain, Thomas P. Wilson First Lieutenant, and James T. Caldwell Second Lieutenant.

During the whole war there was not, perhaps, a company of better, higher toned men left their State. They were of the very best men of the community in which they lived. Students attending Muskingum College, the sons of worthy farmers and business men, made up the company. There were but few who had not a good education, and were not members of the church, or the sons of those who were living, active Christians. The company maintained its Christian integrity and high-toned character throughout its whole term of service. Its record is brilliant with noble deeds and sacrifices in sustaining the honor of the flag which led them through so many hard battles, daring campaigns, and always on to victory and complete success. The men of Company "A" never came out second best in anything—in coolness, courage, discipline, facility and rapidity of military movements and combinations, and every attainment—had few requests to make, no faults to find; as good soldiers they

could not be excelled. For reliability, faithfulness in every duty, quiet submission to all orders, integrity, and consistent Christian character, the company could not be surpassed.

Captain H. D. Munson was a true representative of the men, combining the same qualities. He was well known throughout the county, and his irreproachable character and high reputation made him very successful in gathering under his banner the very best class of men. Miss Julia Munson, noted for her high attainments both in vocal and instrumental music, entered the field as a recruiter of volunteers, with her father, and by her patriotic songs influenced many to enlist in the regiment.

Captain Munson's health soon failed him, and was therefore compelled to quit the service. He resigned in the Autumn of 1862. Lieutenant T. P. Wilson succeeded him as Captain of the Company.

The Captain was a resident of Guernsey County, a well to do farmer; a man of influence in his community, a consistent and earnest Christian, which character he deeply impressed upon his men, so that profanity and intemperance were seldom known among his men. His term of service expired December, 1864, when he was mustered out and quit the service, after three years of faithful service to his country and to the noble men he had so long commanded, and led through all the important battles in which the regiment participated. Lieutenant Adolphus W. Search, Adjutant of the Regiment, succeeded him as Captain, which was an excellent appointment, and very acceptable to the Company. He possessed those traits of character which maintained that high state of good order and discipline that Captain Wilson had left in the company.*

James T. Caldwell, was promoted to First Lieutenant, and a few days afterwards fell mortally wounded, at the battle of Champion Hills, while commanding Company "K," temporarily. We neither flatter nor speak too

*See Field and Staff.**

strong, when we say that no more efficient and better officer, no truer Christian, no more loyal man to God and the nation, and no more worthy young man ever gave his life for his country.

He had all those traits of character that make life beautiful, honored and loved by all good men. After three days severe suffering from his wound he died peacefully, and in the triumph of faith. To him death had no terror; its sting had been taken away.

William M. Sleeth, Commissary Sergeant, had succeeded Lieutenant Caldwell as Second Lieutenant, and was promoted to First Lieutenant at Atlanta. He was detached in October, 1864, from the regiment, to the Commissary Department of Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, where he remained till the Winter of 1865, when he returned to the regiment and was made Adjutant.*

Russel Bethel was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and then to First Lieutenant and assigned to Company "A." but was afterwards detailed on the Staff of Second Brigade. He is an officer of commanding appearance, a young man of good attainments, and character.

He received a medal of honor from the War Department, for distinguished bravery, in the battle before Atlanta, on the 22d day of July. He was noted somewhat for his success in teaching disloyal men at the North that their position was an unsafe one, and a horizontal one very unexpectedly and suddenly assumed was the better plan, by which he could impart to them lessons of wholesome instructions.

Sergeant William H. Cockins, was promoted to Second Lieutenant in the early part of 1865. He was an exemplary young man, of good business qualifications, and a fine drill-master. In the battle before Atlanta, July 22d, 1864, he was severely wounded.

*See Field and Staff.

The following are the names of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization of Company "A:"

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. L. W. A. Sinsabaugh, | 3. Milton F. Timms, |
| 2. Israel C. Robinson, | 4. Wm. J. Heskett, |
| 5. Albert Henderson. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. John R. Edgar, | 5. Henry McCreary, |
| 2. Gabriel H. Holland, | 6. Ezra G. Warne, |
| 3. Isaiah Moore, | 7. Joseph I. Geyer, |
| 4. Wm. H. Cockins, | 8. Geo. W. Irvin. |
- Wm. Douglas, 1st Musician, James Douglass, 2d Musician,
Joseph Porter, Wagoner.

PRIVATEs.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| Arthur, James C. | Dickerson, Joshua |
| Ayers, Winfield S. | Daugherty, John B. |
| Barnum, Philo B. | Douglas, David |
| Barnet, John B. | Fleming, James E. |
| Bell, David R. | Forsythe, David W. |
| Brewer, James M. | Fulton, John |
| Boyer, John R. | Glenn, Isaac |
| Castor, Philander S. | Glenn, Josiah D. |
| Caldwell, James T., jr., | Hiatt, James H. |
| Copeland, Joseph | Herron, Isaac G. |
| Corbin, Charles M. | Johnson, Solomon |
| Cockins, Simeon | Johnson, Abram |
| Coulter, James M. | Kaemmerer, Charles W. |
| Connor, Wilson E. | Law, John G. |
| Crawford, Henry W. | Law, Andrew |
| Crawford, James | Leadman, John N. |
| Crawford, Robert R. | Linn, Samuel M. |
| Cramblet, Eli B. | Lyon, Wesley M. |
| Curtis, James P. | Lyons, John |
| Culbertson, Robert F. | Mathews, John F. |
| Dickson, Samuel | Matson, Benjamin F. |

Matchet, John L.	Sutton, Wm. A.
Mercer, Hiram H.	Spring, John W.
Mahaffey, James H.	Speer, Henry
Mahaffey, Robert W.	Speer, William S.
McWhirter John	Stewart, Joseph R.
McFarland, Robert L.	Sterling, James F.
Moorhead, Hiram	Thompson, Thomas R.
Munson, Frank	Thompson, David R.
Patton, James	Turner, Milton
Parkhill, James	Trace, Mathias
Porter, Wm. W.	Vogt, Louis
Richardson, Geo. W.	Wagstaff, Henry W
Richey, Geo. H.	Waxler, Wm. R.
Robinson, Aaron	Walters, Thomas L.
Ross, John P.	White, William G.
Sarbaugh, John W.	Wilson, George W.
Sines, John J.	Wilson, James R.
Smith, Geo. F.	Wilson, John J.
Shriver, Robert M. J.	Wilson, John A.

Wilson, David.

Of the enlisted men the following have died, been discharged for disability, or killed in battle:

Lieutenant Henry Speer, mortally wounded at Atlanta.

Sergeant Milton F. Timms, discharged for disability.

Sergeant William J. Heskett, mustered out, time expired.

Sergeant Albert Henderson, discharged.

Philander S. Castor, discharged.

John B. Daugherty, time expired, mustered out.

Isaac G. Herron, " " " "

James H. Hyatt, " " " "

George M. Irvin, died of disease.

Henry McCreary, mustered out, time expired.

Abraham Johnson, " " " "

James F. Sterling, " " " "

Wesley M. Lyon, killed on Fort Hill, Vicksburg.

Louis B. Vogt, killed at Champion Hills.

James H. Coulter, died of disease.

Henry W. Crawford, died of disease.

Robert A. Culbertson, “

Joshua Dickerson, “ “

James E. Fleming, “ “

Isaac Glenn, “ “

Solomon Johnson, “ “

Charles W. Kaemmerer, died of disease.

John G. Law, “ “

John Lyons, “ “

John F. Mathews, “ “

Hiram F. Mercer, “ “

John McWhirter, “ “

George H. Richey, “ “

William Sutton, “ “

John W. Spring, “ “

Joseph Stewart, “ “

Josiah D. Glenn, deserted.

Lieutenant Thomas L. Walters, killed in battle.

James C. Arthur, discharged.

David R. Bell, “

James S. Caldwell, “

Joseph Copeland, “

Simeon Cockins, discharged on account of wounds.

Wilson E. Conner, discharged.

James Crawford, “

William G. White, mustered out, time expired.

Gabriel H. Holland, mustered out, time expired and prisoner.

James P. Curtis, discharged.

William Douglass, “

David Douglass, “

Andrew M. Law, “

Samuel M. Linn, transferred to Invalid Corps.

Robert McFarland, discharged.

James Patton, “

Aaron W. Robinson, “

John W. Sarbaugh, “

William R. Maseler, “

John A. Wilson, discharged.

Frank Lerdman, “

Howard S. Abbott, “

James H. Mahaffey, “

Robert W. Mahaffey, “

Joseph Porter, “

John J. Sines, “

Henry W. Wagstaff, “

David Wilson, “

John W. Goshen, “

John R. Edgar, promoted to Second Lieutenant.

John B. Ross, promoted to First Lieutenant.

January 5th, 1864, the regiment accepted the offer of the Government, which was four hundred dollars bounty to each man, and re-enlisted for three years more, and became thereafter a veteran organization.

The following are the names of the men who re-enlisted as veterans, together with their rank in the veteran organization :

Isaiah Moore, First Sergeant.

John B. Barnett, Second Sergeant.

John L. Matchett, Third Sergeant—wounded in battle.

William S. Speer, Fourth “ “ “

James B. Wilson, Fifth “ “ “

Milton Turner, First Corporal—arm amputated from wounds.

Richard M. J. Shriver, Second Corporal.

Robert R. Crawford, Third Corporal.

George F. Smith, Fourth Corporal.

Robert A. Cockins, Fifth Corporal—wounded in battle.

Hiram Moorehead, teamster in Pioneer Corps, Third Div.

Winfield S. Ayres, Private.

John H. Boyd, “ —wounded in battle.

Charles M. Corbin, “

Eli B. Cramblet, “

Samuel Dickerson, “ —wounded in battle.

James Douglass, “

David W. Forsythe, Private.

John Fulton, “

John N. Leadman, “

Frank Munson, “

James H. Patton, “

George H. Richardson, Private.

George C. Smith, “

Thomas R. Thompson, “

David R. Thompson, “

Mathias Trace, “ taken prisoner in Georgia.

John J. Wilson, “

George W. Wilson, “

Ezra G. Warren, “ wounded.

James M. Brewer, “

William Gatwood, Private—wounded at Bennettsville.

Sergeant William W. Porter, wounded and transferred.

Philo B. Barnum, Private—wounded.

Joseph L. Geyer, Hospital Steward.

James Parkhill, Private—died of wounds.

John W. Morrison, “ —died of disease.

John H. Trace, “ —died in rebel prison.

John F. Thompson, “ —died of disease.

John R. Wilson, “ “ “

John W. Wilson, “ “ “

The following named men have been added to the company as recruits, drafted men and substitutes, during the fall and winter of 1864:

Christian Von Neidenheaser, Drafted, October, 1864.

Thomas Bell, “ “

Peter Weaver, “ “

Casper Zimmerman, “ “

Moses Bash, “ “

Alexander G. Moore, “ “

Amos Mabley, “ “

John W. Miracle, “ “

Young Ogg, “ “

John Ogg, “ “

Philip S. Smock, Drafted, October, 1864.

Ludwick Sherer, " "

Andrew J. Thompson, " "

William Warren, " "

Jacob C. Hinman, " "

William McJeffrey, " "

Abel Carnes, " "

John Kuntz, " "

Hamilton Caton, " "

Jacob Chubb, " "

Thomas M. Cordry, " "

James Dotson, " "

Samuel N. Frazier, " "

John W. Fowler, Volunteer of 1862 for three years.

John C. Wallace, " " "

John C. Lorimore, " 1864 "

John McConaughy, " " "

Robert B. Nelson, " " "

Jesse W. Wilson, " " " wounded.

Charles S. Wylie, " " "

John Glenn, " " "

Hugh Gillespie, " " "

William Gillespie, " " "

John A. Henderson, " 1862 "

Joseph T. Matchett, " " "

Alexander McConaughy, " " wounded.

John W. McNutt, " " "

Joseph Ramsey, " " "

Robert S. Speer, " " "

Solomon J. Donaldson, " " " wounded.

Alexander Cox, " " died of disease.

Thomas Dickson, " " "

Preston H. Forsythe, " " "

Samuel H. Hughes, " " "

Joseph R. Marshall, " " "

Benjamin F. Watson, " " killed in battle.

Jefferson H. Miller, " " died of disease.

Joseph G. Thompson,	“	“	died of disease.
James Cond,	Volunteer of 1862,		missing in action.
Barney Gease,	“	“	
Joel D. Herron,	“	“	
George A. Houston,	“	“	
Robert R. Jones,	“	“	
John Fulton,	“	“	
Dennis Chase,	Substitute,		died of disease.
Christian Desinger,	“		
George Glenn,	“		

COMPANY B.

B Company was raised in Putnam and vicinity, by Z. M. Chandler and G. F. Wiles, of Putnam, Ohio, and organized December 12th, 1861. A braver and better fighting company of men never left the State. Many were strong farmers and mechanics, who were deeply in earnest in loving their wives and children, fine farms and pleasant homes—left them in obedience to their country's call for defenders against traitors, who had kindled the flames of civil war and threatened the very life of the nation.

Z. M. Chandler was appointed Captain, Greenbury F. Wiles First Lieutenant, and Gilbert D. Munson Second Lieutenant.

Captain Chandler was then Superintendent of the Public Schools of Putnam, which position he resigned, believing it his duty to take the field of active operations in behalf of his country; but his health soon gave away to the miasma and debilitating heat of the Southern climate. He was appointed Major of the regiment, and afterward Lieutenant-Colonel, and after leading the regiment on the Mississippi Campaign, and thence to Vicksburg, was compelled to resign after crossing the Mississippi river, his constitution much broken and health altogether too feeble to enter further upon that terrible campaign.

Lieutenant Wiles, soon after leaving the State, was appointed Captain of company C. He was a citizen of Putnam, and seemed to have a more than ordinary tact in the government and successful management of men. He

proved to be one of the best disciplinarians in the army. He was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel, and took command of the regiment on the battle-field of Champion Hills. Under his command the regiment became the best drilled in the Corps, and without doubt one of the best in the Western army. At Atlanta he was appointed Colonel of the regiment, and the greater part of the time during the siege of Atlanta and afterwards, was in command of the Second Brigade. After the South Carolina campaign, he was appointed Brevet Brigadier-General in honor of his own efficiency as well as that of the regiment.

Lieutenant Munson was promoted Captain of Company B, September 7th, 1862; George H. Porter to First Lieutenant and Joseph R. Miller to Second Lieutenant. Capt. Munson was afterwards detailed on General Leggett's staff; also Lieutenant Porter. The former was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and the latter Captain, and assigned to company K.

Lieutenant Miller resigned his commission in the Autumn of 1864, after having commanded his company through the entire campaign of Atlanta. He was an efficient officer, a soldier and a gentleman.

Under the new organization of the regiment, Lieut. A. Adair was promoted to Captain, April 22d, 1865, and assigned to company B; James H. Gander to First Lieutenant and Amos Norman to Second Lieutenant.

These three officers, promoted and assigned to this company, are young men who enlisted in the regiment in 1861, and have passed through nearly four years of the most terrible rebellion and bloody conflicts. They have survived it all and came out promoted for gallant conduct, and well have they earned it; nobly have they sustained themselves, and done honor to their friends.

Captain A. Adair is a young man of fine appearance, correct habits and quiet demeanor.

Lieutenant J. H. Gander is rather diminutive in size, but has a large soul. He possesses great energy of character,

as most little men do, would fight in a "minute" unless some person would hold him, which would not be difficult for a large man to do. He is an efficient officer, highly respected and esteemed by his men, genial, affable and pleasant in his manners, and disposed to take things as good naturedly as circumstances will permit.

Amos Norman, Second Lieutenant, is a young man known more by what he does than what he promises to do. Portly in appearance, strong will and full of energy, and ambitious to discharge his duty faithfully. A man bound to grapple fearlessly with difficulties, and finally succeed. He is a very efficient officer.

The following are the names of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization:

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Geo. W. Porter, | 3. Andrew McDaniel, |
| 2. Adolphus W. Search, | 4. Joseph R. Miller, |
| 5. Thomas S. Armstrong. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. David Sherrard, jr., | 5. Henry S. Axline, |
| 2. James M. Thompson, | 6. Lewis W. Rusk, |
| 3. Fenton Bagley, | 7. Benjamin F. Scott, |
| 4. James H. Gander, | 8. Harrison Varner. |
- Charles H. Bunker, Musician. Corydon R. Wiles, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| Austin, Randolph C. | Beardslee, George W. |
| Bentley, William | Cooper, George W. |
| Besser, W. H. | Corder, Lewis |
| Baugus, Henry C. | Cherry, John |
| Bugh, David | Carson, James W. |
| Besser, William | Crooks, Henry |
| Brelsford, Amos H. | Clugston, Thomas |
| Barrell, Charles | Curtis, Enoch |
| Baird, John T. | Crouse, James P. |
| Black, Samuel M. | Crosby, Nelson D. |
| Bell, Clements | Cooper, Asaph |
| Baker, Joseph H. | Dutro, Samuel H. |

Dickson, Andrew	Miller, Branson S.
Dilts, Robert S.	Miller, William F.
Drone, Henry	Moore, John T.
Drumm, Isaac	Mills, Andrew J.
Dickson, Samuel	Moore, Lewis
Edwards, David	Norman, Amos
Fountain, William	Osmond, Joseph
Francis, Andrew	Powell, James M.
Fulkerson, Wm.	Roberts, Charles
Gander, John T.	Roberts, Leroy A.
Gardner, Hamline	Stoneburner, Elijah
Goulding, Samuel N.	Spring, John W.
Hart, Christopher	Suttles, Benjamin
Henderson, James	Simpson, James
Horne, Daniel, jr.	Shiplett, William
Innis, William	Skinen, John
Jones, John E.	Sniff, Alva B.
Jones, Henry C.	Sims, John R.
Knight, Monroe	Skinen, Owen
Knight, Charles	Varner, Francis M.
Kincade, Anthony	Varner, John M.
Lewis, Samuel	White, Robert J.
Loy, George W.	Wilson, Solomon
Larrison, David	Weaver, William H.
Melick, James P.	White, William J.
Myers, James H.	Weaver, John
Myers, Lewis E.	Younger, Jacob
	Younger, William C.

Of the above the following have been killed in action :

John T. Moore, near Columbia, S. C.

Lewis Moore, Canton, Miss.

John Skinen, " "

Benjamin F. Scott, Atlanta, Ga.

Asaph Cooper, Champion Hills, Miss.

The following have died of disease and wounds :

Randolph C. Austin, Vicksburg, Miss.

Jeremiah Norris, Memphis, Tenn.

William J. Norris, Vicksburg, Miss.

Harrison Varner, Clinton, Miss.
 John Weaver, Shiloh, Tenn.
 Corydon R. Wiles, Atlanta, Ga.
 James N. Thompson, Shiloh, Tenn.
 Charles W. Barrell, hospital, Cincinnati, O.
 John T. Baird, Memphis, Tenn.
 Andrew Dickson, Savannah, Tenn.
 Samuel Dickson, Shiloh, Tenn.
 Samuel H. Dutro, Stony Point, Tenn.
 Andrew Francis, Stony Point, Tenn.
 Hamlin Gardner, Vicksburg, Miss.
 James Henderson, “ “
 Daniel Horne, jr., Marietta, Ga., of wounds.
 John E. Jones, hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Anthony Vincader, Shiloh, Tenn.
 Samuel Lewis, Shiloh, Tenn.
 George W. Loy, Raymond, Miss.
 James P. Melick, Savannah, Tenn.
 Joseph Osmond, Putnam, Ohio.
 Leroy A. Roberts, Shiloh, Tenn.
 David Sherrard, hospital, Mound City, Ill.
 Alva B. Sniff, Vicksburg, Miss.

January 5th, 1864, the following named men re-enlisted as veteran volunteers for three years more :

Sergeant George W. Beardslee.
 Corporal Henry C. Beagus.
 Charles H. Bunker.
 George Bash, discharged on account of wounds.
 Sergeant Lewis Corder.
 Nelson D. Crosby.
 John Cherry.
 Clements Bell.
 Henry Drone.
 Robert S. Dilts.
 Sergeant William Fulkerson.
 James H. Gander, promoted to Lieutenant afterwards.
 Daniel Horne.

Monroe Knight. *
 James H. Myres.
 Corporal Andrew J. Mills.
 John T. Moore.
 Lewis Moore.
 Amos Norman, promoted to Lieutenant afterwards.
 Charles Roberts.
 Elijah Stoneburner.
 John Skinnen.
 John M. Varner.
 Sergeant Robert W. White.
 Corporal William N. Weaver.
 Corporal Solomon Wilson.
 Corydon R. Wiles.
 Corporal John W. Spring.

Since the original organization of the company the following volunteers, substitutes and drafted men have been added :

VOLUNTEER RECRUITS.

Joseph Ansel,	Sutter D. Morgan,
Samuel Austin,	William H. McClanahan,
David Baird,	Nathaniel Mitchell,
Felix W. Baird,	George H. Mathews,
Charles P. Bowers,	William J. Norris,
Oliver J. Boyer,	Jeremiah Norris,
John K. Brown,	Lewis C. Powell,
Clements Conn,	George Perry,
Theodore E. Dick,	Leonard Reddick,
George Hickel,	Thomas W. Ritchie,
Thomas Flemming,	George Richardson,
Obed R. Farnsworth,	Gershom Rose,
Bernard Gesline,	James G. Simms,
John Gochenower,	Peter J. Snyder,
James Gochenower,	Albert Stigler,
Thomas J. Howell,	Jesse Smitley,
Joseph Jenkins,	Isaac Spring,
Warren McClean,	Simeon C. Search,
	Jacob Wilson.

SUBSTITUTES.

Daniel F. Ritter,	John Mullett,
Nicholas Crappt,	Albert Reager,
Horner Gerheads,	Henry Seizmiller,
Lafayette Lewis,	James Sparrowgrove.

DRAFTED.

Stephen Dickson,	John Plummer,
James Gish,	Daniel Pense,
Harrison Grovenor,	Hiram Rancy,
Peter Groh,	William Roush,
Jacob Harman,	Jackson Simpkins,
Benjamin Hamer,	Stephen Stevenson.
John Karch,	Lewis Sanders,
Samuel S. Lewis,	James Sanders,
Joseph Larne,	Peter Smithsowles,
Ephraim Miller,	John W. Stevenson,
Henry Miller,	Paul Stippich,
Robert Masters,	Richard Wills,
Henry McNeal,	Jacob Waugh,
David Martin,	William G. Waltman,
Thomas Milligan,	Nathan Yarrington,
	Henry Yancy.

The following have died of disease and been killed in action:

Felix W. Baird,	killed at Atlanta, Ga.
John Gochenower,	" "
James H. Gochenower,	killed at Atlanta, Ga.
George H. Mathews,	" "
George Richardson,	" "
Abel R. Farnsworth,	died of disease.
John K. Brown,	" " Columbus, O.
Joseph Jenkins,	" " Galesville, Ala.
Paul Stippich,	" " Newbern, N. C.
Alva Day,	deserted at Shiloh, Tenn.
David Larrison,	deserted at Memphis, Tenn.
William Innis,	" " "
Sergeant Lewis W. Rusk,	deserted at Memphis, Tenn.

All names not in the foregoing list of disposition, are accounted for by being discharged for disability, contracted by disease or wounds in the service.

DISCHARGED.

Henry S. Axline,	Thomas Clugstone,
Thomas S. Armstrong,	Silas Caton,
Fenton Bagley,	Isaac Drumm,
William Bentley,	David Edmunds,
William Besser,	Samuel Goulding,
William H. Besser,	Christopher J. Hart,
David Bugh,	Andrew J. Mills, (prisoner,)
Samuel Black,	John W. Spring, “
Clements Bell, (prisoner,)	Benjamin Suttles,
Joseph Baker,	James Simpson,
George Bash,	William Shiplett,
George Cooper,	Francis N. Varner,
James W. Carson,	William J. White,
Henry Crooks,	Jacob Younger.

The following letter from General Wiles, I take the privilege of inserting here in reference to this company :

PUTNAM, OHIO, July 23d, 1865.

“On the 26th day of October, 1861, I received a commission as Second Lieutenant to recruit for the Seventy-Eighth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and at once traveled through the county north and west of Zanesville, to confer with my numerous acquaintances about the prospect of raising recruits, to engage in putting down this rebellion. They very frankly told me they did not believe I could get any men, for the reason that all who were going into the service, had already gone. I was of a different opinion, and at once commenced a series of meetings at Uniontown, Newtonville, and at different schoolhouses in the county, and for a time without success; but the people after a time became interested in the Union cause, (for constantly holding meetings awakened them up to do their duty) and where all was coldness and apathy, there was soon a warm, patriotic

feeling, and, in connection with Z. M. Chandler, succeeded in a short time in raising a company of men.

The number of men enlisted by us amounted to one hundred and ten, and after transferring some to Captain Wallar, and some to Captain Gebhart, the remainder, about one hundred, was organized as Co. "B," about the first of January, 1862, with the following commissioned officers: Z. M. Chandler, Captain; G. F. Wiles, First Lieutenant; G. D. Munson, Second Lieutenant. Afterward, Captain Chandler attained the rank of Colonel; and G. F. Wiles, Brevet Brigadier-General; and G. D. Munson, Lieutenant-Colonel. G. F. Wiles and G. D. Munson served until the close of the war, and were mustered out with their command in Columbus, Ohio, on the 14th day of July, 1865.

I served with Company "B" until after the battle of Shiloh, when I was assigned to the command of Company "C," April 16th, and soon after I received a commission as Captain, and was continued in command of said company until the 16th day of May, 1863, when I received a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel, and immediately took command of the regiment. The command of the company then devolved on Lieutenant Alex. Scales, of Zanesville.

In the month of December, 1862, I, with Company "C," was detached from the regiment to organize a Pioneer Corps and Pontoon Train. I believe this was the first Pioneer Corps organized in the Seventeenth Army Corps. In that capacity the company served with distinction, making roads and constructing bridges, and destroying bridges and fortifications. They destroyed the heavy fortifications on the Tallahatchie, and also the bridges at that point. Better working men were not in the army. The company continued in the Pioneer Corps until after the siege of Vicksburg, and also on the Meridian Expedition. During the siege of Vicksburg the company was very efficient, and no like number of men conduced more to the downfall of that stronghold than did Company "C." The men were from Zanesville and vicinity, and were a very robust set of men,

and very patriotic. At the mustering out of the command, and for a considerable time before, they were commanded by Captain John Mills, of Columbiana County. In addition to their pioneering qualities, they were a splendid fighting company."

COMPANY C.

This company was raised in Zanesville and vicinity, and organized at Camp Gilbert, December 16th, 1862. Samuel W. Spencer was commissioned Captain; William Godfrey, First Lieutenant; Thomas P. Ross, Second Lieutenant.

After the battle of Fort Donelson, Tenn., while the regiment was encamped at Dover, Captain Spencer, on account of ill health, went home, and not regaining his health sufficiently to return, resigned with less than a brilliant military career. Lieutenant Godfrey resigned after the battle of Shiloh. Lieutenant Ross, on account of ill health, resigned his commission at Crump's Landing, Tenn., March 16th, 1862.

Lieutenant G. F. Wiles was appointed Captain and assigned to Company "C" April 16th, 1862. Asa C. Cassidy was appointed First Lieutenant, and Alex. Scales Second Lieutenant.

Captain Wiles, with his company, was detached from the regiment and assigned to duty as Pioneers for the Third Division. The labor they performed in reconstructing roads for the trains, building bridges, and engineering and making new roads, was immense. Captain Wiles has the happy attainment of getting more work out of men than any other man we have ever known in the army. Men who work nowhere, would work well and faithfully under his superintendence. He therefore became well known throughout the Corps as an officer of more than ordinary efficiency.

After his promotion to the command of the regiment, Lieutenant Cassidy soon resigned, being dissatisfied with his assignment to "K" company. Lieutenant Alex. Scales was then promoted to Captain of the company — which still

remained on duty with the Pioneer Corps until nearly the time the regiment veteranized, when it returned to the regiment for duty, and entered the veteran organization. Captain Scales resigned, and Lieutenant J. T. Story, of "F" company, temporarily commanded the company for eight months. During his administration the company was several times highly complimented by prominent officers for presenting such a neat and soldierly appearance on review and dress-parade; and at a Sunday morning inspection Colonel Wiles presented one member of the company with a five-dollar "greenback," for having the prettiest gun and accoutrements in the army.

Lieutenant John B. Mills was promoted to Captain while home on veteran furlough, and assigned to Company "C," and at Cairo, Ill., May 10th, 1864, relieved Lieutenant Story of the command of the company.

Albert G. Gault was commissioned a Lieutenant and assigned to Company "C," having recruited for the regiment a sufficient number of men, in the fall of 1862, to entitle him to the position. Lieutenant Gault, on account of ill health, was compelled to resign after the fall of Atlanta. He then went home, soon recruited his health, and took to himself a wife, which all wise and patriotic young men should do.

Captain J. B. Mills acted Major of the regiment on the campaign through the Carolinas, and was commissioned as such, but it not being his place by regular promotion by rank, he refused to muster, and returned to the command of his company, which was an exhibition of generosity not very common in military life.

Charles C. Wiles was commissioned First Lieutenant and assigned to Company "C," and James H. Echelberry to Second Lieutenant: both young men of integrity and promise.

The following are the names of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization:

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Asa C. Cassidy, | 3. Robert T. Nelson, |
| 2. James A. Brown, | 4. Alexander Scales, |
| 5. Christopher Stockdale. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. William Ross, | 5. William L. Gillogly, |
| 2. Samuel Bateman, | 6. Joseph Starrott, |
| 3. ———— | 7. David Pierce, |
| 4. Isaac F. Lee, | 8. George M. Alter. |
| James Bellinger, Musician, | Darius T. S. Elliott, Musician, |
| William M. Laughlin, Wagoner. | |

PRIVATES.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Baker, William F. | Fisher, James M. |
| Barrett, Edward | Fairehilds, James W. |
| Bethel, Russel | Frayar, Robert W. |
| Baker, Francis R. | Fredinia, Dennis |
| Bagley, Lewis | Figley, Robert |
| Brennen, James | Gibaut, Peter |
| Baker, James A. | George, John |
| Boylan, Alpheus B. | Henry, Michael |
| Bryant, David F. | Henry, Frederick |
| Bateman, Francis | Hall, George C. |
| Cottonbrook, John | Hyatt, Jesse |
| Culver, Levi | Hall, Joseph |
| Crabtree, James | Hoskins, Joseph R. |
| Cassidy, Edward | Howey, Thomas J. F. |
| Clark, Alexander | Haines, William |
| Combs, James | Hines, James |
| Culver, Asa | James, Cyrus E. |
| Cantwell, John | Jorden, Richard H. |
| Decker, Noah H. | Jones, John W. |
| Downer, William | Lightener, John |
| Donavan, Daniel W. | Langan, Frederick |
| Downerd, Joshua | Mercer, James A. |
| Echelberry, James H. | Morton, James |
| Flowers, Charles D. | Minor, Thomas J. |

McGregor, Alexander	Smith, James
McAdams, Robert	Sylvester, George
McCoy, Joseph H.	Swank, William
Musselman, Francis	Swank, George
Marshall, William P.	Thomas, Mathias
Pelizaus, Augustus F.	Winn, B. T.
Perry, George	Winn, J. M.
Riley, Aaron	White, Ranson L.
Reed, S. J.	Watson, James W.
Sanders, Benjamin	White, William H. H.
Simpson, Joseph V	Woods, Samuel

Yalla, Augustus

Of the original organization the following have been killed in action, or died of wounds and disease :

Asa F. Lee, Corporal, died.

Joseph Starrett, “ “ .

David Pierce, “ “

Asa Culver, Private, “ of wounds.

John Cantwell, “ “ “

Charles D. Flowers, Private, died of wounds.

Robert Figley, “ “ “

John W. Jones, “ “ “

Alex. McGregor, “ “ of disease.

Joseph V. Simpson, “ “ “

Ranson L. White, “ “ “

Augustus Yalla, “ “ “

James Morton, killed at Shiloh, April 7th, 1862.

William P. Marshall, killed July 22d, 1864.

The following re-enlisted as veterans January 5th, 1864 :

Michael Henry,	Joseph K. Hall,
David F. Bryant,	Francis Musselman,
James Crabtree,	Joseph R. Hoskins,
George W. Sylvester,	William Armstrong,
Benjamin H. Sanders,	Levi Gould,
Fred. Henry,	Charles Hines,
John Cottonbrook,	George C. Hall,
Robert H. Abbott,	Jesse Hyatt,

John Lightner,	William H. White,
William Swank,	Lewis H. Bagley,
Mathias Thomas,	
William M. Laughlin, killed at Atlanta, July 22d, 1864.	

The following named recruits, substitutes and drafted men have been added to the company since its original organization :

RECRUITS.

Mathew Griffin,	Marshal Yetman,
Samuel Buckingham,	Simeon B. Kenestetter,
Arthur Clark,	James Lopal,
James C. Deames,	Moses Miser,
Michael Fitzgerald,	James Bermington,
William A. Fulton,	Jesse Sutton,
Israel D. Fisher,	Isaac Smith,
Melias Garrell,	G. W. Sinsebaugh,
S. W. Hardesty,	Henry Thompson,
David James,	Jacob G. West,
Charles W. Lee,	Thomas Wilson,
William T. McDonald,	Adam R. Webb,
Sylvester Mercer,	Darius T. S. Elliott,
Henry Taylor,	Edward Fliger,
George H. West,	
John Crawford, killed at Atlanta, Ga.	

SUBSTITUTES.

George W. Burwell,	David Lawrence,
Robert Bride,	Elijah C. Line,
Nicholas Barrick,	William Maple,
Timothy Crane,	Alfred Holland,
Hudson Hall,	John Neat,
Devin Copeland,	Josiah Rewsee,
Jesse W. Divers,	Michael Reeves,
William Gilliland,	Alpha R. Stout,
James W. Gilbert,	William Shillin,
Bush Holloway,	Solomon Shillin,
Lewis Jones,	Ferdinand Wolf.

DRAFTED MEN.

George Crowell,	Joseph Barriek,
Mortimer Hyatt,	Elijah B. Smothers,
Preston W. Hubble,	Emory Smothers,
Thomas Oldham,	William L. Welch.

DESERTERS.

Dennis Fredinia,	William Haines,
James Combs,	Thomas J. Miner,
Edward C. Gunnion,	James N. McCoy,
T. J. F. Howey,	Samuel J. Reed,
George Alter.	

The following have been honorably discharged on account of wounds received in action, or disease contracted while in the service :

FOR DISABILITY.

Samuel Bateman,	Augustus Pelizaus,
John A. Launder,	George Perry,
William L. Gillogly,	James Smith,
Alpheus P. Boylan,	George Swank,
Levi Culver,	James W. Watson,
Edward Cassidy,	Samuel Woods,
Alexander Clark,	James M. Winn,
William Downer,	Richard T. Winn,
Daniel W. Donovan,	Richard J. Russell,
James M. Fisher,	John George,
Robert W. Frazer,	David Kelley,
Richard N. Gordon,	James D. Willis,
Frederick Laugen,	James Bellinger,
James A. Mercer,	Peter Gibaut.
Robert McAdams,	
Joshua Downard, promoted to Lieutenant in negro regiment.	
James Brennan, Lieutenant, dishonorably mustered out.	

This company has made a good record, and done much hard labor and good fighting. It has, therefore, suffered severely, and lost some noble good men. The first man to

fall in battle was from this company. James Morton, of Zanesville, who was struck by a shell and died in a few minutes. The present officers of the company are young men promoted for gallant conduct.

COMPANY D.

This company was raised in Muskingum and Morgan Counties, and organized December 21st, 1861, in Camp Gilbert, Zanesville, Ohio. E. Hillis Talley was commissioned Captain; Benjamin A. Blandy, First Lieutenant; William S. Harlan, Second Lieutenant.

These being men of influence, and sustaining a high reputation in the community in which they lived, in a short time raised a company of the best men in their respective neighborhoods.

Captain Talley was taken sick while the regiment was at Crump's Landing. He was immediately removed to the hospital at Savannah, Tenn., where he died April 1st, 1862. He was the first officer of the regiment to fall a sacrifice to his country; being a young man of much promise, the only son of his parents, and loved and esteemed by all who knew him, caused his death to be deeply felt and regretted. About this time Lieutenant Blandy resigned, and Lieutenant Harlan was promoted to Captain. Israel C. Robinson, of Company "A" was promoted to a Lieutenant and assigned to this Company. Captain Harlan's health, through hardships and exposure gave way, and after trying the bracing climate of the north a few weeks, and the best surgeon's skill, he was necessitated to resign his commission, and quit the service in February, 1863. Lieutenant Robinson was then promoted to Captain, and James C. Harris to a Lieutenantcy.

Captain Robinson was promoted to Major at Savannah, Ga., and afterward to Lieutenant-Colonel, but did not muster on this last commission, because of irregularity in its issue.

Lieutenant Harris was mustered out at Savannah, by reason of expiration of term of service, the last of December, 1864. He was a quiet, unassuming and faithful officer, admired and loved by all who knew him.

Lieutenant Andrew McDaniel was promoted to Captain, and assigned to the command of Company "D;" John R. Edgar, of Company "A," was promoted to First Lieutenant and assigned to this company. Milton F. Ward was promoted to Second Lieutenant in some company. Under these officers the company was mustered out of service July 14th, 1865.

The following are the names of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization :

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. James C. Harris, | 3. Wm. G. B. McCune, |
| 2. Simon P. Joy, | 4. David F. Sullivan, |
| 5. Bishop D. Stall. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. James Sears, | 5. William H. Sullivan, |
| 2. James M. Mason, | 6. Andrew H. Wallace, |
| 3. Henry C. Lanius, | 7. Enoch Harlan, |
| 4. Milton F. Ward, | 8. James M. Dutro. |
- Horatio White, 2d Musician, George F. Darling, Wagoneer

PRIVATES.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| Arter, Abel | Finney, James |
| Blackson, John A. | Fox, John W. |
| Beatty, Bartly | France, Thomas B. |
| Berry, Michael | Fox, W. Thomas |
| Crawford, Henry | Frazier, William J. |
| Conn, Levi C. | Gay, Robert E. |
| Camp, James | Gay, H. H. |
| Coss, Peter | Gillespie, Daniel |
| Clark, George W. | Gibeaut, Charles J. |
| Dempster, Albert | Gibeaut, Peter |
| Dutro, Thomas W. | Huffman, William F. |
| Edwards, John | Haines, Davis |

Hall, Thomas J.	McCune, John
Harlan, Thomas J.	McGuire, Francis
Hewitt, Milton	Mitchel, David
Hamilton, John	Mason, Charles B.
Hunt, Albert	McCallister, Hugh
Huffinan, Samuel	McCallister, W. J.
Howell, Moses	Osborn, Frederick
Hall, George W.	Pake, William
Hall, Enos T., sr.,	Peyton, John Q. A.
Hufford, John	Powell, John
Hubbell, Joseph	Quigley, George W.
Hawkins, McFiren	Quigly, James F.
Jewett, Nathan	Reed, Wesley
Jewett, Daniel	Richardson, Levi P.
Joy, Harrison W.	Sigars, Philip
Jones, Benia	Stotts, Nathan
Kenney, Charles	Stotts, Joseph F.
Kenney, William W.	Smith, George B.
Kenney, George W.	Squires, George
Kenney, John	Scott, George
Leach, Charles	Turner, Leaven
Lee, Samuel	Vandenbark, George P.
Lowe, Frank	Wood, Solomon
McLaughlin, James	Warne, Amaziah

The following have died of wounds and disease :

William G. B. McCune, Sergeant.

George F. Darling, at Bolivar, Tenn.

James Finney, of wounds received at Champion Hills, Miss.

William F. Huffman, Savannah, Ga.

Davis Haines, Bolivar, Tenn.

David Gillespie, Milton Hewett,

Albert Hunt, Stony Point, Tenn.

Charles S. Kenney, Jackson, Tenn.

William Kenney, Savannah, Tenn.

McFiren Hawkins, Frank Law.

Charles B. Mason, wounded at Raymond, Miss.

Fred. Miller, Memphis, Tenn.

Fred Osborn, Memphis, Tenn.

William A. Pake, George B. Smith,

George Squires.

James Austin, killed at Champion Hills.

The following have been discharged, honorably :

Enoch Harlan, at Shiloh, Tenn.

James Dutro, Crump's Landing, Tenn.

Bartly Baity.

John A. Blackson, Memphis, Tenn.

Peter Coss. Levi Conn.

Albert Dempster, Crump's Landing, Tenn.

Thomas Dutro, " " "

Albert J. Farnum, " " "

John Hamilton, " " "

Thomas France, " " "

Peter Gibeaut, " " "

Peter Gibeaut, jr., " " "

John Huffard, Levi P. Richardson,

Joseph Hubb, Philip Sigars,

Enos T. Hall, Horatio White,

Harrison Joy, Solomon Wood,

Daniel Jewett, Herriott Warne,

George W. Kenney, Caleb H. Hall,

Charles Leach, John Heath,

John Kenney, Eli Scott,

Samuel Lee, Charles Woodburn,

John Q. A. Peyton, William Neighbors,

George W. Quigley, Joseph D. Gardner,

James F. Quigley, John McConaughy,

Wesley Reed, Finley Woodburn,

Francis Maguire.

The following named recruits, substitutes and drafted men have been added to the company:

James Austin, James Davis,

John Bird, William Echelberry,

Lewis Collins, Allen M. Frazier,

Lemuel Dover, William Harlan,

Benjamin Harlan,	Oliver Perry,
William R. Jackson,	Moses Abbott,
Joseph E. Peyton,	Joshua D. Smith, (prisoner,)
Joseph F. Pierce, wounded at Champion Hills.	
Samuel F. Woodburn,	Nathaniel White, (discharged)
William M. White, (died,)	John H. Young,
Manley H. Crumbaker, killed at Atlanta.	
George W. McCurdy,	Jerome Mathews,
Robert Cunningham,	John Newman,
Erastus Chilcoat,	Thomas Parsons,
Zenis Dowell,	Alfred Sigars,
Jeremiah Gardner, (disch'ged)	Henry Tipple,
Joseph Talbott, wounded at Atlanta.	
Jacob Withers, (died,)	Oliver B. Crumbaker,
Francis Godfrey, died of wounds—Atlanta.	
Nicholas Hoosan,	Torrence Peyton, (died,)
Davis Echelberry, (died,)	Smith V. D. Howell,
Hamilton Wallace,	Daniel Stahl,
William A. McConaughy, wounded at Atlanta.	
James C. Stewart,	Henry S. Chambers,
Samuel P. Campbell, killed in battle.	
Isaac G. Neff,	Charles W. Clark,
Lafayette Davis,	Brice S. Taylor,
Thomas R. Stevenson, discharged on account of wounds.	
Thomas Smith, (died,)	James D. Kinney,
Joseph W. Frazier,	Harrison Echelberry.

DRAFTED.

Jefferson Blazier,	Lewellen Echelberry,
David Campbell,	Richard P. McGee, (disch'ged)
Daniel Miller, wounded at Champion Hills.	
James H. Tom,	William Hyde,
James M. Cornelius,	Lewis Huffinan,
Samuel Harper,	James Fulton,
David N. Bryan,	George Mewhirter,
Frederick Campbell,	Reuben Cromer,
John Field,	William Humphreys,
Alfred Davidson,	Joseph Foreman,

David M. Wilson,	William Jones,
Daniel Brian,	Andrew Johnson,
Jesse Waterberry, (died.)	

SUBSTITUTES.

Alex. Fairchilds,	Simeon S. Carol,
Cyrus Harman,	Clark Toland,
Joseph Hamel,	Henry Simmons,
Jacob Thice,	William Artherton.

The following re-enlisted as veteran volunteers:

James A. Seares, Sergeant,	David Sullivan, Sergeant,
Bishop D. Stahl, “	John W. Bitler, Corporal,
James McLaughlin, “	Henry C. Lanius, “
Amaziah Warne, “	William J. Frazier, “

Andrew Wallace, killed bearing regimental colors in battle before Atlantá.

Abel Arter,	Charles J. Gibeaut,
Thomas J. Harlan,	James Camp,
Bush Clark,	Robert E. Gay,
George B. Vanderbark,	Henry H. Gay,

Thomas J. Hall, taken prisoner at Atlanta.

Thomas Huffinan,	“	“
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Moses Howell, (deserted,)	Hugh McCallister,
George Hall,	William Pake,
Nathan Jewett,	John Powell,
John McCune,	Nathan Stotts, (prisoner,)
David Mitchell,	George W. Clark, (deserted,)

John Eligas Bulger Edwards, deserted.

This company has sustained itself well. Too much can not be said of many of its men. They have done much efficient service, and suffered severely. Many noble young men have been left behind, never to return to gladden the hearts of their families and friends. Always faithful in duty; it never failed in any position assigned it. Prompt, efficient and military in its bearing.

The Captain, J. C. Robinson, was severely wounded at Kenesaw Mountain, when leading his men in an attack upon a position held by the enemy.

The present officers are men of experience and who have been promoted from Sergeants to their present rank. They have passed through all the campaigns and battles of the regiment. Captain McDaniel was not on the campaigns of General Sherman through Georgia and the Carolinas.

The Lieutenants are men of worth and influence, and have done much honor to themselves and the regiment.

COMPANY E.

This Company was raised in Morgan county, by T. M. Stevenson, W. W. McCarty and C. M. Roberts, and was organized December 25th, 1861. T. M. Stevenson was chosen Captain, W. W. McCarty, First Lieutenant, and C. M. Roberts, Second Lieutenant.

On Christmas day the Company went to Camp Gilbert, with ninety-four as strong, brave and reliable men as ever left the county. The great majority were the best men of the county. Sons of religious parents, men of good families, school teachers, mechanics, farmers, merchants, clerks, were gathered together to go forth from their rich and comfortable homes, to defend those homes by putting down treason and rebellion.

Captain Stevenson had for a number of years been Superintendent of the Public Schools of McConnellsville, and had the summer previous been licensed a minister of the gospel. Lieutenant McCarty had long been a resident of McConnellsville, and had filled many of the principal offices of the county, which made him well acquainted in his county, and gave him an influence that caused many worthy men to rally for the defense of the flag and liberty.

Lieutenant Roberts had been long engaged in merchandizing, which gave him a facility and tact in business, and being a young man of good character, influenced many young men to imitate his example in laying down all that was dear upon his country's altar.

No company in the regiment has done more efficient service, none suffered more upon the field of battle, or from hardships and exposure. After the battle before Atlanta on

the 22d of July, 1864, where the company and regiment did such brilliant service, so as to save the day, with a very heavy loss of killed and wounded, was detailed for duty at Headquarters, Seventeenth Army Corps, where it remained till mustered out of service.

At Memphis, Captain T. M. Stevenson resigned his commission, and was appointed Chaplain of the regiment, Vice Chaplain Todd resigned. Lieutenant McCarty was appointed Captain, C. M. Roberts, First Lieutenant, and Sergeant A. W. Stewart, Second Lieutenant. Lieutenant Roberts was detailed for duty in the Signal Corps, in which position he remained through the Vicksburg campaign, and afterwards on General Curtis' staff in Missouri and Kansas, until January, 1865, when he was appointed Captain and relieved from duty in the Signal Corps, returned to the regiment, and was assigned to the command of Company "F."

Lieutenant A. W. Stewart was detailed as Aide-de-Camp to General Leggett, June 5th, 1864, which position he filled with ability and efficiency till the end of the war.

Captain W. W. McCarty was taken prisoner July 22d, 1864, while in close combat defending the colors and flag of the regiment. Lieutenant Rhinehart of Company "G," was assigned to the command of the company and remained its commander till the end of the war. Sergeant Alexander V. P. Hager of Company "F," was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and assigned to Company "E," but was detailed to take charge of the Guards of the Third Division Train.

The following named men have been commissioned and assigned to other companies: Sergeant A. A. Adair, to Captain; Sergeant Martin Durant, to Second Lieutenant; Sergeant John Kennedy, to Second Lieutenant; Sergeant A. W. McCarty, to First Lieutenant; Sergeant James Earich, to Second Lieutenant. The latter refused to be mustered, preferring to carry the colors which he had borne in so many battles. He loved that too dearly to give up bearing it for a Lieutenantcy. He was awarded a "Medal of Honor,"

for distinguished bravery in the battle of the 22d of July, 1864.

The following are the names of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization :

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Archibald W. Stewart, | 3. A. Stinchcomb, |
| 2. Geo. J. Chappellear, | 4. Charles W. Brown, |
| 5. Jasper S. Laughlin. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Robert F. Chandler, | 5. Addison A. Adair, |
| 2. Harrison Townsend, | 6. William H. Sopher, |
| 3. George R. McCarty, | 7. Abram Wood, |
| 4. Jacob Rush, | 8. Jordan M. Maular. |
- William George, 1st Musician Wm. A. Chappellear, 2d Mus'n
Daniel Christman, Wagoner.

PRIVATEs.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Ammons, George W. | Davis, Harvey |
| Alexander, Thompson | Davis, John |
| Bailey, Benjamin F. | Drake, Henry H. |
| Bailey, Christian | Durant, Martin |
| Bailey, James W. | Earich, James R. |
| Bailey, Sylvester | Fuller, Chester M. |
| Bailey, David | Glassford, Fred |
| Beisaker, David | Grubb, Rasselas |
| Barkhurst, John | Gallion, George |
| Boyd, Cyrus | Harsh, Goodliff |
| Brown, Joseph C. | Harris, George W. |
| Brown, William S. | Hann, David P. |
| Bunn, Fletcher F. | Hayes, John |
| Bush, Hiram H. | Heller, William |
| Coulson, Eli W. | Irwin, Thomas |
| Coulson, Eli G. | Kirby, William |
| Christman, William D. | Kirby, John R. |
| Coffey, Lewis | Kennedy, John |
| Clawson, John | Keller, John |
| Cramblet, Samuel M. | Koon, Sylvester |

Lees, Elisha	Sowers, Job P.
Landerman, William	Shook, William J.
Moore, James W.	Southard, Samuel H.
Maular, George W.	Swope, Henry
Monks, Albert	Stoneburner, William W.
Murphy, William	Thompson, John
McCarty, Arthur W.	Thompson, John W.
McElroy, John	Tompkins, Benjamin
Morrison, Mathias	Turner, Alonzo
Porter, James D.	Vanhorne, John W.
Pletcher, Noah	Wiley, Hiram J.
Pletcher, Nicholas	Wiseman, Caleb M.
Pletcher, John W.	Williams, Luther C.
Rivers, Ethelbert D.	Wade, William S.
Rossell, John M.	Walraven, Charles
Shutt, Samuel H.	Whitaker, John H.
Smith, John C.	Woodward, Samuel S.
Sopher, John D.	Young, John

Of the foregoing the following have been honorably discharged :

Alex. Stinchcomb—Sergeant.	George W. Mauler
G. J. Chapelear	“ Luther C. Williams,
Jacob Bush, Corporal.	Charles Walraven,
Abram Wood, “	John Davis,
William Kearley,	Samuel H. Southard,
Albert Monks,	James D. Porter,
Ethelbert D. Rivers,	Sylvester Koon,
John Clawson,	Eli G. Coulson, M. D.
George W. Ammons,	William S. Wade,
Samuel H. Shutt,	John H. Whitaker,
Nicholas Pletcher,	David P. Hann,
Henry H. Drake,	Cyrus Boyd,
Louis Coffee,	William J. Chapelear,
William Murphy,	Harrison Drake.

The following have died of wounds or disease contracted in the service :

Charles W. Brown, Sergeant,	Robert F. Chandler, Corporal,
J. S. Laughlin, Sergeant,	Jordan M. Maular,

Christian Bailey,	David K. Gallion,
John D. Sopher,	Richard Riley,
John W. Thompson,	William S. Bowers,
Caleb Wiseman.	

DESERTERS.

Henry Swope, Corporal,	Thomas Irwin,
Geo. R. McCarty, Sergeant,	John C. Smith,
Job P. Sowers, Corporal.	John Keller.

The following named men have been added to the company by enlistments, assignments and substitutes:

George M. Brown,	Thomas L. Harter,
Matthias Bustatter,	Jacob A. Jones,
Orlando F. Benton,	Reason Jones,
Martin Copsey,	John K. Kirby,
William G. S. Coulson,	Abel Kirby,
George H. Coulson,	Adam Keifer,
Samuel Cockran,	George Lemasters,
John S. Carver,	Thomas Longstreeth,
James Coen,	Michael Linder,
Louis Coffee,	Alvertis Matson,
John Davis,	George Mitchel,
Christian Decicus,	Thomas Martin,
Benjamin F. Dozier,	John McElroy,
William Dozier,	Reuben Ornar,
Morris Donahue,	Othello Price,
George Donahue,	Osborne Penrose,
John Durant,	Israel Pletcher,
George Durant,	James Parsons,
Elijah Fergerson,	Henry Quin,
John Fetler,	William F. Rossar,
Louis Fishbaugh,	Ira Rhodes,
Samuel L. Fryar,	Jonathan Rainey,
Albert Glassford,	Marion Ridgely,
Daniel Gilpin,	William H. Sutton,
William F. Harsh,	Jacob A. Sowders,
Robert T. Harris,	James Sloan,

William Smith,	Isaac England,
David Smith,	Alexander Earich,
Absolem Shinnaberry,	Martin Davis,
Edward Stephen,	Jacob L. Matson,
Thomas Taylor,	Seaton S. Matson,
Joseph Tow,	Asa Massey,
Nicholas Swingle,	John Switzer,
Tillman Stoneburner,	John C. Brown,
David Stemler,	Leonard J. Bush,
John R. Whiteraft,	Benjamin Brown,
Wilkes P. Wallace,	Charles P. Bowers,
John A. Walters,	William S. Bowers,
Benjamin A. Wyley,	William Kennedy,
John Williams,	James S. Brogan,
David Wright,	John P. Elston,
Charles P. Wood,	John W. Garrett,
Thomas M. Young,	Washington Sowers,
Peter Emrick,	Joshua White,
Robert T. Moore,	Philip J. George,
John C. Bussel,	William Weller,
George S. Coulson,	Peter Hartsell.

The following have been killed in battle, or died of wounds or disease :

William Sophier, Sergeant, killed at Atlanta,
 Benjamine F. Bailey, died of wounds, at Rome, Georgia.
 James M. Bailey, died of disease, at Vicksburg.
 Hiram Bush, killed at Atlanta.
 Joseph C. Calvert, taken prisoner.
 George H. Coulson, died of wound, at Marietta, Georgia.
 Henry Davis, taken prisoner.
 James R. Earich, wounded.
 Samuel Cramlet, wounded,
 John Switzer,
 Rasselas Grubb, killed at Atlanta.
 Thomas Harter, killed at Atlanta.
 John W. Hays, wounded.
 James P. Martzell, taken prisoner.

Joshua White, taken prisoner.
 George W. Harris, killed at Jonesboro, Georgia.
 Robert T. Harris, died of wounds.
 Alonzo Turner, killed at Atlanta.
 John R. Kirby, died of disease.
 Nathaniel Morrison,
 Sylvester Bailey, died of wounds.
 William H. Dozier, died of wounds.
 Reason Jones, taken prisoner.
 James Parsons, killed at Atlanta.
 Jacob Beisaker, died of wounds.
 Nicholas Swingle, missing.
 James M. Moore, sent to West Point for efficiency.
 Robert T. Moore, discharged.
 David Bailey, discharged.

The following are the names of those who re-enlisted as veterans :

Fletcher S. Bunn,	George W. Harris,
William S. Brown,	John F. Kennedy,
Joseph L. Brown,	John R. Kirby,
Samuel M. Cramlet,	A. W. McCarty,
Daniel Christman,	Mathias Morrison,
William D. Christman,	John W. Pletcher,
Eli W. Coulson,	Noah Pletcher,
Harvey Davis,	William W. Stoneburner,
Martin Durant,	William J. Shook,
James Earich,	John W. Van Horn,
George W. Gallion,	Hiram J. Wiley,
John W. Hays,	William J. George,
James P. Hartzell,	Philip J. George,
	John Young.

COMPANY F.

This company was raised in Muskingum and Guernsey counties, by A. L. Wallar, and organized December 25th, 1861. A. L. Wallar was appointed Captain, Hugh Dunne First Lieutenant, and James T. Story Second Lieutenant.

Captain Wallar had some experience in military life, having served in the Mexican war. He is a man of good appearance, affable address, and a genial companion.

Lieutenant Dunne is a man of strong energy, willing worker, and decided, independent character. He had the qualities in request for a good officer. The Captain and Lieutenant both had those traits of character which, when brought together, would not at all times move in harmony. They did not see things and look at results in the same light and tendency, but understanding each other they moved harmoniously.

Lieutenant Story is a man of a happy, contented mind, affable manners, and jovial nature, which made him exceedingly popular with his men. Adaptation to circumstances, and a knowledge of how to make the most of every thing, strongly marked his character. A pleasant cheerfulness dwelt with him and was communicated to all with whom he came in contact.

Captain Wallar, in December, 1864, was commissioned a Lieutenant-Colonel, which he declined. His term of three years service having expired, he was mustered out in January, 1865. Lieutenant Dunne was promoted to Captain in the spring of 1864, and assigned to Company "K," which position he occupied till after the fall of Atlanta. At this time he had only two months to serve, and his circumstances

at home demanded his immediate attention to such an extent that he resigned his commission, left the service, and settled down in the peaceful pursuits of domestic happiness.

Lientenant J. T. Story, a year previous being promoted to First Lieutenant, was Acting Adjutant of the regiment on the campaign through the Carolinas, Lieutenant Search being detailed as Adjutant-General of the brigade. Upon the arrival of the army at Goldsboro, N. C., Lieutenant Story received a Captain's commission, but refused to be mustered, and resigned and went home to recuperate his broken constitution.

Captain C. M. Roberts was assigned to Company "F," where he remained but a few weeks. He being an officer of fine appearance and correct business habits, was detailed on General Blair's staff, as Commissary of Musters for the Seventeenth Army Corps.

Sergeant Joseph Miller, of "G" company, was promoted to First Lieutenant, and assigned to "F" company; Martin Durant, Sergeant of "E" company, was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and assigned to "F" company. Both young men of good military knowledge and attainments, unyielding patriotism, and faithfulness in the discharge of all duties, made them very acceptable officers, and their promotion very desirable and well deserved. This is one of the commendable traits of military life, when free from selfish interest: it finds out the efficient and meritorious, and rewards and honors them accordingly.

No other change was made in the officers of Company "F" till the muster-out of the regiment.

The following are the names of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the company at its original organization:

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Samuel H. Vankirk, | 3. Henry H. Smith, |
| 2. Alexander V. P. Hager, | 4. Milton B. Thomas, |
| 5. Humphrey A. McDonald. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Isaiah B. Case, | 2. Benjamin F. Tudor, |
|--------------------|-----------------------|

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 3. Francis M. Story, | 6. Thomas Hopes, |
| 4. Peter W. Sturtz, | 7. Henry Berkheimer, |
| 5. Richard A. Cusic, | 8. William Allen. |
- Jno. W. Burwell, 1st Music'n, Jas. Thos. Bay, 2d Musician
William Garges, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

Bay, Matthew W.	Johnston, Abram
Barnes, Orville O.	Jenkins, Clinton
Brown, Silas W.	Leisure, Lenhart
Bucksenschultz, John J.	Lemmon, James
Buker, John	Lynch, Orrin
Bowman, George	McCall, John H.
Bedell, Albert	Mullin, James
Bowrden, William	Moorehead, Jesse
Boyer, Percival	Moorehead, Joseph
Bucksenschultz, William	McCune, John
Cook, Thomas W.	McKinney, Joseph E.
Crane, John	Newell, John A.
Culbertson, Alex.	Oliver, John
Davis, John	Rogers, Hiram
Davis, Peter	Rogers, Robert C.
Dearnburger, Lewis	Rogers, Thomas
Drummond, William	Runion, George W.
Dickason, Richard	Runion, Andrew J.
Eschman, Michael	Runion, Joel
Gibbons, Philip	Richardson, Joseph
Gault, William	Redd, James A.
Hanson, Robert	Snyder, John
Hurrel, Samuel	Sinsabaugh, David
Herron, Hugh	Sturtz, Dennison G.
Harper, George	St. Clair, Samuel H.
Hadden, William	Smith, David
Hammond, Levi	Smith, Albert
Hubert, Henry	Storer, John
Johnston, Henry	Taylor, Samuel

Taylor, James	West, Wesley
Tanner, John W.	Waters, William C.
Urban, Solomon	Wilson, Edward C.
Vankirk, Joseph	Wilson, Joseph F.
Vernon, Edward S.	Wymer, Alfred
Vernon, Nicholas	Wylie, John C.
Vernon, William A.	Wall, Lewis H.
Wine, John J.	Zimmerman, John

The following named enlisted men have been promoted to the rank set opposite their respective names:

Sergeant Samuel H. Vankirk to Captain.

“ Alex. V. P. Hager to Second Lieutenant.

“ H. A. McDonald to First Lieutenant.

Corporal Thomas W. Hopes to First Lieutenant.

“ Albert G. Gault to Second Lieutenant.

“ John J. Wine to Second Lieutenant.

In the autumn of 1862 the following named enlisted men were added to the company:

Moses Abbott,	Oliver C. Story,
David Cherry,	Arthur D. Simpson,
Albert G. Gault,	Andrew G. Scott,
Charles Holcomb,	Dennis Sturtz,
Abram Jackson,	John Tremble,
Peter B. Lane,	Alex. H. White,
John A. McKinney,	Elijah Wortman,
John R. McNary,	James L. Wortman,
	Samuel Sprague.

The following recruits, substitutes and drafted men were added to the company in October, 1863:

George H. Echelberry,	Archibald Bradford,
George Kearnes,	Josiah K. Clorr,
Thomas Huffman,	Alonzo Conway,
Barnett Adamson,	Zachariah Nolon,
Even J. Buker,	David Norman,
Caleb Buker,	Thomas A. Palmer,
Samuel J. Paxton,	Peter Perrins,

David W. Shaffer,	Henry Cox,
David W. Sprague,	Theodore Coleman,
Martin V. Todd,	William H. Goulding,
William Slaughter,	Porter English,
Joseph Smith,	William Green,
Simeon Swank,	James Hamrick,
Thomas A. Stone,	William W. Harrold,
Leander Trushell,	James Holcomb,
Archibald Ankrom,	William Humphrey,
Edward Allen,	William McNaught,
William Gardner,	Adam Philabaum,
Morgan Cornelius,	George Vickars,
Samuel Cox,	Crawford Vickars.

The following named enlisted men re-enlisted as veterans
January 5th, 1864:

SERGEANTS.

Peter W. Sturtz,	Edward S. Vernon,
Isaiah B. Case,	William Hadden,
	William P. Gault.

CORPORALS.

John H. McCall,	Samuel J. Taylor,
	Orville O. Barnes.

PRIVATES.

James T. Bay,	Joseph Moorehead,
Henry Birkheimer,	Jesse Moorehead,
James Caldwell,	Joseph E. McKinney,
John H. Crane,	James A. Redd,
Richard H. Cusick,	Thomas Rogers,
Samuel Hurrell,	Andrew J. Runnion,
Alexander Culbertson,	Joel Runnion,
Peter Davis,	David H. Sinsabaugh,
James Galihier,	William C. Waters,
Lewis Huffman,	Robert Hanson,
Abiram Johnson,	Alfred Wymer, Sergeant,
William C. Garges,	Phillip Gibbons, “

The following have been discharged for disability, contracted in the service, and wounds :

Percival Boyer,	John Stover,
Silas W. Brown,	Samuel A. St. Clair,
John Bucksenschultz,	David Smith,
John W. Burwell,	Henry C. Smith,
John Buker,	William A. Vernon,
William Bowden,	Wesley West,
Thomas W. Cook,	Edward C. Wilson.
John Davis,	Lewis Wall,
Lewis L. Dearnbarger,	David C. Hager,
William Drummond,	Samuel H. Johns,
Michael Eschman,	James B. McDonald,
Hugh Herron,	John R. Scott,
James Lemmon,	Joseph W. Miller,
John A. Newell,	Albert T. Sprague,
George W. Runnion,	Joseph B. Vankirk,
Joseph Richardson,	John Buker, sr.,
George Bradford.	

The following have died of disease and wounds :

Francis M. Story, Sergeant,	William Bucksenschultz,
William Allen, Corporal,	George Bowman,
Richard Dickason,	John McCune,
Robert C. Rogers,	Dennison G. Sturtz,
Albert Smith,	Nicholas Vernon,
Joseph F. Wilson, Corporal,	John B. Atchison,
Robert Bell,	James Atchison,
Benjamin Conoway,	William Carroll,
Christopher Crothers,	Jasper Halsey,
Samuel Hurrel,	Levi Hammond,
Samuel T. Morrow,	James E. Protzman,
Minor Pryor,	Perry Sprague,
Philip Shaffer,	Jonathan Whitaker.

KILLED IN BATTLE.

Oliver C. Story, Raymond, Miss.
Corporal John Oliver, Atlanta, Ga.

Lieutenant John J. Wine, Milliken's Bend, La.

James Taylor, Champion Hills, Miss.

John Tremble, Atlanta, Ga.

Joel Runnion, near Millen, Ga.

Sergeant Phillip Gibbons, Atlanta, Ga.

Robert Hanson, died a prisoner.

The following have deserted :

Henry Herbert,

Orrin Lynch,

George Harper,

James Mullen,

Lenhart Leasure,

Solomon Urban,

John C. Wylie.

The following have been transferred to Invalid Corps :

Jason A. Barnard,

Hiram Rogers,

John A. McKinney, disch'ged John Zimmerman.

This was one of the most efficient companies in the army. A better skirmish company never went in advance of troops. It has lost some of the very best men that ever carried a musket.

COMPANY G.

Was raised in Muskingum and Noble counties, and was organized January 11th, 1862. Peter Gebhart was chosen Captain, John W. A. Gillespie First Lieutenant, and Joseph C. Jenkins First Lieutenant.

Captain Gebhart's health failing him, was soon compelled to resign and go home.

Lieutenant Jenkins becoming dissatisfied with military life—disliking its hardships, dangers and exposures, and seeing no way to escape so much sacrifice as the true faithful soldier must necessarily make, except to assume the responsibility and abide the consequences of his own independence—therefore quit the service of his own accord, and is consequently marked a *deserter*. The writer is not informed of the justice or injustice of the charge, but merely gives the assertion of the records. Lieutenant Gillespie was then appointed Captain of the company; Jesse Patterson First Lieutenant, and Sergeant Iret Rinehart Second Lieutenant.

Under these officers the company did efficient service; was under good discipline, and did honor to its officers and regiment. The company had many noble and good men—men who were willing to stand by the flag of their country to the last extremity.

Lieutenant Patterson was mustered out of service at Lake Providence, Louisiana. He was a good, faithful and efficient officer. He was by no means an intemperate man, but the tempter getting the victory over him once, and for this single offence, not repeated, we have heard, was mustered out.

The same closeness would have mustered out one-half of the officers of the army. This circumstance shows the strict discipline of the Seventy-Eighth Regiment.

Lieutenant Rhinehart was promoted to First Lieutenant December 19th, 1863. Captain Gillespie having served his three years with much honor and great faithfulness, was mustered out of service early in January, 1865, at Savannah, Ga. Lieutenant Rhinehart was promoted to Captain; Alfred Wymer, of Company "F," to First Lieutenant and assigned to Company "G;" Sergeant Cyrus H. Gardner was promoted to Second Lieutenant: promotions well deserved and well honored. They were both young men of large military experience and correct habits, and make very efficient officers.

No other changes were made in the officers of the company during its term of service. This company has a good record, and sustained a high reputation in the regiment.

The following are the names of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization:

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| 1. William C. Simmons, | 3. Samuel Hally, |
| 2. Jesse Patterson, | 4. Fred Boach, |
| 5. Peter B. Lupardus. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Samuel Fowler, | 5. Michael Stewart, |
| 2. John Haze, | 6. John R. Hunt, |
| 3. Caleb Mercer, | 7. Owen Morgan, |
| 4. William J. Anderson, | 8. Cyrus H. Gardner. |
- John F. Fenton, 1st Musician, William Gibson, 2d Musician,
George W. Gillespie, Wagouer.

PRIVATES.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Arnet, Charles | Bond, Jeremiah |
| Archer, Wilson | Bash, George |
| Armstrong, William | Carpenter, Thomas |
| Armstrong, Wilber F. | Carpenter, John C. |
| Beasley, Henry | Cusac, Jacob |

Cowen, Joseph P.
 Dixson, Joseph
 David, Robert A.
 Deaver, James
 Ellis, Edward
 Fowler, William
 Fogle, Hiram
 Fogle, Elijah
 Fowler, Immer
 Fry, William F.
 Gebhart, Samuel H.
 Gatchel, Joseph
 George, Philip
 Gould, Levi
 Gibson, John
 Grimes, William J.
 Gaffney, Martin
 Hinds, Charles
 Hartsell, James P.
 Hickie, Elisha D.
 Halter, Francis C.
 Hill, Daniel J.
 Johnson, George W.
 Johns, George W.
 Lindsay, C. W.
 Lindsay, Charles
 Lindsay, Aquilla
 Little, Kelsey
 Mercer, Job T.

Mercer, Thomas
 Mercer, David
 Mercer, George W.
 Mercer, Andrew
 Mulnix, Owen
 Morris, Lewis
 Miller, Joseph
 Morgan, Lewis
 McClary, Samuel
 McFerren, John W.
 Morgan, George W.
 Purkey, Aaron S.
 Porter, Frank
 Robinson, John W.
 Roach, Henry M.
 Russell, Ebenezer
 Rhinehart, Iret
 Spiker, Henry
 Stinchcomb, John W.
 Savely, Augustus
 Treaner, Jacob
 Trout, Samuel E.
 Trimble, John
 Vandyke, John
 Van Meter, James S.
 Vore, Martin
 Weller, William J.
 Wheeler, David
 Yaw, Oliver P.

The company's accession in the autumn of 1862, and again in 1864, were filled up with recruits, substitutes and drafted men. We have not the records to give them all correctly, nor to distinguish them from one another.

Alfred Lippett,
 Barnard Johnson,
 Charles W. Spiker,
 Armon Wilcox,

Reason St. Clair,
 Samuel St. Clair,
 Eden St. Clair,
 William Wyrrell,

George P. Stoneburner,	David R. Yaw,
Abram Stitts,	Peter Van Dyke,
Hiram Atkinson,	John Van Dyke.
Lewis Baley,	Jacob Cove,
James F. Bond,	David Denius,
David O. Brill,	Adam Denius,
George Butts,	Solomon F. Dennis,
Asa Perry,	John Dennis,
Lorain Bigford,	Solomon F. Heskett,
Harman Bates,	James F. Hinton,
Taylor Geary,	Lyman J. Johnson,
James Graham,	William Vint,
William Halley,	William Little,
Jacob Hagan,	James W. Mackey,
Alex. W. Humphreys,	Leonard Marlan,
Conrad Harmon,	Robert Peacock,
A. Knight.	Daniel Richeson,
William B. Long,	William Rockwell,
Simon Morris,	John B. Stewart,
James H. Moore,	Enoch M. Stout,
William S. Miller,	Irwin Williamson,
Johnson Ruby,	Samuel Williamson,
Nelson Rybnor,	Smidley Williams,
	William Ricker.

SUBSTITUTES AND DRAFTED MEN.

Henry Bunton,	Alonzo Earhart,
Thomas Carney,	John N. Fry,
Henry Carter,	Isreal Hart,
Samuel Davidson,	Jacob Looker,
Josiah Farnsworth,	William Miller,
Wheeler W. Heath,	Samson Peppers,
James Kneipper,	Adam Swab,
Carry McQuilty,	Charles Butterfield,
David W. Pierce,	Smith Simpkins,
Samuel W. Shaw,	Nathan Welloughby,
Benjamin Beach,	William Bueher,
Ezra Bond,	Ramsey Smith,

Isaac Dickson, Johnathan Waits,
The following re-enlisted as veterans

SERGEANTS.

Frank Porter, J. Fowler,
James S. Vanmeter, David A. Robert,
David B. Mercer.

CORPORALS.

Caleb M. Mercer, Charles W. Lindsey,
David Wheeler, Aaron S. Burkey,
Kelsey Little, John H. Gibson.

PRIVATES.

Joseph Dickson, Martin Vore,
John H. Fenton, Samuel E. Trout,
Joseph Gatehel, Hiram Fogle,
Harry Roach, William F. Fry,
George W. Robinson.

A large number of the names in the veteran organization cannot be obtained.

The following named men have been discharged for disability:

Frederick Roach,	Samuel H. Gebheart,
John Hays,	George W. Gillespie,
Owen Morgan,	William Gibson,
Wilson Archer,	George W. Johnson,
Davis Brill,	Owen Mulnix,
Jacob Cusick,	Lewis Morris,
James Deaver,	Henry Spiker,
Elijah Fogle,	John Trimble,
Peter B. Lupardus,	John Van Dyke,
William Fowler,	Job T. Mercer,
William J. Anderson,	Franklin Halter,
Henry Beasley,	Lewis Morgan,
Thomas Carpenter,	Eden St. Clair,
	Samuel Halley.

The following named men are marked deserters:

William C. Simmons,	William J. Grimes,
David Denius,	Daniel J. Hill,

John Denius,
 Martin Gafrey,
 James F. Hinton,
 A. Knight,
 Samuel McCleary,
 Ebenezer Russell,
 William Bucher,
 Enoch M. Stout.
 James Wheeler,
 Aaron Williams,
 Wilber F. Armstrong,
 Elwood Ellis,

Lyman J. Johnson,
 William Little,
 James H. Moore,
 Daniel Richeson,
 John W. Stinchcomb,
 Jacob Treamer,
 Michael Stewart,
 John W. McPherson,
 Charles Arnet,
 Jeramiah Bond,
 George Butts,
 William Halley.

KILLED IN BATTLE.

James Stilty,
 Francis Porter,
 Joseph Cowen,
 Robert Peacock,

Samuel Fowler,
 Lewis Bowley,
 Taylor Geary,
 Henry M. Roach, missing.

TRANSFERRED.

William Armstrong,
 George Bash,
 Philip J. George,

Peter Hartsell,
 William Wellin,
 Charles Lindsey.

COMPANY H.

Was raised in Guernsey county by John T. Rainey, and organized January —, 1862. John T. Rainey was appointed Captain, John F. Grimes First Lieutenant, and John Orr Second Lieutenant.

The company was composed of a noble, robust class of men, ready and able for any duty and difficult work. In no company in the regiment was there a greater spirit of contentment, mirth and cheerfulness. Every evening in Company "H" would be heard the merry songs of happy voices, echoing throughout the camp. The company always took a cheerful part in the numerous battles and campaigns of the regiment, and has lost many fine noble men in battle and by disease. It has highly honored patriotic Guernsey, and made a proud record in the history of the war.

Captain Rainey was a lawyer of Cambridge, and a favorite generally with men. His disposition was such as to make him popular with his company, and the regiment generally; having much energy, some military experience—having served in the Mexican war—and being naturally a jovial, free, social man, made him, as supposed by the regiment, eminently fitted for Major of the regiment, to which position he was chosen at Grand Junction, Tenn., and received his commission afterwards at Memphis, prior to its entrance on the Vicksburg campaign. He commanded the regiment with great ability and acceptance through the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond and Jackson, Miss. On the morning of the commencement of the battle of Champion Hills, Lieutenant-Colonel Wiles took command of the regiment, Major Rainey assisting him. At the investment

of Vicksburg by General Grant's army, Major Rainey was detailed on General Leggett's staff as Assistant Inspector General, in which position he remained until after the fall of Atlanta, when he resigned his commission and left the service.

Lieutenant Grimes' health so far failed as to compel him to quit the service. He therefore resigned his commission after the battle of Shiloh, went home, and soon died of disease contracted in the service. He was a young man of fine attainments and moral worth, and promised to be a very efficient officer.

Lieutenant Orr was promoted to First Lieutenant and Sergeant Wm. Dodds to Second Lieutenant. The latter resigned at Memphis, in February, 1862. Lieutenant Orr was appointed Captain, and Sergeant Josiah Scott First Lieutenant. Lieutenant Scott was a noble, Christian young man, and beloved not only by his company, but by all the regiment. He was a cheerful, social and pleasant young officer. When the regiment was encamped at Vicksburg he obtained a leave of absence and went home to visit his family, where he was taken ill with the small-pox and died. His death was much regretted and deeply lamented by his company and the regiment.

Sergeant Henry Speer, of "A" company, was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and assigned to "H" company, in November, 1863. He was a young man of good morals, very efficient in all he did. His promotion was one of merit and honor. He served faithfully in his company till at Atlanta, in the battle of the 22d of July, he was severely wounded, making amputation of his arm necessary. He was sent home, where he died shortly after, in consequence of his wounds.

Captain Orr remained in command of the company till January, 1865, when his three years' service expiring, he was honorably mustered out. He was a very jovial, pleasant and good officer. He was cheerful in camp, and brave almost to a fault in battle. On the 22d of July, in the

ever memorable battle before Atlanta, he killed a rebel with his sword, who had hold of the colors of the regiment. He fought with the most desperate bravery in personal combat in preventing the capture of the flag. Captain Joseph Orr lived in single blessedness till advanced in his forties, having obtained a comfortable living, and more than a competency to maintain a family. He finally, after much exhortation from the Chaplain and his Colonel, repented of the sin of living an old bachelor, corrected and reformed his life by marrying a wife.

Lieutenant Springer, of Company "C," was promoted to a Captain, and assigned to Company "H," but still remained on General Leggett's staff, in charge of the Division Ambulance Train. This position he had filled with great efficiency and acceptance.

John P. Ross, Sergeant-Major of the regiment, was promoted to First Lieutenant, and assigned to Company "H," and had command of the company till the muster-out of the regiment. He was one of those "few and far between" very best of young men; of high Christian integrity, of good attainments, efficiency and close attention to his business, that made him an officer of much success, acceptance and ability.

Sergeant Robert H. Brown was promoted to Second Lieutenant. He was also a good young man, and an efficient officer, and worthy of every trust and honor given him.

The following is the list of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization:

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. William A. Dodds, | 3. David Rainey, |
| 2. Josiah Scott, | 4. William Calihan, |
| 5. Robert Brown. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1. David McMillen, | 4. Gabriel H. Feister, |
| 2. John A. Johnson, | 5. David T. Caldwell, |
| 3. Samuel Nelson, | 6. Leander Scott, |

7. Levi Johnson,	8. Hezekiah Hyatt.
Shadric Turner, Musician.	John T. Allen, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

Alexander, John	Kenedy, Benjamin
Biehard, P. S.	Keown, Robert
Barnett, Jacob	Kimble, George
Burns, Joshua	Kimble, George W.
Black, James H.	Linton, Samuel
Beam, Daniel	Lake, William
Britton, Robert	McBurney, Charles
Berry, James	McDonald, Finley
Cochran, Thomas	Mitchell, George P.
Casey, Samuel	McBurney, William
Clipner, David	Miller, Lewis
Clipner, John	Mitchel, David
Camp, William T.	Murphy, Lafayette F.
Camp, John W.	Miller, James M.
Cook, John B.	Miligan, Alexander F.
Craig, John	McBurney, James
Cockrel, George	Paden, Dallas
Dunifer, John	Powell, John W.
Dawson, James	Shriver, Adam G.
Dillahey John,	Stevenson, George W.
Donalson, Joshua	Scott, Robert
Gill, Joseph	Sigman, Isaac
Gill, Elijah	Stevenson, Alexander
George, Price C.	Schuyheart, Isaac
Johnson, Nathaniel	Thompson, Abram
Hudson, James	Thompson, Archibald L.
Hunter, John	Turner, James
Hutchison, Nicholas	Turner, James A.
Haynes, John	Tucker, Joseph
Hartshorn, Thomas	Voorhers, Joshua
Hendrick, Rufus	Voorhers, Lewis
Kimble, William	Williams, William P.
Kimble, Robert	Wilson, Robert
King, Benjamin	White, Reese
	White, Elisha

The following named recruits were added to the company in the autumn of 1862:

Francis Scott,	Alexander L. Blair,
Henry Aloves,	Edward Hall,
William M. Barber,	James Culberson.

In the winter of 1863-4 the following named recruits for three years were added:

George M. Bramlett,	Edward R. Dunifer,
James V. P. Briton,	Robert Hoover,
William Ball,	William M. Stage,
Thomas M. Clark,	Laban Sigman,
Alexander Clark,	Rolla Sigman.

The following named substitutes and drafted men were added to the list:

James B. Allen,	James Mathers,
James E. Arnold,	John Mooney,
Joseph R. Black,	Jeremiah McBride,
George R. Baughman,	Nathan McElfresh,
Samuel H. Bartholomew,	John W. Nebert,
Joseph M. Brown,	Lewis Ours,
Jonathan N. Brown,	John P. Pastors,
James Collins,	John P. Reddick,
Washington Darling,	Miller Tilton,
Ezeriah Dermv,	Samuel C. Turner,
Ruman Gorman,	Samuel Vinsel,
William S. Green,	Reese White,
William Hastings,	Albert P. Wilbert,
Casabine Hawk,	John Waters,
Joseph Heft,	David Warner,
Joseph Herles,	James K. Walston,
John Jarvas,	James Wellington,
James C. Keltner,	John M. Haugh,
Christopher Lindsey,	Joseph Young,
	James M. Lucas.

In January, 1864, the following named men re-enlisted as veterans to serve three years more:

Robert H. Brown,	James H. Black,
Jacob Barnett,	Joshua Burris,

James Berry,	John W. Powell,
William H. Callahan,	David B. Rainey,
Thomas Cochran,	Isaac Sigman,
John Clipner,	Robert B. Scott,
James Dossan,	Adam G. Shriver,
Elijah Gill,	George W. Stevenson,
Price C. George,	James Turner,
Charles McBurney,	James A. Turner,
James McBurney,	Abram Thompson,
Lafayette Murphy,	Elihu White.

The following have been discharged for disability:

John T. Allen,	William T. Jones,
William M. Barker,	Benjamin Kennedy,
John Craig,	Benjamin King,
John Dunifer,	Samuel Linton,
John Dillahey,	David Mitchel,
Elijah Gill,	Lewis Miller,
Hezekiah Hyatt,	James Miller,
Nicholas Hutchinson,	Samuel Nelson,
Thomas Hartson,	William J. Sopher,
John A. Johnson,	Archibald L. Thompson,

Peter Williams.

The following named soldiers of Company "H" have died of wounds, and disease contracted in the service:

Lieutenant Josiah Scott, Lieutenant John F. Grimes,
 Lieutenant Henry Speer.

John Alexander, killed at Atlanta.

James Aloves, killed on railroad.

James B. Allen. Daniel Beam.

Daniel Caldwell, died at Savannah, Tenn.

John W. Camp. George Cochran.

William T. Camp. Joshua Donelson.

James Culbertson. Gabriel Fields.

James Hudson, died of wounds received at Champion Hills.

John Hunter. John Haynes.

Nathan Johnson.

William Kimble, killed at Atlanta, July 22d, 1864.

Robert Keown.

John Milliken.

William Lake, died of wounds, Marietta, Ga.

David McMillen, died of wounds, Champion Hills.

William McBride, killed at Champion Hills.

Dallas Paden.

George P. Mitchell, deserted.

Alex. F. Miliken.

Jeremiah McBride.

Leander Scott, died at Bolivar, Tenn.

Adam G. Shriver, killed at Atlanta, July 22d, 1864.

Alexander Stevenson, died at Shiloh, Tenn.

James Sleeth.

James Schuyhart.

James Turner, killed at Atlanta, Ga.

Shedrack Turner.

Joshua Voorhes.

Lewis Voorhes.

COMPANY I.

This company was raised in Columbiana County by Andrew Scott, Chaplain Todd, John B. Mills, and S. A. DeWolf, and organized January 11th, 1862. Andrew Scott was appointed Captain, John B. Mills First Lieutenant, and S. A. DeWolf Second Lieutenant.

The company was made up of as fine a class of men as ever entered the service — the best that ever left the county. The religious element was strong in the company; the men were of the wealthy families of the county, well educated, and representing every branch of trade and business. The company suffered much from disease, and in battle; its very best young men have fallen. Especially has it been true of this company, the fact observed by so many, and noticeable in every company in the regiment, “that the arrow of death is mysteriously select in the choice of its victims:” choosing most generally the best men. Those whom we regret most to spare, and give up most unwillingly; men the most exemplary and upright, the most useful and best loved in the company, and at home.

Some of the men in Company “I” have filled important positions in the regiment, and at Division, Corps and Department headquarters. Very little of the rowdy element was found in this company. Their officers were men of Christian integrity. Captain Scott was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and by his influence called many such to go with him. The Captain was a good, jolly, social man, which made him popular, and his company pleasant. No man except Captain Wilson exercised a more watchful care over his men. When divine services were held in the

regiment, the Captain was always present, and the majority of his men were with him. The Captain was a little wrong in his political theory, but all right in his practice. Old prejudices and education gave him a leaning toward Vallandigham and the disloyal party of the North, but diminished nothing of his hatred for secession, and weakened none of his efforts to put it down, and destroy the last armed rebel against the Government. He did not like the Administration, but that mattered not as long as he was willing to defend it with the sword, and co-operate with it in the suppression of rebellion; and as form is nothing, but execution everything, we can forgive the Captain's mistaken theories on politics, since his action and conduct opposed those theories, and prevented him not from going forth and nobly sustaining his country's flag.

Lieutenant Mills, of whom mention has been made in connection with Company "C," was a young man of decided influence and most excellent character, and did much by way of influencing many young men to enlist in their country's service. He was generally popular with his men, and throughout the regiment. A man of strong sympathies and tender feelings, and no one did more to alleviate the sufferings of destitute poor women and children through the army's entire line of march. He would frequently, after the regiment would encamp in the evening, mount a horse and search out the poor of the vicinity, and do something for them. He was always active and busy at something, especially in getting possession of fine horses. He was quite successful in maintaining that there was no horse in the army like his, but *privately* thinking every other horse better than his. In the absence of the Chaplain he would assume part of his duties, and supply the regiment with all the reading matter and stationery the Christian Commission could furnish him. In this way he was an ardent friend and supporter of the Christian Commission, and the representatives of the Commission believe him to be more than an ordinary working Christian. He seldom become angry, but

when he did his Christian temper would become somewhat ruffled.

Lieutenant S. A. DeWolf was above middle age, and a resident of Gambier, Licking County, and a man noted for piety, and Christian integrity. His health gave way soon after entering the service, and after every effort on his part to arrest disease, he was compelled to resign his commission and leave the service, which took place at Bolivar, Tenn.

Sergeant Humphrey A. McDonald, of "F" company, was promoted to Second Lieutenant and assigned to Company "I." He was a young man of liberal attainments, and very good education, and consistent upright character. He was afterwards promoted to First Lieutenant and detailed as A. A. A. General of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, but through ill health was compelled to muster out at Goldsboro, N. C., and leave the service. When he was first promoted to Second Lieutenant he was detailed by General John A. Logan, as A. A. Q. M. of the Pioneer Corps, Third Division, and subsequently assisted Lieutenant J. T. Story in the command of Company "C." At Vicksburg, in December, 1863, he was appointed Regimental Recruiting Officer, to superintend the enlistment of veterans, which position he filled with honor to himself and credit to the regiment. Lieutenant William H. Hessin was promoted to Captain, Sergeant David M. Watson to First Lieutenant, and Sergeant Simon P. Joy, of "D" company to Second Lieutenant, and assigned to Company "I." All noble young men, good and efficient officers and exemplary in conduct; and returned to their friends with characters better framed and steeled against temptation.

The following list comprises the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization:

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. David M. Watson, | 3. Daniel Watt, |
| 2. Angus Falconer, | 4. Geo. W. Chandler, |
| 5. Robert Scott. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Harmon W. Brown, | 5. John Baker, |
| 2. Daniel S. Noble, | 6. Daniel McIntosh, |
| 3. Thos. McKenzie, | 7. Andrew McPherson, |
| 4. John Hall, | 8. Albert Glenn. |
- Jacob H. Arter, 1st Musician, David McLain, 2d Musician
Joseph Wilson, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| Adams, William J. | Ilanna, George |
| Axe, Lorenzo | Hessin, William H. |
| Adams, Matthew W. | Jackson, Thomas C. |
| Abbot, Robert | Kelley, David |
| Brown, Amos | Kerns, Richard |
| Baker, Thomas | Lounsbury, Franklin A. |
| Butler, Eli | McBane, William |
| Baker, Gideon H. | McIntosh, Evan |
| Cole, Oscar | McIntosh, Andrew |
| Cole, Thomas | McIntosh, John |
| Charters, William | Morrison, John H. |
| Carns, George W. | Marlnee, Andrew |
| Cameron, William T. | McKenzie, John P. |
| Dorwart, Henry | McIntosh, Laughlin |
| Dobson, Henry | McLain, Daniel |
| Drennan, Ezekiel G. | McIntosh, John F. |
| Daws, Plimpton | Mendell, William |
| Darison, John | McMullin, Archibald |
| Ehrhart, Reuben | McCord, George |
| Freed, Milton | Poorman, John F. |
| Gamble, Thomas | Powers, Morrison |
| Gamble, George | Roach, Abner M. |
| Gamble, Alfred | Redick, Cummins C. |
| Giles, Henry | Spellman, Charles |
| Harkins, Thomas G. | Steel, George W. |
| Hilman, David H. | Sprinkle, David W. |
| Hampshire, Henry | Starr, Thomas C. |
| Hollinger, Jacob | Smith, William M. |

Vanfossan, William P.	Withers, George
Weston, John A.	Willis, James B.
Wilson, John W.	Wright, Daniel
Wilson, Hiram	Wagoner, Joseph

The following named men re-enlisted as veteran volunteers at Vicksburg, Miss., January 5th, 1864:

Mathew W. Adams,	Andrew McPherson,
Isaac Burback,	John McIntosh,
John Baker,	William S. Mendell,
John Clunk,	John P. McKenzie,
Plimpton Daws,	Daniel McLain,
Henry B. Dolson,	Andrew McIntosh,
Anguish Falconer,	Thomas Clinton Starr,
Thomas Gamble,	Philip Smith,
Henry Giles,	David W. Sprinkle,
George Hanna,	George W. Steel,
John H. Morrison,	William C. Tenley,
	John A. Weston.

The following named enlisted men, substitutes and drafted men have been added to the company since its original organization:

George Andrews,	Michael J. Hawk,
John Cable,	Michael W. Hawk,
Caleb Caldwell,	Theodore Jackson,
John Derr,	Peter Jones,
Nathaniel Darst,	Cassius M. Jeffres,
John Densil,	Joseph Johnson,
John Dane,	Ezekial Johnson,
William F. Echerd,	Squire Johnson,
Billingsy Teaser,	John R. Kaufman,
William Francis,	John C. Keaney,
Joseph Gardner,	Joseph Krank,
Nehemiah Groves,	Massenberg Lynch,
Bowen Gilkey,	William Lister,
Hiram Hall,	Joseph Lancaster,
Ethel Henry,	Henry Luyster,
Michael Hetsel,	Jacob Lamb,

Edward Miller,	Henry Smith,
Philip Mary,	Moses Shoemaker,
John Moser,	John Smith,
Thomas B. McCarty,	Philip Thomas,
Emmil Marx,	James Thaxton,
John McIntire,	Isaac Taylor,
Richard McPeck,	Simon Vickers,
Christopher Mosier,	William H. Williamson,
Henry Mance,	Harmon W. Brown, volunt'r
William McBane,	Evan McIntosh, "
Abel S. Newton,	John W. Davidson, "
James M. Newland,	Morrison Powers, "
John M. Patterson,	Zachariah Bucklew, "
Edward Rose,	William McBain, "
Robert Roland,	John Davidson, "
George H. Rabes,	Daniel Noble, "
George O. Reeder,	George Snift, "
Samuel Smith,	Albert Glenn, "
Timothy Sheppard,	George Hall, "

The following have been discharged for disability :

L. C. Axe,	David Kelley,
Gideon H. Baker,	Archibald McMullen,
Amos Brown,	D. B. McLain,
Thomas Baker,	D. T. McIntosh,
Zachariah Buckler,	T. P. McKenzie,
Thomas Coie,	Daniel S. Noble,
William T. Cameron,	John F. Poorman,
Oscar Cole,	George Swift,
George W. Carnes,	Charles Spellman,
John Davidson,	Joseph Wagner,
Henry Dorwart,	John W. Wilson,
John Davidson,	Joseph Wilson,
Henry Downard,	Samuel W. Wright,
Reuben Ehrhart,	George Withers.

The following have died of disease :

Eli Butler, Crump's Landing, Tenn., March 25th, 1862.
 Jacob Hollinger, St. Louis, Mo., April 12th, 1862.

Benjamin Butler, camp Shiloh, Tenn., April 30th, 1862.

William Charters, camp Shiloh, Tenn., May 9th, 1862.

Robert Scott, Cincinnati, O., May 31st, 1862.

John H. Davidson, Paducah, Ky., April 18th, 1863.

George Gamble, Jackson, Tenn., June 28th, 1862.

Laughlin McIntosh, Vicksburg, August 24th, 1863.

James D. Willis, Boaufort, S. C., January —, 1865.

Henry Hampshire, Hiram Wilson,

Thomas B. McCarty.

TRANSFERRED TO INVALID CORPS.

George W. Chowder,

Frank Lonsberry,

Ezekial S. Drennan,

Cummins C. Reddick,

Albert Glenn,

William Smith,

John Hall.

KILLED IN BATTLE.

Andrew M. Roach, Champion Hills, May 16th, 1863.

John McIntosh, “ “ “ “ “

Thomas C. Starr, Kenesaw Mountain, June 15th, 1864.

Daniel H. Watt, Atlanta, July 22d, 1864.

Andrew McPherson, promoted to Sergeant-Major.

COMPANY K.

Was raised in Muskingum, Monroe, Belmont and Noble Counties, by John W. Cornyn, of Zanesville, and organized January 11th, 1862. John W. Cornyn was appointed Captain, John T. Hamilton First Lieutenant, and James Carothers Second Lieutenant. The company was made up of strong, robust men. This company had more foreigners in it than any other company in the regiment; owing to the fact, perhaps, that the Captain was a Catholic, many of his persuasion enlisted with him to assist in crushing rebellion, and punish treason in the country of their adopted homes.

The company did good and faithful service, and suffered severely during the war, taking a part in all the campaigns and battles of the regiment.

The Captain was a hard worker, a man full of energy and life, and has had much experience in the management of men, especially foreigners, as he was a long time a railroad contractor.

He was a very agreeable, social, pleasant companion, somewhat impulsive in character, he was quick to act, and readily discerned the minds of men.

He served with his company till February, 1863, when he was appointed Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, and assigned to General Ewing's staff.

Lieutenant John W. Hamilton, on account of ill health resigned his commission, August 20th, 1862.

He was a quiet unassuming man and against his moral character we know nothing.

Lieutenant James Carothers was taken prisoner a few days after the battle of Raymond, Mississippi. He and Captain Wallar were taken suddenly sick during the progress of the Raymond battle. Wallar did not return to the regiment until Vicksburg was invested, which was some ten days, and his company having been in three fights during that time. Carothers being at a citizen's house, was carried off by the guerrillas and taken to Libby Prison, where he remained for about fifteen months.

Lieutenant Hugh Dunne was promoted to Captain, and assigned to Company "K," March 12th, 1864.

He brought the company home, with the regiment, on veteran furlough and after returning to the field it did much efficient service in the Atlanta campaign. Captain Dunne resigned shortly after the fall of Atlanta, owing to the fact that his time had almost expired, and the press of business at home.

James Brennan of "C" Company, was promoted to Second Lieutenant June 9th, 1863, and assigned to "K" Company. In April 1864, he was dishonorably mustered out of service on account of intemperance.

Lieutenant George W. Porter was promoted to Captain, and assigned to "K" Company, December 15th, 1864, but being an officer of marked ability, he still remained on General Leggett's staff as Aid-de-Camp.

H. W. McCarty, Sergeant of "E" Company, was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and assigned to "K" Company.

John Kennedy, Sergeant-Major of the regiment, was promoted to Second Lieutenant, and assigned to this company also. No other changes were made in the officers till the muster out of the regiment.

Under these young officers the company was orderly and efficient in drill.

H. W. McCarty had been a very efficient Sergeant and promised being a good and useful officer.

The following were the names of the non-commissioned officers and enlisted men of the original organization :

HISTORY OF THE

SERGEANTS.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. J. B. Thompson, | 3. D. W. McDaniel, |
| 2. E. Delong, | 4. H. Hacket, |
| 5. Charles Billman. | |

CORPORALS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. James Gallagher, | 5. Thomas McCusker, |
| 2. William E. Bostwick, | 6. Patrick Harvey, |
| 3. Joseph Jeffers, | 7. William Delong, |
| 4. James M. Dillon, | 8. William Poulton. |
- Henry C. Roush, 1st. Music'n, John Morrison, 2nd Music'n,
John Hodgell, Wagoner.

PRIVATES.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| Antill, William | Gray, George |
| Burkhart, John | Giesey, Samuel |
| Barnes, William E. | Greenbank, John |
| Brown, Thomas F. | Godfrey, Francis |
| Brown, Michael | Higinbotom, Ezra |
| Bowman, Samuel | Horn, Adam |
| Coon, Peter | Hacket, William |
| Clark, Isaac | Hays, Robert |
| Carothers, Thomas | Hays, Henry |
| Delong, Thomas | Hunt, Burr |
| Dillen, William | Hoffman, Conrid |
| Dillen, Thomas | Henthorn, Ellis |
| Denbow, William | Jeffers, Joseph |
| Denbow, James | Jeffers, John |
| Denbow, John | Jeffers, Pias |
| Denbow, Martin | Jeffers, Joseph, jr. |
| Denbow, Bazzel | Jackson, Foster |
| English, Edward | Jordin, William |
| Fracker, Frank | Jordin, Thomas |
| Fordyce, Samuel | Kadatz, Ludwig |
| Floyd, Aaron | Keiger, Jacob |
| Gallagher, Edmund | Lumbattus, George |
| Gray, Henry | McConaughy, Daniel |
| Gray, Enoch | McConaughy, Hugh |

McConaughy, Jesse	Reed, Hiram
Meintel, Leo	Robbins, Swazy
Mott, Menander	Slack, James
Morris, John	Slack, Elisha
Myrick, Myrick	Snyder, Uylston
McCannon, Frederick	Scott, John W.
Newhart, Frederick	Sotton, James
Norris, John	Tidd, William
Norville, Paton	Tompkins, Jame
Poulston, Levi	Wagoner, Isaac
Paith, David	Winland, Charles
Potts, James II.	Waters, Roderick
Rapp, John	Yockey, Henry

DRAFTED AND SUBSTITUTES.

Armstrong, Samuel, drafted.

Adams, Charles, “

Amnos, Charter R., “

Aler, James, “

Bruce, Washington, “

Carter, William, “

Coon, Eli, “

Clantz, Jacob II., “

Clarkson, Samuel, “

Cade, Thomas J., drafted—discharged for disability.

Canny, Elmer II., “

Calhoun, Henry N., “

Denbow, Levi, “

Daugherty, Thomas, “

Dyer, Joshua, substitute.

Deckard, Enoch R., drafted.

Ditzler, Daniel E., drafted—died of disease in hospital.

Davis, Pleasant W., drafted.

Faulkner, Paul, drafted—died of disease in hospital.

Gleason, Joseph, drafted—died of disease in camp.

Goff, Solomon, drafted.

Gill, Daniel, “

Hooper, John II., “

Holley, James L., drafted.

Hamley, Levi, drafted—drowned in Tar river, North Carolina, May 1st, 1865.

Jay, Harrison W., drafted—died of disease in hospital.

Jones, Leander M., “

Linard, John, “

Lindon, William, “

Meek, David, substitute,

McCue, James, drafted.

Massie, Robert, “

McWhorter, William, drafted.

Mosier, Joseph, substitute.

Newman, Samuel, drafted.

Pendell, David, “

Peart, John, “

Powell, William H., “

Phillips, Solomon, “

Purdy, Lemuel, substitute.

Swaim, Nathan S., drafted.

Smith, Anthony, “

Spangler, John, “

Thompson, Thomas, drafted—killed by lightning, March 15th, 1865.

Welftey, George F., drafted—discharged for disability.

Ward, Joel, drafted—died of disease.

Weir, George, drafted.

Wilson, James, “

Yats, Jacob, “

Young, McKensie, “

Those after whom no remarks are placed, were mustered out of service June 30th, 1865, in accordance with instructions from War Department.

THE DISPOSITION AND CHANGES IN THE FIELD.

COMMISSIONED AND NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Colonel M. D. Leggett remained but a few months with the regiment. It was soon ascertained by superior commanders that he was a man of more than ordinary ability and energy; an untiring and indefatigable worker, and completely successful in everything he undertook. When any difficult work was to be performed—some rebel encampment to be broken up, and reconnoissance to be made—Colonel Leggett with his regiment was usually called upon to execute it; and we do not recollect of a single instance wherein he failed to accomplish the work or duty assigned him. Entire satisfaction was always given, and congratulatory orders issued by superior commanding officers. I presume no officer in the army has received more complimentary notices for efficient service.

The regiment at times, when tired and worn down under the constant strain of active duty, complained, and would have preferred a commander of less energy and reputation, under whom they supposed less duty would be required of them.

Colonel Leggett understood the nature of the Southern people, and from the commencement of the war, he had a proper conception of its magnitude and character; not believing his views at the time, we were always afterwards convinced of their correctness, when applied to the test of experience. He knew that to crush the rebellion would require every resource of military energy and ability, to suc-

cessfully meet its desperation and violence. Its suppression would only be,—as we have fully ascertained by four years' fighting—by hard work, heavy fighting and sacrifice of life. Therefore he did not bring a full regiment of strong, robust men into the field, to lie about idle in camps, doing police and provost duty. His place was the front, as far to the front, and as near the enemy as possible; this has always been the position of the Seventy-Eighth Regiment. In the summer of 1863, Colonel Leggett was in command of the Second Brigade, General Ross' Division, and the winter following was made a Brigadier-General of United States Volunteers. He remained in command of the Ohio Brigade till during the siege of Vicksburg, when he was assigned to the command of the First Brigade.

In the autumn of 1863, General John A. Logan was assigned to the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps, and was succeeded by General Leggett, in the Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, in which command he remained till the close of the war, and frequently during the last year, commanded both the Corps and Division. He felt too proud of the record of the Third Division, to even take a higher permanent commission. Early in 1865, he was brevetted a Major-General in honor for distinguished services. When the "Army of the Tennessee" was mustered out of the service, no one retired to civil life, with a brighter record, and a name more fondly cherished and honored.

BERRY F. HAWKS

Was a citizen of Norwalk, Ohio, and through some influence brought to bear on the Governor, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel and assigned to the Seventy-Eighth Regiment. Being a stranger to it, caused some little opposition to his appointment, but upon acquaintance all feeling upon the subject subsided: he met with approval and favor. His connection with the regiment was of short duration. At Fort Donelson he had a severe attack of the fever, and was sent to the hospital at Cincinnati, Ohio, and in a few weeks was permitted to go to his home, but never suffic-

iently recovered his health to warrant his return to the active duties of the field. He consequently resigned his commission some months afterwards.

MAJOR D. F. CARNAHAN

Was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Zanesville, Ohio, He gave up his high position, and was relieved from his congregation. He aided materially in raising the regiment, by visiting different parts of the counties where recruiters were at work, raising companies for the regiment. By the influence of his somewhat eloquent speeches many were induced to enlist in the service of their country, and join the Seventy-Eighth Regiment.

The Major entered upon the work with great energy, and was well respected by all in the command. In the summer of 1862 a difficulty arose between the Major and other field officers, the history of which would take pages to relate, and not be satisfactory to the reader. Between Chaplain Todd and the Major unhappy differences arose; no oil of conciliation could allay or arrest the agitation. Who was in the wrong we do not attempt to decide; we were only indifferent spectators to the controversy, but by an overwhelming force Chaplain Todd gained the victory, having the most and heaviest guns on his parapet.

The Major wisely came to the conclusion, after some month's deliberation, that he could serve his country better, and do more good by retiring from the service, which he did at Bolivar, Tennessee, and returned to Dayton, Ohio, and resumed his former avocation. The Major's politics were not regarded sound, being hostile to the administration and a warm admirer of Vallandigham. This gave rise to many of the troubles and opposition to him on the part of some of the field officers.

SURGEON JAMES S. REEVES

Was a resident physician of extensive practice, of McConnelsville, and served faithfully to the end of the war. As a

Surgeon, his reputation stands among the highest. He stands as high as any we have known in the army. His long practice and close attention to business made him a veteran in the management of diseases common to the army. His extensive practice in surgery made him a very skillful, scientific and successful operator, so that he was sought for in difficult operations. He successfully performed some of the most difficult in the army, and known in the art of surgery. Being a man of close attention to business, and having a good business tact, a man of promptness, energy, and correctness in everything he did, who did all in perfect harmony with "red tape," made him very popular with high officers. His reputation, therefore, called him away from the regiment to hospitals, and other places requiring ability and skill. During the last year of his service, he was Surgeon-in-Chief of the Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, which position he filled with entire satisfaction to General Leggett, and the officers of the Division.

When he entered upon his duties as Surgeon of the regiment he encountered much opposition. Unhappy feelings and difficulties arose between him and the Assistant-Surgeon, S. C. Mendenhall. The regiment took issue in favor of the Assistant-Surgeon. This arose in part from mistakes in the natural disposition of the men, and a non-acquaintance with the skill and attainments of both. But when both had been applied to the test of experience opposition to Major Reeves, to a great extent subsided, and many of his most bitter enemies became his most ardent friends.

In the beginning of the war the medical department was very imperfectly managed, and men everywhere destitute of experience, and the whole army not inured to the service, the climate and exposures of field and camp life, necessarily caused more sickness, and a greater amount of mortality than in the latter part of the war. This excited some ill-feelings towards surgeons, because they

were not successful in curing disease, and preventing death. Major Reeves had much opposition to contend with, arising from these circumstances, which were beyond the control of any surgeon or army commandents. Men would frequently be sent to hospitals, or convalescent camps; when once there, they pass from the hands of the regimental surgeons, into the hands of those detailed to take charge of such hospitals and convalescent camps. If a man died at one of the places away from his regiment, the Surgeon of the regiment was frequently charged with neglect, and held by friends as partially accountable for his death; all arising from mistaken notions of army divisions, and details in its system of management. When these things become better understood by the people, opposition and bad feeling towards surgeons ceased in a measure; and surgeons as well as the people became better acquainted with their duties; and understood the treatment of disease in the army much better, and become therefore much more successful. All these elements of opposition were brought to bear against Surgeon Reeves. But he out-lived them all, and vindicated himself by skillful practice, from all censure, and false accusation. Although his disposition is an unhappy one, and of many peculiarities, yet he made a bright record in the army, and leaves it with a high reputation as a skillful physician and surgeon.

CHAPLAIN O. M. TODD

Was a resident of New Lisbon, Ohio, and pastor of the Presbyterian Church of that place. He took a very active interest in raising the Seventy-Eighth Regiment, making recruiting speeches throughout his county, soliciting volunteers, and with much success.*

He entered upon his duties as chaplain, when the regiment was stationed at Camp Gilbert, Zanesville, Ohio. He was a man of rather more than ordinary ability; good, close, practical preacher. After the regiment left the State there was little opportunity for divine service of

* See Company "I."

any kind, the regiment being almost constantly on the move. The Chaplain was charged with neglecting the sick, but this amounts to but little; every person was blamed merely because circumstances existed beyond the control of any one. Men could not work miracles and save people from disease and the grave, in this age of the world; and that too when a war that excited the civilized world was raging all over our territory.

The Chaplain and Surgeon were frequently in conflict, and bitter feelings existed. It is a rare thing for surgeons and chaplains to agree; the surgeon being very sensitive in reference to any supposed interference with the duties of the medical department, which sometimes takes in a very wide range, and again becomes quite limited, just in proportion as responsibilities are involved.

The chaplain on the other hand is an independent character, who considers it his business to be somewhat meddlesome, inasmuch as his position is one that has to do with all duties rather than with any particular one; therefore what he regards his duty frequently is regarded an impertinence and interference, on the part of others. Chaplain Todd, suffered much from ill-health, and not willing longer to subject himself to the hardships of the service, and enter upon the campaigns just opening before the regiment, he resigned the chaplaincy December, 1862.

ADJUTANT JOHN E. JEWETT

Is a son of H. J. Jewett, of Zanesville, a man of considerable wealth and influence. The Adjutant had been in the "Three Month's Service," which gave him an experience that made him useful in the regiment. He was quite a fast young man, a good type of Young America; social, pleasant and popular with all; liberal and generous to a fault. He was completely master of his business, and managed that part of the regiment with considerable ability. He served with the regiment less than a year, when he was promoted to a Captain of Volunteers, assigned to the

Corps of Aids-de-Camp, and ordered to report to Major-General McDowell, then in Virginia.

QUARTERMASTER.

Lieutenant John C. Douglas, of Cambridge, Guernsey County, Ohio, was appointed to this position, and managed it with much ability and acceptance. He had long been superintendent of the public schools of Cambridge, and editor and proprietor of the principal publication of that town and county. He finally succeeded in making the "Guernsey Times" one of the most successful and patriotic organs extant in the interests of the Government.

When Leggett received the appointment of Brigadier-General, Lieutenant Douglas was promoted to Captain of United States Volunteers, and Assistant Adjutant-General to General Leggett. Upon General Leggett's appointment to Brevet Major-General, Captain Douglas was promoted to the full rank of Major, and breveted Lieutenant-Colonel. He served with General Leggett to the close of the war and the muster out of the Seventeenth Army Corps. He was regarded one of the most prompt, correct and efficient Adjutant Generals in the Corps. The business of his department of the Division was not permitted to lie and mould in the pigeon holes of his desk, as is too often the case, but was always attended to promptly, and satisfactorily. He is a man of calm, sober, solid thought; stern, prompt execution, quick apprehension, and a mind that grasped consequences with readiness. Satisfactory and clear in explanation, but not the most patient and forbearing with those of duller apprehension, and who could not see all things as he did.

ASSISTANT SURGEON.

S. C. Mendenhall, was a citizen of Frazeysburg, Muskingum County, Ohio, of whom mention has been made in connection with the Surgeon of the regiment. He served with the regiment but a few months, having fallen a victim to the malaria of the South, which proved so

disastrous to our army the first year of the war, he resigned. After remaining at home a few months and regaining his health, he was appointed Surgeon of the Seventy-Sixth Ohio Regiment, where, we learn he did efficient service, and continued with his regiment till the close of the war. With Surgeon Mendenhall we have no acquaintance, except the few months he served with the Seventy-Eighth Regiment, but know that he is regarded as a Surgeon of very good attainments and fair average skill, by his regiment. The regiment gave him a wide field of practice, being in all the battles and campaigns of General Sherman.

The following named enlisted men were appointed on the non-commissioned staff of the regiment:

HOWARD S. ABBOTT, SERGEANT-MAJOR,

Who was somewhat austere in his demeanor, but a good, faithful and efficient officer. He was promoted to Adjutant, which position he filled till the battle of Champion Hill's, when at the head of his regiment he fell, a rebel ball having entered his left ear, and came out on the back part of his neck. He was supposed to be dead and remained sometime in an insensible condition on the field. Those carrying off the wounded were about to pass him by making the remark, "poor Adjutant Abbott, there he lies, killed," to which the Adjutant feebly responded, having heard their voices, "not by a d——d sight." He was then carried to the hospital, where for many days his life was despaired of. The Surgeon by the most careful and skillful treatment succeeded in saving his life. He so far recovered as to be able to go to his home, but did not recover sufficiently to return to his regiment for three or four months, and even then he suffered much from the effects of the wound. By reason of so long an absence from the regiment, he was honorably mustered out by the War Department, but was afterwards appointed a Captain, which he promptly declined, for the reason that he was not first "reinstated." His absence was no fault of his. His coolness, courage and bravery upon the

field merited a promotion from the War Department, rather than a muster out of service, but such is life and the ways of the world. The most deserving and meritorious frequently pass unnoticed, while the unworthy reap honors, though stolen.

HENRY E. BIGELOW

Was appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant. A young man of fine business attainments, as he afterwards proved by being promoted to First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, vice Douglas promoted. There were few Regimental Quartermasters in the corps that did business with more promptness, and kept the accounts and papers of their department more correctly. Though quite a youth in years, he was old in judgment and executive ability; of generous, pleasant and social qualities, but very independent and decided in his manners, and gentlemanly in his general demeanor. He was detailed by General R. K. Scott, as Acting Assistant Quartermaster, Second Brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, which position he filled until the close of the war and the muster out of the regiment. In February, 1865, he was promoted to Captain, but declined to be mustered.

WILLIAM M. SLEETH

Was appointed Commissary Sergeant, of whom honorable mention has been made in connection with Company A; in which company he was promoted to Second Lieutenant and afterwards First, and Adjutant of the Regiment. He was one of the most faithful and conscientious of men: strictly honest and upright in every thing he did. After nearly four years service, he is free from the least blot upon his character; and never a fault or complaint was made, or heard in the discharge of his duty.

CHARLES RAPER

Of Putnam, Ohio, was appointed Bugler and chief musician. Under him the regiment had a band not surpassed by any regiment in the service. His health having

failed him and his position as "Chief Musician" having been declared by the War Department to exist no longer throughout the entire army, he was therefore honorably mustered out at Lake Providence, Louisiana, not forgetting however, after the steamer on which he took passage started up the river, to deliver a farewell address to the Brigade by blowing on the bugle the "Jack-Ass-call;" a favorite piece of original music by him.

James Ballinger was appointed Fife-Major.

Albert J. Farnum, Drum-Major.

Eli J. Coulson, Hospital Steward.

He was a physician of Pennsville, Morgan County, and a man of successful and extensive practice. Believing it his duty to give his service to his country, and that this could best be done by taking the field, he therefore enlisted as a private in Company "E." His health yielded to the hardships incident to army life, and the debilitating influence of a malarious climate, which caused him to be mustered out of the service in a few months after the regiment left the State. He afterwards regained his health, and raised a company for the "hundred days service," and went out as its Captain.

SECTION SECOND.

A considerable change now takes place in the Field and Staff. Captain Z. M. Chandler was promoted to Major at Bolivar, Tennessee, and afterwards to Lieutenant-Colonel. Mention has been made of him in connection with Company B. He resigned his commission near Port Gibson, Mississippi.

CAPTAIN J. T. RAINEY

Was promoted to Major, and assumed command of the regiment, when Z. M. Chandler resigned. He commanded the regiment through two battles within three days; that of Raymond and Jackson, Mississippi, the former being one of its hardest fought and most unexpected battles.

Justice here demands that we should state that in consequence of General Leggett's absence, Brigadier-General Dennis, formerly Colonel of the Thirtieth Illinois Infantry, commanded the brigade from Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, until after the battle of Jackson, Mississippi. During this time the brigade took an important part in three battles: Port Gibson, Raymond, and Jackson, Mississippi.

The battle of Raymond, Miss., was almost exclusively fought by the Second Brigade, composed at that time of the Twentieth, Sixty-Eighth, and Seventy-Eighth Ohio, and Thirtieth Illinois regiments, commanded by General Dennis, and whipped all of General Claiborne's (rebel) division. At this time General Leggett returned, and resumed command of the Second Brigade, and General Dennis was ordered by General McPherson to take command of the Sixth Division, Seventeenth Army Corps.

J. D. WORKMAN

Was appointed Assistant Surgeon, but remained only a few weeks with the regiment, on account of sickness, and did not regain his health sufficiently to resume his duties. In June, 1862, prior to this, W. Marrow Beach, of London, Madison County, Ohio, was appointed Assistant Surgeon, and remained with the regiment until June, 1864, when he was promoted to full Surgeon and assigned to the One Hundred and Eighteenth Ohio. Surgeon Beech was much respected by the Seventy-Eighth Ohio. His manner was pleasant and friendly—very kind and accommodating to the men, which prejudiced the regiment very much in his favor—always cheerful and kind, the men felt at ease and at home in his company.

E. D. FORREST

Was appointed Assistant Surgeon, vice Workman resigned. He was detailed on hospital duty, and was soon detached from the regiment and assigned elsewhere.

GABRIEL H. HOLLAND

Was appointed Hospital Steward, vice Coulson mustered

out. He was a young man of good attainments, always cheerful and mirthful. He discharged his duties with great acceptability to all. On the 22d of July near Atlanta he was captured, and held a prisoner for several months. At the expiration of his term of service he was exchanged, and shortly afterwards mustered out. Joseph L. Geyer was then appointed Hospital Steward, having been for nearly a year Dispenser in the regiment. He was a true, faithful, and conscientiously upright man in all the duties of his position. He was as true to the interests of the Government in the economical use and issue of medicines as a proprietor of his own drug store.

WILLIAM J. M'ALLISTER

Was appointed Quartermaster-Sergeant, and William Heller, Commissary-Sergeant, both distinguished for good and accurate business talent. The former was discharged at Vicksburg, for disability, and the latter afterwards detailed as Clerk in the Third Division Commissary; his term of three years having expired, he was mustered out, and in the spring of 1865 was appointed sutler of the regiment.

This brings us to the Field and Staff of the present organization, and continues without much change until the muster out of the regiment.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILES

(See Companies B and C for more specific account,) was promoted from Captain, and took command of the regiment on the morning of the battle of Champion Hills. Under him it became the best drilled and most orderly regiment of the corps, and, without doubt, the best in the Western army. Its superior discipline and high moral character was observed by all, so that it became known as the "Model Regiment." The Colonel, well knowing that morality was one of the chief qualities held in request for a good, orderly regiment, neglected no means for this attainment. He therefore gave every encouragement to the Chaplain, and

attendance on the part of the men to divine services on the Sabbath. He always attended himself, and usually led the singing. His example in this respect had a decided influence, so that the regiment generally attended preaching on the Sabbath, while some other Chaplains complained bitterly that their regiments neglected this duty; so that many had to abandon all efforts to get congregations. We seldom ever preached to a small congregation, and when others preached for us, they were surprised at the large congregations that turned out, when compared with other regiments.

The Colonel seldom ever was compelled to inflict punishment, but when necessary, it was severe; he was rigid in discipline, yet kind in reformatory. Men most generally went from under punishment convinced that it was right, and seldom gave manifestations of malignant feelings in consequence. We have seldom seen them going away with feelings of revenge. When going from under arrest a few kind words from the Colonel would satisfy them that it was for their good, and the best interest of the regiment.

The Colonel was always uniform in his demeanor, and polite in his manner of dealing with men and measures; never excited; no storm or adverse winds agitated the surface of his life.

At the battle of the 22d of July, in front of Atlanta, he commanded the brigade with great ability; his coolness, courage and freedom from excitement, inspired the men with a courage and bravery the most remarkable and praiseworthy in the history of the war. He was afterwards promoted to Colonel; the regiment having received a sufficient number of substitutes and drafted men to fill it up to, or about the minimum.

On the campaign from Savannah, Georgia, to Goldsboro, North Carolina, he commanded the Second Brigade through all the terrible hardships, and almost insurmountable difficulties of that campaign. When the regiment arrived at Washington, D. C., he was promoted to Brevet

Brigadier-General, and that upon consideration of merit alone, which is by no means what all promotions in the history of the war can claim.

A. W. SEARCH

Was promoted to First Lieutenant and Adjutant, vice H. S. Abbott. He was Colonel Wiles' right hand bower, and one that never failed to win. Possessed of fine executive talent, prompt in execution, quick in apprehension, correct in decision, combined with liberal education, and a mild, pleasant, social disposition, well fitted him for the position in the regiment and brigade. He was A. A. A. General of the Brigade while commanded by Colonel Wiles. His correct knowledge of all orders and returns necessary to be made on the part of officers to the War Department, made him a very useful officer in the regiment. When difficulties arose, and officers became perplexed in regard to their returns, "go to Search" was usually the advice.

While Adjutant Search was on Colonel Wiles' staff, Lieutenant J. T. Story acted Adjutant of the Regiment. He made a very prompt and efficient Adjutant. He had been for several months on General Scott's staff, as Brigade Inspector and Provost Marshal. As an officer, General Scott complimented him highly for the efficient and satisfactory manner in which he adjusted all the business of those two important offices.

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM M. SLEETH

Was appointed Adjutant, vice Search promoted. He filled the position with entire satisfaction to the regiment, until it was mustered out of service.

In May, 1864, G. F. PECKHAM was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the regiment. Surgeon Reeves being on detached duty the greater part of the time, therefore the entire responsibility of the medical department of the regiment rested on Surgeon Peckham, who discharged his duty with entire satisfaction. He is a man of very agreeable manners and address, social and accommodating, nothing fastidious or eccentric about him.

RALPH D. WEBB

Was appointed Second Assistant Surgeon in May, 1865. He is a very pleasant young man, and liked well by the regiment. No other changes occurred in the Medical Staff until the muster out of the regiment.

CAPTAIN GILBERT D. MUNSON

Was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, in January, 1865. He had long been on staff duty, as Picket Officer. He is an officer of much ability, good attainments and very pleasing address, of good morals, and commendable habits. He took command of the regiment at Goldsboro, N. C., and led it through to Alexandria, Va., in a manner that impressed the men most favorably. Every one held him in the highest estimation. He was quiet but earnest in all he did, and did business orderly and with dispatch.

There was no half manner of discipline; orders had to be obeyed promptly, and without questions. Colonel Munson, though young in years, was old in military experience. His coolness and bravery upon the field of battle, was almost unequalled; he detested cowardice, meanness and treachery; gentlemanly in his manner and chaste in his conversation.

CAPTAIN ISRAEL C. ROBINSON

Was promoted to Major at Savannah, Georgia, and commanded the regiment from that place to Goldsboro, N. C., (see Company D.) The Major is one of those social, merry, good natured men, and so musical in everything that no one could avoid liking him, even if he did not wish to. This was the case with the regiment: it was natural to be impressed in his favor. On the South Carolina campaign he commanded the regiment with much satisfaction to all. He is fond of fast horses, fast people, good *water*, good table, and liked to see and have his regiment look well.

REV. T. M. STEVENSON

Was appointed Chaplain in February, 1863, and served with the regiment in nearly all its campaigns.

The present non-commissioned staff are :
Andrew McPherson, Sergeant-Major.
Simcon C. Search, Quartermaster-Sergeant.
William W. Porter, Commissary-Sergeant.
Joseph L. Geyer, Hospital Steward.
Jacob Arter, Principal Musician.

WAR SHADOWS.

It will be seen by an examination of the records that nearly one regiment of men have been used up, within a period of less than four years, by deaths from disease or wounds, killed in battle, discharged for disability, missing and deserted.

Although the regiment has suffered severely, being in all the important battles, skirmishes and campaigns of the Western army, always in the front, and in the heart of an enemy's country, and living both summer and winter among the swamps of a miasmatic and unhealthy climate, yet it has been wonderfully spared and blessed. Prospering providences have attended the regiment in all its marches and battles. Very often, when in the most dangerous position, and circumstances of the most hazardous nature, some fortuitous event occurred that saved the regiment. Often, very often, has the writer observed that a few moments earlier or later would have been attended with the most disastrous consequences. Wise, prudent and skillful commanders have saved many a precious life. Yea, at times, saved the entire regiment from being annihilated or taken prisoners.

The Sanitary condition of the regiment has always been a special care of its officers. Although it received but little benefit from the Sanitary Commission nearly all the period

of the war, being too far to the front to be accessible to the agencies. It has been a source of regret that the regiment could enjoy so little of the kind and generous liberality of its many friends who have contributed so largely and profusely to all the Relief Associations and Commissions for the benefit of the soldiers.

For more than one-half the past two years, the regiment has been allowanced to one-half, and sometimes to one-third rations, and many times for days together, none at all; while the Eastern army, and those in our immediate rear, were receiving almost sufficient from Christian and Sanitary Commissions to supply all deficiencies of the army rations. Often have we seen men in the rear of Vicksburg, before communications were opened, and also on the Atlanta campaign, offer five dollars for a single "hard-tack," and at the same time marching and fighting night and day; at other times, after lying in their pits and trenches, as at Vicksburg, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, and the siege of Savannah, for weeks and months exposed to hot sun and the cool dampness of the nights, and constantly under the enemy's fire, with a very scanty allowance. Such circumstances must necessarily enlarge the mortality of the regiment. The wonder is not, therefore, that so many have fallen, but that any were spared; not that so many of its brave men lie scattered here and there, in nearly every rebellious State, but that so many were permitted, through a kind and merciful Providence, to return to their homes and their friends. Although we rejoice in a country saved by the valor and heroism of her sons, yet there are clouds of blackness that gather over us to dim the brightness of our joy. Sad and desolate hearts mourn, bereft of loved ones who lie sleeping their long sleep, sanctifying by their ashes the soil of traitors. We rejoice that the stars and stripes, the flag of the free, waves over a free people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and not one slave beneath its folds. But in the midst of our rejoicing shadows of departed ones hang over us, and linger around, causing the patriot to exclaim: Alas!

that it was purchased so dear. We thank God for liberty and a free land; that the fetter has been stricken from the hand of the slave; but, alas! at such a price! The sacrifice of the husband, the father, the brother, the son, who shall never return to receive the welcome smile, to hear the gladsome voices, to cheer the heart, and the sweet caresses of little ones, as they gather around him in the quietude of his evening hours. These are the clouds of war that hang heavy with widows' tears, a mother's grief, a sister's regret.

The Seventy-Eighth Regiment has lost many of its very best and bravest men. Death in every form seems to love the beautiful and the good, and selects such as companions, in its cold and chilly abode. It delights to walk where it can cause to flow the most tears, the deepest sorrow, and most painful grief; the best husband, the best son and brother, are death's delights and chosen ones. When in battle, and any one fell dead, or mortally wounded, the Captain would say, "That is one of my best and most reliable men."

The regiment when it left the State, had a strong religious element; men who were active, living, earnest Christians. The greater proportion of these have fallen; men whose loss the regiment deeply felt, and who will be much missed at home, and by their friends. Truly, the best blood of the land has been poured out to make sacred our country's flag, and baptise anew the principles which it represents.

This fact should lead our national authority to cherish her noble institutions, and to consecrate themselves anew to labor for her welfare; and to give to patriotism a significance of meaning that will shame the demagogue, and embalm in the heart the nation's honor, by doing justly, loving mercy, and keeping judgment.

Let every true patriot most earnestly cherish the names of those who have laid down their lives upon their coun-

try's altar, and cheerfully have given all that was dear to themselves and families a sacrifice for national life and honor—for the peace and safety of homes, for the prosperity of national union, liberty and independence.

Those brave ones are gone beyond the reach of our benefit and reward, but those who immediately and directly feel the sacrifice are among us. Let their loss be partially made up by all that is beautiful in human kindness and tenderness; by drying up the widow's tears and the orphan's lament: in a benevolence of heart that will bestow liberally of a benefit and reward that will gladden and cheer the heart, saddened and depressed by a loss that can never be compensated. Let the lacerated feelings be healed by the balm of active, sympathising beneficence. Let the monuments to be erected in honor of the dead, be the care of the soldier's family, that his orphan children may be monuments of true patriotism, Christian greatness and praiseworthy integrity.

Let those last words that come in faint accents from the dying husband and father, "Oh! my wife, my children; what will become of them?" be answered by every patriotic heart: "They shall be taken care of." Patriot, bend your knee and listen to that soldier boy who had scarcely passed his sixteenth year, when lying upon his cot, where the candle of life was growing dim and flickering in its socket, and thought to be insensible to passing events, heard the Chaplain's voice and called aloud to him to come to his cot and pray with him. And when the Chaplain arose from his knee, the little boy exclaimed, "I feel better now," and commenced a beautiful and earnest prayer for his mother and little sister—that God would comfort her in the loss of her dear boy, that He would care for both her and sister, and bring them both to meet him in heaven. Help, patriot! to answer that dear boy's prayer, by caring for that mother and that dear little sister, and the hundreds around you in similar circumstances.

Let the survivors of these four years of bloody conflict gather around their fallen comrades, and carve their names, if not on marble, on the tablets of their hearts. You rejoice that the cause for which you have fought, the cause of our country and humanity, has triumphed, and you are here to enjoy the victory. Read often their names, and be carried, in imagination, over the dark scenes of the rebellion from its commencement to its end. Commemorate the deeds and virtues of those heroes, who are not permitted, by a mysterious Providence, to enjoy the fruits of their patient endurance, their hard struggle and severe conflicts. They lie scattered broadcast, along the Mississippi Valley, the mountains and plains of Georgia, and by the rivers and swamps of South Carolina; and in the burying grounds of the hospitals from Atlanta to Cincinnati; and in numberless graves in rebel prisons from Alabama to Virginia. They will be seen no more on earth. Their homes, sorrow-stricken, will be gladdened never more by their return; their heroic death, these remain to their friends, their comrades, and to their country. We would like to introduce to the reader, a more particular history of these noble men, to give some more special account of the remarkable and triumphant deaths we have witnessed. The calmness in which they faced the King of Terrors: their unshaken faith in Christ who was true to his promise to lead them down through the Valley peacefully, and triumphantly. They found there was nothing to fear, that all was well; all was bright.

The many fathers who committed, when dying, their wives and children to God's care, and their earnest desire that they would all strive to meet them in heaven, but we cannot give space to individual instances. These would fill a large volume themselves. We cannot forbear putting one on record: a fair specimen of many. The following is a brief account of the Christian life and death of one who enlisted in the regiment:

Among the many noble young men who have given their

lives for the cause of human independence, we may class JASPER STONE LAUGHLIN, who died in the twenty-third year of his age at the West End Military Hospital, at Cincinnati, Ohio, May 16, 1862.

He was an only son, born in McConnelsville, Ohio, of pious parents, where he spent nearly all his life with his mother and sisters, his father, who was a Ruling Elder in the Presbyterian Church, having died when Jasper was yet a child.

It may be truly said of him,

"None knew him but to love him."

The great beauty of his short life shone out more brilliantly, when, in the summer of 1858, he stood up for Jesus, and united with the Presbyterian Church. Such was his Christian deportment that, in 1861, he was elected and ordained a Ruling Elder, in the same church in which his father had lived and died. When at home, his place was *never vacant* in the Sabbath school — the prayer meeting — the public gatherings of God's people.

In the fall of 1861, under a deep sense of duty to his country and his God, after prayerfully considering the whole matter, and obtaining the consent of his widowed mother, he volunteered under Captain T. M. Stevenson, Seventy-Eighth Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Colonel Leggett. His regiment was at the battle of Fort Donelson, and in the battle of Shiloh during the second day. After having passed through that fearful struggle, and enduring many hardships, he was found to be failing in health; so much so, that Captain Stevenson determined to send him home.

He carried his religion with him. His Bible and hymn-book were his daily companions. His Captain in writing about him, since his death, says: "He was beloved by every one of his regiment. His conduct was so lofty and noble, his life so spiritual and heavenly-minded, that the greatest despisers of religion were cowed before his very appearance. He often came to my tent, and we had many talks on our experience. Once he said, 'I never before felt the

importance of religion as I do here. Cut off from home and the public means of grace, I feel the necessity of leaning exclusively on the Savior, and committing myself entirely to a kind and good Providence.’”

When disease was wearing away his life, he was urged to think of home, and the hope was held up before him that he would soon be conveyed to his mother and sisters. He replied: ‘I am going to a far better home than any on earth. Tell my mother and sisters that I die happy. I am entering the upper kingdom only a few days before them. Tell them not to mourn for me. I would not have them do so. They rejoiced when I came into the lower kingdom, how much more should they rejoice to have me enter into the upper Sanctuary. Tell them to sing ‘JOYFULLY,’ when they hear of my *high promotion* from the army, and the high service of my country, to the bright, bright climes of bliss!’

After he was placed on the boat at Pittsburg Landing, May 7, he seemed to rally, and expressed himself as being quite comfortable. On the evening of the 9th, however, he felt that he was drawing near his “time to die”—and being asked by his attending physician, if he had any message to send to his friends, dictated the following letter:

“DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS:—I am just entering the glorious portals of eternity! Jesus has not yet made his appearance, but I *know* that he will. Do not regret that you permitted me to volunteer. The happiness of the present moment makes up for all the suffering I ever endured. I soon expect to see dear father, grand-father, and above all—JESUS! One of the greatest objects of my gratitude is, that God has granted me the privilege of sending you this message from the chambers of glory. I never enjoyed myself so much as while in the army. You ought to be proud that you have a son to fall in so glorious a cause as that of human independence. Tell our church to be faithful unto the end, and get the glorious crown of life. Tell my dear pastor to continue in his faithful labors, for I know the blessing of God will follow them. Thank Mr.

Chambers, the Baptist minister, for the interest he took in me at the good old Union Prayer-Meetings.

“Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move’

will be sung by me in nobler strains, in a short time, and

“‘Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee;

Even though it be a cross,

That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee—‘I would be,

Still nearer to thee.’”

Still he lived. He was conveyed to the West End Military Hospital, in Cincinnati, where the providence of his Covenant-keeping God brought him under the kind care of relatives and friends. Dr. Dodge, who, with his kind family, spent much time with him, in a letter, says:

“He was perfectly rational as long as he had strength to articulate. Realizing fully that his work on earth was done, he departed with a confident assurance of meeting the Savior. From the time he left Pittsburg Landing, until his death, he gave to all around him the brightest evidence of the power of Christianity. Lawyers, physicians and nurses knelt, and wept, like children, around his dying bed. The memory of his example and faith in the Savior will never be effaced from the minds of scores of sympathizing friends.”

His remains were brought home, and interred by the side of his father.

CASUALTIES OF THE WAR.

Official estimates at the War Department compute the number of deaths in the Union armies since the commencement of the war, including the starving prisoners at 325,000. There has doubtless been fully 200,000 Southern soldiers removed by disease and the casualties of battle, so that not less than 525,000 lives have been sacrificed in this unholy contest, begun and prolonged by the South in their vain effort to build up a new republic and strengthen the slave power.

Our greatest losses during any one campaign occurred at Gettysburg, when 23,260 Union soldiers were killed wounded and taken prisoners. Hooker's campaign of 1863 in the Wilderness ranks next to Gettysburg as far as regards Union losses, they having amounted to 20,000, though generally reported at only 10,000. Burnside lost 12,000 in the battle of Fredericksburg, McClellan 12,426 at Antietam, Porter 9,000 at Gains' Mills, Rosecrans 12,084 at Murfreesboro, and 26,854 at Chickamauga, and Sherman about 9,000 in two days' battle around Atlanta.

The official reports of General Grant's losses, from the time he crossed the Rapidan until receiving the surrender of Lee, computes them at 90,000. In the various engagements fought by General Grant in the West, he lost 13,574 men at Pittsburg Landing, 9,875 in the severe contests around Vicksburg, and in the attack on Missionary Ridge, about 7,000.

Though our losses in many of the campaigns have been heavy, they yet fall far below those incurred in some of the European wars. This has been due, to a considerable extent, to the efficiency of the medical department, and the lavish amount of supplies, at least one-third greater than those furnished to any European army. A report recently made to the Imperial Academy of Medicine, by Chenu, Physician of the French army, estimates the losses of that army, in the Crimean war as follows: Killed in the field of battle or missing, 10,340, lost in Semilante, 702; died of various diseases at Alma, 8,084; died of cold, apoplexy, etc., before Sebastopol, 4,342; died in the field and general hospitals, 72,247, total, 95,614. Thus, of 306,264 men sent by France to the Crimea, about one-third found a soldier's grave.

The seige and reduction of Jerusalem resulted, says Josephus, in the loss of 1,000,000 lives; 90,000 Persians were placed *hors du combat* at the battle of Albela, and 100,000 Carthegenians in the engagement of Palermø. 12,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry perished on the fatal field of Issus. Spain lost 2,000,000 lives during the prosecution of the Arabians, and 800,000 in expelling the Jews. Frederick the Great inflicted a loss of 40,000 on the Austrians in the conflicts of Lenthén and Leignitz. The battle of Jena and lesser engagements immediately following, cost the Prussian army over 80,000 men. At the battle of Leipsic, the French suffered casualties to the number of 160,000 and the Sedes and their allies 40,000 more. 50,000 French and Russian soldiers lay dead and dying on the field after the battle of Moskow, and Napoleon again lost 47,000 men at Waterloo, and the Duke of Wellington 15,000 more.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

REBEL LOSS IN THE WAR.

Governor Parsons, in his proclamation to the people of Alabama, preliminary to reorganization in that State, estimates that 120,000 men of that State went upon the battle field, of whom 70,000 are dead or disabled. If we

apply the same ratio of enlistments in the other States that held out during the war, and make an approximation of the numbers sent out from the remainder of the slave States, we shall have the following interesting table :

States.	Enlistments.	Dead and Disabled.
Alabama.....	120,000	70,000
Arkansas, say.....	50,000	30,000
Florida.....	17,000	16,000
Georgia.....	131,000	75,000
Kentucky, say.....	50,000	30,000
Louisiana, say.....	50,000	34,000
Mississippi.....	78,600	45,000
Missouri, say.....	40,000	24,000
Maryland, say.....	40,000	24,000
North Carolina.....	140,000	85,000
South Carolina.....	60,000	34,000
Tennessee, say.....	60,000	34,000
Texas, say.....	93,000	53,000
Virginia, say.....	180,000	105,000
Total.....	1,124,000	660,000

If all the men who were once got into the rebel army were retained during the war, or during their ability to serve, there were, according to this calculation, 464,000 men in the rebel service at the close of the war. But if allowances be made for desertion, &c., and for the sick in the hospitals who have recovered and are not counted by Governor Parsons among the disabled, we shall find this number of 464,000 diminished to something like the actual number that either surrendered to our forces or scattered to their homes immediately after the fall of Richmond. It seems, therefore, from this verification of the solution of the problem, that Governor Parsons was not very far from the truth, and that we have made about the proper allowances in filling up the table.

PLANNING CAMPAIGNS.

The following quotation from a response made by General Sherman to his reception at St. Louis, gives a good general view of the campaigns in which our Southwestern army was engaged :

Here in St. Louis, probably, began the great centre movement which terminated the war, a battle-field such as never

before was seen, extending from ocean to ocean almost with the right wing and the left wing, and from the centre here I remember one evening, up in the old Planter's House, sitting with General Halleck and General Cullum, and we were talking about this, that and the other,; a map was on the table, and I was explaining the position of the troops of the enemy in Kentucky when I came to this State. General Halleck knew well the position here, and I remember well the question he asked me—the question of the school teacher to his child—"Sherman, here is the line: how will you break that line?" "Physically, by a perpendicular force." "Where is the perpendicular?" "The line of the Tennessee River." General Halleck is the author of that first beginning, and I give him the credit of it with pleasure. [Cheers.] Laying down his pencil upon the map he said, "There is the line, and we must take it." The capture of the forts on the Tennessee River, by the troops led by Grant, followed. [Cheers.] These were the grand strategic features of that first movement, and it succeeded perfectly.

General Halleck's went further—not to stop at his first line, which ran through Columbus, Bowling Green, crossing the river at Henry and Donelson, but to push on to the second line, which ran through Memphis and Charleston; but troubles intervened at Nashville, and delays followed; opposition to the last movement was made, and I myself was brought an actor on the scene.

I remember our ascent of the Tennessee River; I have seen to-night, captains of steamboats who first went with us there; storms came, and we did not reach the point we desired. At that time General C. F. Smith was in command; he was a man indeed; all the old officers remember him as a gallant and excellent officer, and had he lived, probably some of us younger fellows would not have attained our present positions. But that is now past. We followed him—the second time—and then came the landing of forces at Pittsburg Landing. Whether it was a mistake

in landing them on the west instead of the east bank, it is not necessary now to discuss. I think it was not a mistake; there was gathered the first great army of the West—commencing with only twelve thousand, then twenty, then thirty thousand, and we had about thirty-eight thousand in that battle; and all I claim for that is, that it was a contest for manhood; there was no strategy. Grant was there, and others of us, all young at that time, and unknown men, but our enemy was old, and Sidney Johnston, whom all the officers remembered as a power among the old officers, high above Grant, myself or anybody else, led the enemy on that battle-field, and I almost wonder how we conquered. But, as I remarked, it was a contest for manhood—man to man, soldier to soldier. We fought, and we held our ground, and therefore accounted ourselves victorious. [Cheers.]

THE MISSISSIPPI.

The possession of the Mississippi river is the possession of America, [cheers,] and I say that had the Southern Confederacy, (call it by what name you may,) had that power represented by the Southern Confederacy, held with a grip sufficiently strong the lower part of the Mississippi river, we would have been a subjugated people, and they would have dictated to us if we had given up the possession of the lower Mississippi. It was vital to us, and we fought for it and won. We determined to have it; but we could not go down with our frail boats past the batteries of Vicksburg. It was a physical impossibility; therefore, what was to be done? After the Tallahatchie line was carried, Vicksburg was the next point. I went with a small and hastily collected force, and repeatedly endeavored to make a lodgement on the bluff between Vicksburg and Haine's Bluffs, while General Grant moved with his main army so as to place himself on the high plateau behind Vicksburg; but "man proposes and God disposes," and we failed on that occasion. I then gathered my hastily collected force and went down further, and then, for the first time, I took General Blair and his brigade under my command.

On the very day I had agreed to be there I was there, and we swung our flanks around, and the present Governor of Missouri fell a prisoner to the enemy on that day. We failed. I waited anxiously for a co-operating force inland and below, but they did not come, and after I had made the assault I learned that the depot at Holly Springs had been broken up, and that General Grant had sent me word not to attempt it. But it was too late. Nevertheless, although we were unable to carry it at first, there were other things to be done. The war covered such a vast area there was plenty to do. I thought of that affair at Arkansas Post, although others claim it, and they may have it if they want it. We cleaned them out there, and General Grant then brought his army to Vicksburg, and you in St. Louis remember that long winter—how we were on the levee, with the waters rising and drowning us like muskrats; how we were seeking channels through Deer Creek and Yazoo Pass, and how we finally cut a canal across the peninsula, in front of Vicksburg. But all that time the true movement was the original movement, and everything not approximating to it nearer the truth. But we could not make any retrograde movement. Why? Because your people of the North were too noisy.

VICKSBURG — GRANT — SHERMAN.

We could not take any step backwards, and for that reason we were compelled to run the batteries at Vicksburg, and make a lodgement on the ridges or some of the bluffs below Vicksburg. It is said I protested against it. It is folly. I never protested in my life—never. [Laughter.] On the contrary, General Grant rested on me probably more responsibility even than any other commander under him. For he wrote to me: “I want you to move upon Haine’s Bluff, to enable me to pass the next fort below—Grand Gulf. I hate to ask you, because the fervor of the North will accuse you of being rebellious again.” [Laughter.] I love Grant for his kindness. I did make the feint on Haines’s Bluffs, and by that means Grant ran the blockade

easily to Grand Gulf, and made a lodgement down there and got his army up on the high plateau in the rear of Vicksburg, while you people here were beguiled into the belief that Sherman was again repulsed. But we did not repose confidence in everybody. Then followed the movement on Jackson, and the 4th of July placed us in possession of that great stronghold, Vicksburg, and then, as Mr. Lincoln said, "the Mississippi went unvexed to the sea."

From that day to this the war has been virtually and properly settled. It was a certainty then. They would have said, "We give up," but Davis would not ratify it, and he had them under good discipline, and therefore it was necessary to fight again. Then came the affair of Chickamauga. The army of the Mississippi lying along its banks were called into a new field of action, and so one morning early I got orders to go to Chattanooga. I did not know where it was hardly. [Laughter.] I did not know the road to go there. But I found it and got there in time. [Laughter and cheers:] and although my men were shoeless and the cold and bitter frosts of winter were upon us, yet I must still go to Knoxville, thirteen miles further, to relieve Burnside. That march we made. [A voice; and you got there in time.] Then winter forced us to lie quiet. During that winter I took a little exercise down the river, but that is of no account.

THE REGIMENT LEAVING THE STATE.

ITS ARRIVAL AT FORT DONELSON.

The regiment had been in camp over one month, which time was actively and daily occupied in drill, target shooting, making scouts, enclosing an enemy in imagination in some ravine; or in the early morn, before the dawn of day, hurrying out of their tents at the sound of the "long roll," and through snow and over ice would make a short scout and drill and return to camp before breakfast hour. The men began earnestly to desire to see and take part in the more active operations of the field, and try the reality of war. Our arms at several important points had been successful. The glorious news of the capture of Fort Henry on the Tennessee River had reached the North, and the regiment almost feared the war would end without having any part in it.

Gen. Grant was moving up the Cumberland with gun boats, and a land force from Fort Henry, to attack Fort Donelson, which was the gate to Nashville and Middle Tennessee. On the evening of the 10th of February 1862, Colonel Leggett received orders to proceed with the regiment next morning to Paducah, Kentucky. That night was busy with preparations for leaving. Friends came in throngs to bid the regiment adieu, and look for the last time, as it afterwards proved to many, upon a dear son, a brother, a husband and friend. The soldiers slept in hope, and next morning rose refreshed and eager, with intense anxiety to commence their journey; very soon "strike tents" was sounded by the bugle and in a short time all was in

readiness; the camp equipage taken to the depot, and the men marched to the city. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the regiment halted upon the bridge, and awaited the arrival of the trains. About 4 P. M. the cars were reported ready, and soon the regiment was on its way, arriving at Cincinnati next forenoon, and then embarked upon two steamers for Paducah. Lieutenant-Colonel Hawks taking command of the left wing upon one boat, and Colonel Leggett the right wing upon the other. That night was made terribly disagreeable by a severe storm of wind and snow; the right wing was compelled, in consequence to anchor till morning. The left wing being on a better boat, was able to push forward till morning, when seeing nothing of the other boat, anchored for two or three hours; learning some mishap had befallen the right wing the boat turned about and steamed up stream in search; in a few hours the boats met, and then pushed on to Paducah, where they arrived in the afternoon of the same day.

Fighting had commenced at Fort Donelson. Colonel Leggett received orders to draw five day's rations, and proceed with his regiment to the field of action immediately. The boats were soon on their way up the rapid flowing Cumberland. Several boats were met on the way, returning from the place of bloody conflict, each of which was hailed for tidings. The answer of all was the same. "Fighting like h—l." The regiment began to appear more serious; some restless with anxiety, wishing to get on to take part in the battle, while others were restless with dread and trembling, as every moment brought them nearer the scene of bloody strife and death. The regiment arrived within full view of the enemy's works, and anchored in the midst of the fleet, about an hour before sundown. The fight for the day had nearly subsided. One gunboat was up the stream a few rods, throwing an occasional shell. The writer with some officers got permission to go ashore; we went immediately nearer the field of active engagement, to ascertain how matters stood. Here

we saw for the first time the burial of the dead on the field of battle, which impressed us with anything but pleasant sensations. We ascertained the following to be the position of affairs, on Saturday evening the 14th, which satisfied us that either the enemy would surrender next morning or we have some hard fighting, and the Seventy-Eighth Ohio Regiment have probably a very rough invitation.

The rebel position was a strong one. The water batteries had been successful in so far injuring the gunboats, that they could not be of any more service for several days. The place must be taken by a land force. The rebel defenses were strongly protected by a line of rifle-pits, and these protected in turn by fallen trees and brush, making almost impassable obstructions. The main fort was in the rear, and occupied a position on a high ridge, which commanded the country for miles in the sweep of its common range. The rebel General Floyd was in command of the works, and next in rank were Generals Pillow and Buckner. General U. S. Grant was in command of the Federal army, which consisted of three divisions. General McClelland's Division on the right, General Smith's on the left, and General Lew Wallace's in the center.

General Grant established his lines on Friday, parallel with the rebel line of works, and completely enclosed them. On this day some hard fighting took place on our right and center. General Wallace made an attack upon a strong rebel position; but without much success. The gunboats, under command of Admiral Foote, did some very severe fighting, losing fifty-four men, killed and wounded, and was himself severely wounded in the foot. The Admiral, seeing his boats doing fine execution, thought he was about being successful in silencing the rebel batteries commanding the river, but at that moment a shot disabled one boat, and the other was so badly injured that it was compelled to float down stream to get out of range of the enemy's guns. That Friday night was one of great suffering and hardship to the troops, who slept without tents or fire, and

within rifle shot of the enemy's works. The night was dark, and soon a cold heavy rain began to fall, and finally turned into sleet and snow, with fierce tempests of wintry wind. Occasionally the sharp crack of the pickets' rifle was heard over the sound of the agitated forest, and bending and breaking trees. In this cold, pelting storm the men lay without a murmur, upon their arms, ready for the terrible storm of the next day's conflict. * * *

* General Grant having the enemy closely invested, determined to hold them in their position, and storm them into a surrender, but the rebel Floyd, fearing this same thing, decided that he would, the next morning, concentrate his forces upon General McClelland, who held our right, and cut his way out and escape towards Nashville. This caused the most terrible fighting on Saturday, and well nigh did Floyd accomplish his plan. The day was damp and cold; at dawn of day the soldiers rose from their wintry resting place, and soon were standing shivering in their ranks, but cold frost and snow were soon forgotten, and unfelt, as the heavy roar of the enemy's guns, and the rapid musketry firing broke the morning's stillness. The battle-field was made up of hills and ravines, all covered with dense forest. On every commanding eminence artillery was placed, which belched forth shot and shell into our lines below. Through the dense woods the battle surged backward and forward, till our advance regiments on the right, overpowered by overwhelming numbers, gave way, and were driven back from their first position. At one time the enemy threatened to sweep the entire battle-field, and even broke through McClelland's lines. McCullister's Battery of four twenty-four pounders, which had poured so much death into the rebel ranks, could do nothing more to prevent the advance of the enemy. Captain McCullister had fired away his last round of ammunition; had part of his horses killed, three guns disabled, and the remaining one abandoned to the rebels.

Here we might remark that this battery has been connected with the Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, throughout the entire war. The day now seemed to be almost lost to any one with a less determination than General Grant, and nothing to prevent Floyd to make his way out into the open country, but General Wallace promptly — at General Grant's suggestion — dispatched a brigade to assist M'Clelland on the extreme right. This brigade went into the fight on the "double-quick," and with a determined will, inflicting sad havoc in the enemy's ranks. Wood's Battery was now brought into position on the road where the rebels had routed a brigade of M'Clelland's Division, and were trying to flank the brigade just sent by Wallace to support the right, and sent its shot and shell with so much precision and deadly effect into the massed rebel troops, that they were compelled to retire, leaving hundreds of their dead, mangled and dying comrades in our hands, and give up the victory they could almost, a moment before, have grasped; but many who one minute saw their way clear to Nashville, in the next were torn to pieces by a cannon shot, or pierced through the brain by a Minie ball, and sent with "military dispatch," to account for more than one rebellion. General Wallace at this time joined another brigade on the right.

General Grant now appeared upon the field; during the time of this severe fighting, in order to push his lines forward, he had been in consultation with Admiral Foote. Seeing the effort the enemy was making to break his lines, and the almost completion of their object, ordered an immediate charge of all his forces on the enemy's works. Wallace led the charge on the right, and General Smith on the left. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the bugle sounded forward. General Smith led the advance, and onward the living mass of warriors moved. The enemy poured down the hills and through the brush and timber an unbroken sheet of fire, which caused many openings in the ranks of the charging column; but these were soon filled up, and onward they

moved. The Seventh Iowa and another regiment were soon on the top of the enemy's works, and engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with the rebels. The enemy soon broke and fled, leaving General Smith in possession of the works, who quickly had artillery placed in position to bear upon the inner lines of rebel works. The right was also successful. Thus ended the strife for that day. Fighting ceased, and quietness reigned along the whole line, except the moaning of the wounded and dying.

The next morning was determined upon to assault the inner works. But during the night Floyd and Pillow, under cover of darkness and a dense fog, crossed the river in flatboats with a portion of their troops and fled, and desired Buckner to do the same; but he promptly told Floyd "he would share the fate of his men." General Buckner now being in command of the rebel fort, sent a flag of truce early on Sunday morning to General Grant, to know on what terms he could surrender. To which Grant replied: "I demand an immediate and unconditional surrender. I propose to move upon your works at once." From this reply he is named the "Unconditional Surrender Grant," which corresponded so exactly with the initials of his name.

The troops had now been exposed to cold and hardships, without fire, tents or coffee, for two days and nights. That Saturday night, after the most terrible fighting throughout the day, with now depleted ranks, the troops again lay upon their arms, and at day-dawn Sabbath morning, with cold and stiffened limbs, again take their places in ranks to move upon the last strong position of the enemy, where they knew that many of their number, ere many minutes would pass by, must meet death. As the troops were rapidly being drawn up in line of battle, and the assaulting column taking position, a bugle sound was heard within the enemy's works, and in a few minutes a white flag was seen moving upon the rebel ramparts. Wild excitement and cheer after cheer went forth from the ranks of the Federal

troops. It was taken up by regiment after regiment, until it swept along the entire line. The fort had surrendered. About this time the Seventy-Eighth Ohio Regiment had reached the battle-ground, having started early in the morning prepared for engaging in the anticipated struggle of the day, but only in time to join in the exultation of joyful victory.

About eighteen thousand prisoners were taken, thirty-one thousand small arms, and about eighty cannon, besides large amounts of ordnance, and commissary stores.

The importance of this victory was not the mere possession of Fort Donelson only, but it gave us Nashville and the undisputed possession of the Cumberland river. Nashville, during the progress of this battle, was intensely excited with hopes and fears. On Saturday a dispatch had been received that the victory was theirs; the Federal troops had been defeated. Wild enthusiasm and joyful exultation swept through the city that night, and the church bells on Sabbath morning were calling the people together to give thanks for victory. But, in the midst of it all, the news was received announcing "That Fort Donelson had surrendered 'to the Yankees,' with all its vast stores of supplies, except Floyd, who had made good his escape." This was like an electric shock, stunning and paralyzing the hearts of the people, so jubilant just then with joy.

The Sabbath was spent in burying the dead on the battle-field. The Seventy-Eighth bivouaced that day in a large corn field, without tents or shelter. About midnight a heavy rain set in, which continued without intermission for two days. The next day the regiment moved into the woods and constructed temporary shelters of rails and brush.

Colonel Leggett being that day appointed "Post Commander," received orders in the evening to move his "regiment into the town of Dover, and encamp it close by the river for post duty." Here the regiment encountered

hardships that cannot be forgotten. The place, and the only place suitable that was near the town, was just below town, where all its filth naturally collected, and where dead rebels had been buried less than a foot deep, and the mud extended still deeper. The stench was so great that after the men had their tents pitched they were seized with fits of vomiting. In a few days sickness prevailed to such an extent that officers became alarmed. General Leggett was prostrated. Lieutenant-Colonel Hawks was down, and it was feared, beyond the hope of recovery. Major Carnahan, Chaplain Todd and Surgeon Reeves were active in their efforts to alleviate and better the condition of the men. The regiment remained here on active duty until the 6th of March. Many were now upon the sick list, who were sent to the general hospital. The regiment had received its first installment of pay; letters from home began now to come and cheer the soldiers' heart, and drive partially away home-sickness, which nearly all must experience, who for the first time in their lives leave their families at a great distance, and for a long time. This disease has not been considered a malady, hence it has been used in derision; but in the *army it is a disease* which depresses all the feelings and energies to such an extent that the soldier sometimes dies in consequence. Time will only correct this, and the soldier become more cheerful, and everything around him present a more lively appearance. It takes time to make a soldier, and time and experience to learn how to make the most of everything, by way of keeping the future bright, and hope always buoyant.

The little town of Dover was not such a place as to awaken emotions of cheerfulness, but everything to the contrary. It is a *one-sided* town, built on a *hill side*, and is on the *opposite side* of Union sentiment. It contains a court house, jail, and a small meeting house, besides about one hundred other small houses, all old, shattered and ragged. But few of the inhabitants remained at their desolate homes.

GENERALS GRANT AND SHERMAN.

After the victory to our arms at Fort Donelson, General Grant became popular and known in the nation, and rose to great favor in the army.

Four years ago, and months after the war began, the name of General Grant was unknown to the world. He had a list of acquaintances no longer than any other citizen, and it does not appear that he stood high among those who knew him. He was thought to be an ordinary sort of person, who would never "set the river a-fire," as the saying is. He tried to get a small scientific employment in the State of Missouri, but the gentlemen who had the place in their gift decided that he was not fit for it! Such was their estimate of a man, who, if he could not serve a county, was to show that he could save a country.

The truth is, great men must have great occasions, or their greatness will remain unknown, and in most cases as unknown to themselves as to all the rest of the world. The poet Gray speaks of flowers that are born to blush unseen, and which waste their sweetness on the desert air; and so it is with some men. They have the intellect that is necessary to achieve the fame that comes from doing famous deeds, but the opportunity for doing such deeds never comes to them. So it would have been in the case of General Grant, in all probability, if the slaveholders had not sought to destroy the country. That led to a great war,

and as war is the business for which General Grant is pre-eminently qualified, he achieved the first place in it. The hour came, and the man was not wanting to it.

General Grant had some difficulty in getting military employment. His path to usefulness and eminence was beset with even more than the usual difficulties. His earlier actions did not indicate any marked degree of superiority; and many men seemed to be his superiors whom he has long since passed, and thrown into the shade, by the magnitude and value of his achievements. He has had to pay for the development of his talents, which are of the grave and solid order, not showy and superficial. As ladies say of cloths, his abilities "wash." They are not of the kind that disappear under showers, nor do they fade in the sun.

It was not until the second year of the war was closing that men began to hope that the long-expected coming man had come at last. General Grant's services as commander never were called for until a case become desperate, and then he set matters right. We had failed in the Southwest, and he was required to assume command there. He obeyed, and after defeating the enemy in half a dozen battles, he shut up their army in Vicksburg, and compelled it to surrender. He was then ordered to Chattanooga, where the rebels had our forces at bay, and he obeyed, and there he served Bragg as previously he had served Johnston, storming positions which had been considered impregnable, and opened the way for General Sherman's grand march to the sea-shore, conquering Georgia and the Carolinas as he went "marching on." He was ordered to Virginia, where we had been baffled through three years. To hear was to obey, with him, and in the spring of '64 the conqueror of Johnston was measured against Lee. What followed is well known. He drove the enemy to Richmond, after a series of bloody battles; shut them up in their lines; defeated all their attempts to better their condition; maintained his hold on the Confederacy's throat with unflinching tenacity; and finally compelled the rebels to abandon

Petersburg and Richmond, and then to surrender in the field, the "invincible" Lee himself signing articles of capitulation. These were his deeds, and they have made an impression on the popular mind that will endure, and which finds expression in hearty action as he journeys through the country, though he probably cares less for attentions than any eminent American who has lived since Washington. The latter was a reserved man, and had been trained in a state of society in which distinctions were very strong, even stronger than they are in England at this day, and there was little that was democratical in his nature as in his training. But General Grant's reserve is simply a natural feeling. He is fond of quiet, and has never made a speech in his life, and it seems that he is destined never to make one. Had he been born in Sparta he could not have been more laconic than he is, though he is a native of a country in which everybody is supposed to talk, and to talk much.

General Grant is in his forty-fourth year, as he was born on the 27th of April, 1822, in Ohio. It was not until 1859 that he took up his residence at Galena, in Illinois, where he embarked in the leather and saddlery business, his father being his partner. His previous attempts in civil pursuits had all been failures, but at Galena he was successful. He left the regular army, in which he had become Captain, in 1854. He married in 1843, his bride being Miss Dent, a lady of Missouri. He resumed military life in 1861, not long after the beginning of the war. His first office was that of Adjutant-General of Illinois, and his first field service was in command of the Twenty-First Illinois Infantry. As his qualities became known he was promoted, until he became the foremost man of the American world. He owes his success to his honesty and tenacity of purpose, as much as to his rare abilities as a soldier, and hence his career affords matter of profitable study to the youth of the republic, who can see in it that integrity and resolution are necessary to conduct men to fame and usefulness.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

With the single exception of General Grant, no man stands so high as General Sherman in the estimation of the country, when military merit is considered. Both of them are able soldiers, but they are very unlike, mentally: and their moral qualities also present remarkable points of contrast. General Grant is singularly quiet and retiring. General Sherman, without being encroaching or obtrusive, is as singularly demonstrative. He does not speak because he thinks that his opinions are of value, or that others are anxious to know them, but because it is his nature to be bold, frank and open. He acts according to the law of his being in talking freely, as General Grant does in keeping silent. They have strong points of resemblance, nevertheless,—for both are honest men, and both have rendered incalculable service to the republic. It would be hard to say which of the two we could best spare, and therefore it is to be hoped that we shall have them with us for many years.

General Sherman is in the prime of life. He was born on the 8th of February, 1820, at Lancaster, Ohio, he being, like General Grant, a "Buckeye," as Ohioans are called. He entered West Point Academy in 1836, and was there graduated in 1840, standing well in his class. The artillery was his arm of the service, and he served in Florida, South Carolina, California and Louisiana. Like Grant, he never got higher than the rank of Captain in the old regular army; and then, again like Grant, he retired and went into business. He was at San Francisco, manager of a banking house, from 1853 to 1857.

In 1858 he took charge of the State Military Academy of Louisiana, but he left the office early in 1861, when it became apparent that the disunionists were getting control of the South. "On no earthly account," he wrote to the Governor of Louisiana, "will I do any act, or think any thought, hostile to, or in defiance of the old government of the United States." Such was the emphatic language

of this true patriot. He went to Washington and was made Colonel, and commanded a brigade at Bull Run, which behaved well. He was subsequently promoted, and employed at different points of the West and South-west, and made a vigorous attack on Vicksburg, at the close of 1862, which failed. He was the real hero of the battle of Shiloh, in April, 1862, General Grant declaring that the defeat of the enemy was owing to him.

In the operations that led to the fall of Vicksburg, General Sherman had a conspicuous part; and not less prominent and useful were his actions in that important campaign which saw the defeat of Bragg and Longstreet in Tennessee, and which caused 1863 to end so triumphantly to our arms. In the following winter he was actively employed at different points, and ever with effect.

When General Grant proceeded to the East to take command in Virginia, he was succeeded in the South-west by General Sherman. The two Generals formed a grand plan of operations for 1864; and on the 7th of May General Sherman began his forward movement at the head of 98,799 soldiers and 254 guns. Atlanta was the immediate object of the movement; and after almost four months of hard marching, and harder fighting, Atlanta was taken, on the 2d of September. It was a tremendous campaign, but the skill of the General, admirably supported by the bravery of his men and the talents of his Lieutenants, surmounted everything, and the enemy felt the blows dealt them in Georgia throughout the whole Confederacy. General Sherman's reputation as a great soldier was admitted in all parts of the world. That reputation was soon to be immensely increased.

Believing that nothing was done while anything remained to be done, General Sherman prepared to move upon Savannah; and in November, at the head of an army said to have been almost 70,000 strong, he began a march that astounded the country. Place after place fell before his advance, every effort of the rebels to resist proving vain.

On the 21st of December he entered Savannah. That place he made the base of further operations, the success of which should still more completely demonstrate the weakness of the enemy.

About the middle of January, 1865, this great commander began the last of his great marches, the object of which was the conquest of the Carolinas. Onward he went, the Carolinians being as little able to stay his advance as the Georgians had been. Charleston, which had defied us for four years, was abandoned without a fight, so completely had his combinations isolated it. Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, where secession had been hatched, was taken and partially destroyed. In short, South Carolina, that land of invincible chivalry, was subdued in a few weeks. Then came North Carolina's turn; and old Rip Van Winkle was waked up by the noise of the Federal army. That State was soon at the General's mercy; and preparations had been made for the march of his forces into Virginia, there to take part in the destruction of Lee, when General Grant took Richmond, and forced Lee to surrender. Shortly afterwards General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman, which act of rendition virtually put an end to the war.

General Sherman is an indefatigable worker, as well as a bold and scientific fighting man. His victories were as much due to his industry as to his skill and his valor. He showed immense mental resources on every occasion. He has a true genius for war, being a born soldier. He takes great care of his troops, and they are much attached to him in return. He wins the hearts of those whom he commands, and in that way he is enabled to win great victories. His men ever were ready to go through fire and water for him, and did so on an hundred fields.

THE REGIMENT LEAVING DOVER AND LANDING NEAR FORT HENRY.

THENCE TO PITTSBURG LANDING, AND BATTLE OF SHILCH.

The regiment left Dover, March 7th, 1862, and encamped that night at Bell's Iron Furnace. The hills around were rich with iron ore, which were a source of great wealth to the owner. The land is poor and unsuitable for agricultural purposes, consequently few improvements were seen on the march. The furnace was a very extensive establishment and turned out immense quantities of iron, which was then being appropriated as material of war: it was therefore destroyed, being burned down by command of General Grant.

The regiment bivouaced in the valley, and slept comfortably under the frosty canopy; any place was regarded as better than the miasmatic camping grounds of the Cumberland. The next morning was clear and beautiful, and soon the frost disappeared from the blankets, before the extensive fires built of the many negro huts, around the furnace: these huts had been deserted a few days before, by their occupants, some taking refuge in the army and many having been driven away to other, but more secure places. That day after a tedious march over hills and bad roads, and swampy valleys, we encamped at Metal Landing, about four miles above Fort Henry on the Ten-

nessee; here the regiment, with General Lew Wallace's Division, remained for several days, which time was spent in almost constant drill. The regiment here experienced much disagreeable weather, one day was balmy warmth, another rain, another snow storms and freezing cold. Here occurred the first death in the regiment, George Ritchey of A Company, a young man of much promise and highly esteemed by all. Previously he had been sent to the hospital, where he so far recovered as to be able to go to his home a few weeks, where he could recover his health more rapidly, but instead of embracing the privilege of a furlough, he return to his regiment, where in a few days he died. Here the first loyal seed was sown in rebel soil by the regiment, the first sacrifice to liberty made, and hereafter in almost every encampment throughout the South some one was left, as a testimony to devoted patriotism, and against the purposes of wicked rebellion.

At this time the seeds of disease and debility planted at Dover, and by hardships and unaccustomed exposure, began to tell upon the regiment. Men were not inured to the hardships and exposures of field and camp life; transition from civil to military life had been too great and sudden the climate and the season were unhealthy; and cold, constant rains prevailed, which circumstances produced much sickness.

On the 16th day of March the Division left Metol Landing for Pittsburg Landing, arriving at the latter place the night of the 17th. The regiment did not disembark from the boats, but on the morning of the 18th went to Crumpton's Landing, six miles below, where it disembarked and encamped in the woods, about one mile from the Landing. It will be remembered that the regiment was now and will hereafter be connected with the Third Division, under General Lew Wallace. Here the regiment spent its time in drill and reviews. Some men became so reduced from camp disease (which defied all the efforts and skill of our

Surgeons) that it became necessary to make application for their discharge from the service, which was favorably considered, but not returned till many of the men had received their final discharge, and had gone to their last resting place; and many, we have reason to hope, "to that rest which remaineth for the people of God." At this time many of the officers were sick. Captain Talley, of Company C, was taken down with a violent attack of typhoid fever, and being sent to the general hospital at Savannah, died in a few days. General Leggett, then commander of the regiment, although severely sick and unfit for duty, could always be seen encouraging the men and setting an example to officers, in energy, cheerfulness and resolution to meet trials and difficulties with an unconquerable will; he well knew that ennui and inactivity fed disease in the army, and that the best antidote was to bear up against it. Many men at once gave up and lay down, seemingly with the resolution to die, and such most generally did die; many, by cheerfulness and a resolution that they would not give up to disease, thereby threw it off, and became well and robust. Those who survived the first attack of camp disease, generally become afterwards strong and robust men. It seemed to be a kind of a chrysalis state through which men had to pass in order to become fitted for military life, and adaptation to climate.

On the 31st of March the Division left this place and moved to Adamsville, eight miles from Pittsburg Landing. The sick were left at Crump's Landing, in charge of Assistant-Surgeon Mendenhall. Here many died and some were transferred to Northern hospitals.

The design of moving the Division to Adamsville was to protect the flank of the army under General Grant, then concentrating at Pittsburg Landing. The road occupied by General Lew. Wallace's Division was the main thoroughfare to Purdy and Corinth, where the rebel army under Generals Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard was concentrated. The rebel outposts extended about twenty miles from the main army, and but a few miles

from our pickets. The first night the regiment encamped at Adamsville General Leggett took one hundred men of his regiment and marched in the darkness of midnight eight or ten miles to a creek, where there was a rebel encampment, burned the bridge and terrified the rebels so that they fled to Purdy. Every moment while at this place, an attack was expected, consequently the pickets were strengthened, and every precaution observed. Every morning at dawn the troops were all up and in battle line; and a few more regiments were brought up as re-enforcements.

A few nights before the attack upon our army at Pittsburg Landing, rebel scouts were known to have nearly encircled our camps and the limits of the Division, and strange and wonderful it seems to veteran soldiers now, that little effort was made towards fortifications. In the latter part of the war the same troops would not have pitched camp till good works had been completed, and the entire limit of the encampment well protected. The same was the condition of the main army at Pittsburg Landing; no preparations for defense had been made. In a council of war on the part of the rebel officers, it was decided by Beauregard and others to make the attack upon the army on the flank at Adamsville, but Albert Sidney Johnston being chief in rank, overruled the decision, and ordered the attack to be made upon the main army at Pittsburg Landing, regarding the force at Adamsville as too trifling to waste time upon; a division of six thousand men would soon have been destroyed before an army of ninety thousand.

It was reported by rebel prisoners and citizens, that General Beauregard had been in our camp, both at Pittsburg Landing and Adamsville, as a peddler of pies and cakes, a day or two before the attack upon our army.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

On Sabbath morning, April 6th, the terrible conflict commenced at Pittsburg Landing. Our army, with General Lew Wallace's Division, which was yet at Adamsville,

numbered between fifty and sixty thousand men. The rebels ninety thousand. The army encamped around Shiloh Church, about four miles from the Landing. Our troops exhibited great carelessness in having no defenses constructed, and permitting themselves thus to be surprised, so that the rebels had possession of much of our line of battle, before our forces had time to form in line. The three divisions of Sherman, Prentiss and McClelland were in the advance, and formed a line taking in all the roads towards Corinth and Purdy. General Hurlburt and Smith were in the rear.

The rebel army on Saturday night encamped within a few rods of our pickets, and could hear distinctly our Orderly Sergeants calling the rolls at tattoo. General Beauregard commanded the right of the rebel army, General Breckinridge the left, and General Albert Sidney Johnston the center.

On Sabbath, at morning dawn, the pickets of Prentiss and Sherman were driven in, and the rebels came in a swift overwhelming rush. The "long roll" sounded through the camps of the Federal army, but ere our men got into line, the long sweeping lines of the enemy were pressing forward with trifling resistance, and their shot and shell came crashing into our camps thick and fast. The enemy at first came marching by the flank, halted, then faced to the rear, and immediately about-faced, within a few rods of our lines, sent their volleys into our ranks that were standing in line of battle. We were completely surprised, supposing them to be General Lew. Wallace's Division, coming from Adamsville, taking position in front. So sudden was the dash of the enemy that some of our officers and men were bayoneted in their tents.

General Grant did not arrive upon the field till half-past eight in the morning, consequently there could be little concentration of action. Each General had as much as he could do to hold his men to the work, and meet with firmness the shock.

Prentiss' command was flanked by the enemy and soon enclosed, and thus four thousand of his men were taken prisoners. General Sherman fought with the most terrible desperation, but being overwhelmed was compelled to retreat to save his Division from annihilation. The fighting on the part of McClelland was most obstinate and desperate.

By noon nearly all our batteries had lost their horses, and many guns were captured, and the whole line driven back to Hurlbut's and Smith's Divisions, where the fighting became most deadly to both armies. Albert Sidney Johnston was killed in leading a charge upon our lines. Here the rebels were repulsed three or four times, but succeeded in breaking them finally. Slowly our shattered lines were driven back toward the Landing. About 5 P. M., Major Webster, of General Grant's Staff, saw that the work was nearly done, and our army almost completely defeated and routed, collected all the guns he could, and artillerists from the different commands, and placed them in a crescent form. When the rebels came charging toward the Landing, and flushed with victory, thinking before dark to end the conflict by complete disaster to the Union army, twenty-one guns broke forth at once, and poured such a deadly fire into the rebel ranks that they recoiled. The gunboats at this time getting the range, sent their Parrott shells thick and fast into the rebel ranks, that made them retreat in confusion beyond their range.

At this time light and hope began to break from the dark cloud that hung with terror over our men. The sun was fast declining, night was near to stay the enemy's final success. One of General Buell's Divisions, under command of General Nelson, was rapidly crossing the river and taking position. Another Division was up and ready to cross. General Lew. Wallace's Division was also rapidly pouring in, and taking position upon the extreme right. The enemy made repeated efforts to charge before dark, but were driven back with frightful slaughter. They

finally fell back to our camps, and waited the morning light to complete Beauregard's "hour job," as he promised them.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

The following letter, from Jasper S. Laughlin, Sergeant Company E, will give in detail, a sufficient account of the second day's fighting, which opened at daylight, by General Lee. Wallace, on the right:

"On Sabbath morning we were aroused from our blanket couches by the booming of cannon in the direction of Pittsburg Landing. The roar was incessant, and shook the earth. In the interval between the discharges of artillery, the rolling of musketry volleys could be distinctly heard, and then were swallowed up by the renewed thunder of the cannon. All were aware that a terrible fight was in progress; yet the regiment was ignorant of the magnitude of the attack, and the part they were to play in the bloody drama, until about noon, when an order came for us to reinforce the assailed position. Unfortunately for the Seventy-Eighth, it had not been furnished with transportation of its own until three days before, and then we were furnished with about forty wild mules, many of which had never been under harness; these had to be caught and harnessed, and the delay occasioned thereby threw our regiment in the rear, and it did not arrive upon the battlefield until 9 o'clock that night, when we formed in battle line, and rested upon our arms till morning, unsheltered from a furious storm of rain. The first day's fight was now over, and almost decided in favor of the rebels, but how they were to get over our guns and gunboats at the Landing the next morning, was surely a puzzling question to the rebel Generals that night.

"About 5 o'clock Sabbath afternoon our prospects looked gloomy and dark. Forty thousand of our men had stubbornly contested, foot by foot, the ground of a widely extended camp, with a hundred thousand of the best armed and equipped troops the Southern Confederacy ever sent to the field. They had fought all day, without breakfast.

dinner or supper. The enemy, who were in sufficient numbers to relieve each other in the fight, had feasted all day on cheese, cakes, liquors and canned fruits, which the abandoned sutler stores furnished in great abundance. They were flushed with their success, and had maddened themselves by drinking the liquors they had captured, mixing it with gunpowder. Cheer after cheer went up from their ranks. They were now about half a mile from the river, and still pressing on. Our Generals rode through the disordered and thin ranks of our exhausted men, many of whom were lying on the ground too weary to move, striving to animate and encourage them. Here our artillery saved the day. All the batteries that had been brought off the field, and the siege guns and heavy mortars, which had not been moved from the river, were brought into action, and in front of our wearied ranks. The gunboats also opened their broadsides upon the enemy, and rained down a storm of shot, grape and shell which has no precedent in the records of artillery warfare. The thunder was terrific. It seemed as though all the elements of destruction in nature had united their power, rage and violence. The rebels at first lay flat, but finally retreated. Their men who were captured tell incredible stories about the effect of our fire: such as that a shell from one of our mortars, falling among a dense mass, killed and wounded one thousand men.

"Buell's forces began to come in about dark, and during the night our plans were arranged for the next day. In the morning our Generals made the attack simultaneously along the whole line of the enemy. General Lew. Wallace, with his Division on the right, the Third Brigade under General Whittlesey, being on the right of the Division. General Wallace kept the Brigade in partial concealment from the enemy, to meet the purposes of the rebels in flanking the right. This was a very painful position, and a trying one to the soldiers. It made it necessary that we should remain part of the time inactive, under the fire of the rebel batteries and infantry. Thus exposed to all the

dangers of the conflict, and surrounded by all its terrors, and at the same time deprived from the stimulus of the excitement which results from an active participation in the fight, is truly a trying position.

"The expected attempt of the enemy to outflank the right was finally made; when they found that our center, against which they had been directing their main efforts, could not be broken, they brought up rapidly some of their guns, and began playing upon our right, preparatory to making a charge. This was a sore time for the Third Brigade, which was unsheltered from the fire of the enemy. When the batteries opened upon us, we all laid as close to mother earth as possible, while the shot and shell flew whizzing over our heads. Had we been standing erect, it seems as though every man would have been cut down. As it was, we were wonderfully exempt from casualties, losing only one man killed, and a few wounded. Colonel Leggett had three bullet holes made in his clothes. Colonel Whittlesey, seeing our danger, unsupported by artillery, and ten regiments could be seen preparing to charge upon us, immediately had a battery of six guns brought up. Let me assure you the sight of those war dogs coming to our assistance, was truly refreshing. They were quickly placed in position, and opened upon the enemy with such destructive effect that they soon broke and retreated. They began now to retreat along the whole line, leaving the field and the victory with us.

"From the far East and the distant West the cheering intelligence reaches us that our brothers in arms are not idle; but that, with hearts to dare and arms to strike, are pressing down from all sides upon the foe. This is very encouraging. It gives us confidence in ourselves, confidence in our Generals, and confidence in the favor of Providence."

After the battle the regiment encamped upon the extreme right of the field of battle, and bivouaced several days without shelter, save such as the woods afforded. It rained

almost night and day, which caused afterward much sickness in the regiment. Although the regiment had suffered but little on the field of battle, it was not spared much sickness and heavy fatality while in camp at Shiloh. We lost many of the best men in the regiment from disease.

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THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

ITS EVACUATION—THE APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN—THE REBELS
PURSUED—REBEL VANDALISM—EIGHT-DAY MEN—A SERMON
FOUND IN CORINTH.

At Shiloh, where our army had been encamped for weeks before being attacked by General Johnston, our Generals were guilty of unpardonable neglect in having done nothing for the defense of the place and their camps, by establishing a line of fortifications. After the battle, and the arrival of General Halleck, the army commenced their labors with the axe, the pick and the spade, and constructed and built line upon line of works from Shiloh to Corinth. Day and night the troops were engaged in digging.

The Seventy-Eighth was still retained in Lew. Wallace's Division, which was the extreme right of the army. It was very important that the right flank be well guarded, as here important highways led to Corinth and Purdy, which made a convenient and ready communication to our army. In consequence many scouting parties had to be sent out daily to watch the movements of the enemy and to guard the flank of the army. This imposed heavy duty upon the Seventy-Eighth regiment. Colonel Leggett being known as a man of great energy, was generally selected for difficult and dangerous enterprises.

The siege was fairly inaugurated on the 30th of April, and ended the morning of the 30th of May. During this

time the regiment seldom slept two nights in the same camp. During the night they would build works; the next morning they would move forward to a new position and go through the same operation. Almost a constant cannonading was kept up along the whole line from right to left. Corinth at length became almost encompassed by our army, and but one avenue was left the rebels for escape, which was the Charleston Railroad, and it would seem that General Halleck intended this to be left open for that purpose, of which opportunity they availed themselves the morning of the 30th of May.

The two armies were now about equal in numbers, and despite the boast that one rebel is equal to two Yankees, the Southern Generals again declined to fight us when nearly of equal strength and advantage. Although protected by entrenchments in commanding positions, and capable of being made next to invulnerable, Corinth has been added to the long list of strongholds which have fallen into our hands without much bloodshed since the commencement of the present year. Manassas, Yorktown, Norfolk, Bowling Green, Nashville, Columbus, Little Rock and Corinth — each capable of a lengthened defense, yet all captured with but little resistance. Corinth was indeed a stronghold, and its importance could not have been overestimated. It is the key that unlocks the cotton States, and gives us command of almost the entire system of Southern railroads, and nothing but despair could have prompted its abandonment. While there was a hope for the Confederacy, policy would have compelled the insurgents to hold the town.

ON THE MARCH.

About half-past six in the morning orders to march were received, and at seven the greater portion of the men were outside their works, cautiously feeling their way through the dense under-brush which intervened between our fortifications and the defenses of Corinth, but after

advancing half a mile they came to an open space, and the enemy's works, abandoned and desolate, burst upon their astonished gaze; the sight was entirely unexpected. The opening was made by the rebels, who had felled the timber for about three hundred yards in front of their entrenchments, for the double purpose of obstructing our progress, and giving them a fair view of our column when in rifle range.

The view from the highest point of the rebel works, immediately in front of Davies' Division, was truly grand. The circle of vision was at least five miles in extent, stretching from the extreme left, and the magnificent display of banners, the bristling of shining bayonets, and the steady step of handsomely attired soldiers, presented a pageant which has seldom been witnessed on this continent.

Upon many of the regimental ensigns were printed "Wilson's Creek," "Fort Donelson," and "Shiloh," which mottoes were waved in the breeze. Those who passed through all these trying ordeals unscathed, or who received honorable wounds in either, in future can look back upon a life devoted to their country's service, and feel that proud satisfaction which is denied to others not less patriotic, but less fortunate. In future pageants in honor of the nation's birthday, when the last relics of former struggles have become extinct, and when these shall be bowed down with age, they will be their country's honored guests, and receive that consideration due their noble deeds.

CORINTH.

The troops from every direction marched toward a common center — Corinth — and as they neared each other friends recognized friends whom they had not seen for weeks or months, though separated but a few miles; greetings were exchanged. As regiments met for the first time since leaving the bloody fields of Donelson and Shiloh, cheer after cheer resounded through the forest, and were echoed and re-echoed by the hills, as if earth itself desired to prolong the sound.

The town is built upon low lands and clay soil, so that in wet weather the place may very properly be denominated a swamp. But the soil is as easily affected by drouth as by rains, and the result is that at the present time the clay is baked perfectly solid, and the ground filled with fissures. Just outside of the town are the ridges, which might appropriately be named hills, and upon which second, third and fourth lines of defenses could have been erected. The highest lands are in the direction of Farmington on the east, and College Hill on the south-west.

Corinth is the only pleasant country village we have seen in this section of the country. I was informed that it contained formerly, 2,200 inhabitants, of all colors. The houses are built after the Southern fashion, with front door for every room looking toward the street. This is an odd feature to one used to Yankee architecture, but it is the universal style of the Southern States. The apartments of most of the houses are large and airy, and surrounded with immense porticos, where the high toned chivalry enjoy their siesta in the most improved Spanish, Southern manner, except that they imbibe before sleeping, a somewhat different beverage from that of the Castilians. Instead of the wines of Andalusia, they consume almost unheard of quantities of Bourbon and rilled whisky.

The yards of the rich are decorated with shrubbery, and what is far more in accordance with good taste, forest trees are left standing, and neatly trimmed — a custom which has been too sadly neglected in the North. There are several substantial brick and frame business houses, all of which have been stripped and deserted. There was a fine, large Baltimore clothing store, but neither keeper nor clothing could be found; a druggist was all that determined to remain.

Not enough of the Corinthians remained to welcome us or to give us any idea of the character of the mass of the citizens. A few poor persons, the druggist referred to, and the mayor's clerk, and two or three wealthy families, were

all that could be found. The poor were nearly starved, and were disposed to welcome any change, as it might bring relief, but could not add to their sufferings. Their condition in any event could not be much worsted. They walked curiously around, observing the movements of the soldiers, astonished at the comparatively handsome uniform they wore, and gratified that the fears they had felt were not realized. The wealthy females looked from the windows of their mansions upon the Union troops, affecting the greatest scorn and contempt for the Yankees, who viewed them in return rather in a spirit of pity than of revenge.

Corinth is supplied with water from an artesian well, which has been lately completed, and is about 600 feet deep. It will afford sufficient water for the army, and is of good quality: but the distance to our lines will create considerable inconvenience. Artesian wells are usually huge bores, but it does not so happen in this instance. The benefit derived from it is substantial.

The rebel Generals determined to evacuate the place on the 27th, and therefore sent away all their baggage, and everything not actually needed for the subsistence of the troops or for a battle. The question of final evacuation was left open as circumstances might dictate: and in the meantime the army and the troops were to be cajoled into the belief that Corinth was the last ditch—the spot where General Pillow intended to die.

All the citizens of Corinth, and I believe of the rebel States, believed the place would be held at all hazards, and the chagrin and disappointment at its evacuation without a blow, were deep and bitter. I talked with several, who, up to that hour had never faltered in their faith, but who now look upon their cause as past the remotest chance of a resurrection, and are adapting themselves to their new and changed circumstances. They say that if the South could not hold and defend Corinth, they cannot hold their ground at any other point, and it is therefore useless to prolong a war which is now desolating twelve States.

On the 27th, General Beauregard went to Holly Springs, giving out the impression that it was to recruit his health, but the real intention was to select a camp for his army. Generals Pillow, Price and Hardee concurred with Beauregard to evacuate the place, but General Bragg and Van Dorn opposed it, as a movement absolutely destructive to their cause.

General Halleck was admired for his care, and fortifying every resting place about Corinth, but we cannot commend his watchfulness in not ascertaining the fact that the rebels were retreating, when we were within half a mile of their lines for forty-eight hours. A reconnoissance in force, at several points, to the distance of twenty-five rods beyond our pickets, would have discovered the whole facts. General Halleck's watchfulness will certainly be regarded as a military blunder.

REBEL VANDALISM.

True to their natural sentiments, the rebels could not leave the town without destroying a large amount of property. The depot and three large warehouses, containing provisions which they were unable to carry away, were fired, and before the arrival of the Union army, were consumed. The dense cloud of smoke which was seen in the morning as the army approached, led to the supposition that the town had been burned, but on our arrival it was found that all private residences, and such buildings as contained no army stores, were left unharmed.

The rebel forces amounted to 80,000 effective troops, of all grades—volunteers for the war, conscripts, and eight day men. The latter are those who shouldered their muskets for an immediate battle; they are generally pressed in. At the battle of Shiloh many of these were found dead upon the field of battle, who had the previous day been in our camps, and who were regarded by us as good Union men. Some of them lived in the little town where our regiment was stationed; many of these were taken prisoner on their return home. The cavalry and infantry

pressed the retreating rebels, and gathered up several thousand stragglers, and captured some of their camps. So closely were they pressed that our men found a breakfast already cooked, the rebels not having time to eat it, our men coming upon them so suddenly; blankets, muskets, cartridge boxes, and other munitions of war were abandoned by the rebels, and lay scattered in profusion along the roads.

ANECDOTE OF THE FIGHT OF THE 28TH.

When our lines advanced on the 28th, a battery was planted on an eminence commanding a considerable portion of the country, but completely shrouded from view by a dense thicket. Scouts were sent out to discover the exact position of the rebels, and were but a short distance in advance, to give the signal as to direction to fire if any were discovered. One of the rebel commanders, unaware of our presence, called around him his men and commenced addressing them in something like the following strain:

“SONS OF THE SOUTH:—We are here to defend our homes, our wives and children, against the horde of vandals who have come here to possess the first and violate the last. Here upon this sacred soil we have assembled to drive back the Northern invaders—to drive them back into Tennessee. Will you follow? If we cannot hold this place, we can hold no place in the Southern Confederacy. Shall we drive the invaders back, and strike to death the men who would desecrate our homes? Is there a man so base among those who hear me, as to retreat from the contemptible foe before us? I will never blanch before their fire, nor—”

At this interesting period the signal was given, and six shells fell in the vicinity of the gallant officer and his men, who suddenly forgot their fiery resolves and fled in confusion to their breastworks.

POWERFUL AND THRILLING SERMON ON THE CURSE OF COWARDICE.

The following sermon was preached at Fort Donelson, and found by the writer at Corinth among the precious

documents laid up to comfort the soldier and strengthen his resolves in driving back the Yankee from their sacred soil. It is one of the finest efforts of the ablest and most incomprehensible of modern divines. Dr. Baldwin is a descendant of the prophet Samuel on the one side and Habakuk on the other, and of course is a "good egg;" or, as has been beautifully said, "a whole team and a yaller dog under the wagon."

Of his early history we can only say that his name had a significant origin. When he preached his first sermon an old lady remarked to one of the brethren as they went to lunch: "Well, that little cuss preached a screaming sermon." Of his great book—Armageddon—too much cannot be said. It would do credit to a lunatic asylum. It is a work of wonderful weight, being the heaviest thing of the kind extant. It is said, as an evidence of his systematic mode of doing things, that when writing the great chapter in Armageddon on the "Goat with Seven Horns," he was in the habit of drinking seven horns a day himself, on the sagacious supposition that "like would produce like!" The following sermon is, however, his great effort. It was commenced on the memorable Sunday of the fall of Fort Donelson, and its delivery was unluckily cut short by the announcement of that calamitous event. But we must no longer delay the sermon.

The services were opened on this occasion with a prayer by a Texan Ranger:

"Oh, Lord! Thou knowest that this thing of praying is altogether out of my line, and as hard for me to do as for Wigfall to keep sober, or Jeff Davis be made pay his debts, or Floyd to keep from stealing. But, Thou knowest we are some on tangle-foot whisky, good at horse-racing, and tip-top at poker, and can hold four aces about as often as 'John Morgan' or 'any other man.' Help us this day, for we are in a peek of trouble, and it will be the last time I'll ever trouble you. Amen."

THE CURSE OF COWARDICE.

TEXT — “*Curse ye, Meroz, curse ye bitterly.* — Beloved brethren and sisters, you are assembled to-day to discharge the most important duties of your lives. The Yankees in ‘chariots of fire’ are cavorting and charging like the ‘beast with seven heads and ten horns’ spoken of by St. John. (Brother McNairy, make that bloodhound of yours keep still, or I’ll expel him from the church, even as Judas was cast out of the synagogue.) The uncircumcised sons of the Philistines are riding over the holy soil of the South in chariots of fire, even as the chariots of Elijah and Aminadab, and my soul waxeth ‘wonderfully and fearfully mad.’ Oh, brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, did, when he arose and went after his sling. (Stop, my brother; don’t be in a hurry to leave: I didn’t mean a gin-sling, but the sling of the ‘spirits of just men made perfect,’ which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincoln.) Brethren, let us see if we can’t perforate into the meaning of my text — ah! ‘Curse ye Meroz.’ My text suggests two points, the cowardice of a cuss, and the cuss of cowardice.

“Firstly, there is always cowardice in a low, ornery cuss. and the cuss is always full of cowardice as our publishing house is of piety, which you know, my brethren, is an exclusively religious concern, and publishes among other excellent books my great work on prophecy, called Armageddon. Price one dollar and fifty cents — ah!

“Secondly, the cuss of cowardice. Who, my brethren and sisters, is a cuss of cowardice? A cuss of cowardice is one who bellows like a ‘bull of Bashan’ in time of safety, and then runs like a ‘fatted calf’ in time of danger. There is Isham G. Harris, who issued a proclamation, a few days ago, talking about ‘defending the sanctity of our homes, and wives and daughters, and dying in the last ditch.’ Yes, he cavorted mightily, and should, as he ‘smelt the battle afar off;’ but to-day he remaineth like a disconsolate whangdoodle, in the dark mountains of Hep-idam, roaring for

her first born, and will not be comforted, because they are not.' Instead of staying to fight that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is packing up his duds for a grand skedaddle. My brethren, he is a cuss, and a 'cuss of cowardice.'

"Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that 'last ditch,' of which you have all heard so much. I am afraid the 'feathers will fly' whenever that case is opened, and that Pillow will give us the slip. The 'sword of the Lord' isn't the sword of Gideon Pillow, so I shall not bolster him up any longer. Gideon is a cuss, my brethren, and a 'cuss of cowardice.'

"There is Wash Barrow, who has been handling millions of dollars and staying cosy at home, while 'lowd fellows of the baser sort' do the fighting. I believe this Barrow belongs to the herd of swine spoken of in the Testament, of whom the devil took possession. Why don't he bristle up to the Yankees? Does he want to 'save his bacon' more than to save the South? If he does he ought to be well smoked. He, too, is a cuss, and a 'cuss of cowardice.'

"Then there is the Vigilance Committee of Nashville. Vigilant about what, I should like to know? As 'vigilant as a cat to steal cream,' I guess, as the apostle Falstaff says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets and go out to fight the Yankees, instead of running off poor mechanics who have no friends? My friends, they are all cusses, and 'cusses of cowardice.'

"My brethren and sisters, I'll tell you who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself, the author of Armageddon, and Dr. McFerrin, author of the Confederate Primer, and Dr. Sammers, author of Confederate Almanac, and Brother Houston, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not 'cusses of cowardice.' No, sir-ee!

"My brethren, just get the almanac and look for that Confederate 'eclipse of the sun,' and then get down Brother Mac's primer, and read that heavenly little story about the 'Smart Dixie Boy,' and then buy a copy of my Armageddon, for one dollar and fifty cents, and you will fight

like — (enter messenger, wildly exclaiming, ‘Fort Donelson is taken, and the Yankee gunboats are in sight!’) Oh! Lord, my brethren, oh! Lord! — let’s skedaddle!”

The discourse was here broken off short; but the pious author assures us that it will be published in full in his next edition of Armageddon, which he requests us to say he will still sell at one dollar and fifty cents.

JACKSON, TENNESSEE, AND POINTS SOUTH.

A few days after the evacuation of Corinth, we struck tents, desiring to make ourselves useful—started to Purdy, and remained with the frightened citizens over night, leaving Company B with them. We started for Bethel Station, where we pitched our tents and expected to remain for some time. We were highly pleased with the place, on account of the excellent quality of the water, and the hospitality of the citizens, who made us many friendly visits, and immediately opened up a brisk trade with the boys, in butter, fruits, berries, milk, etc.

We built two large bake ovens, and hired a baker to bake bread for the regiment; determined no longer to accept of Uncle Sam's bread, which I regard as the great curse of our army. I care not what surgeons and others say of the healthy nature of crackers; nothing short of divine revelation would convince me that they are not the cause of so much of sickness and death in the army. We can fully establish this fact by examples both of individuals and of regiments who have bakeries connected with their Quartermaster's Department. But as it is not my design now to discuss the cracker business, suffice it to say, I have not yet seen the soldier who does not loath them.

A few days after our stop at Bethel, General Logan's Division, comprising sixteen Illinois regiments, came to

dwell with us. The next morning after their arrival the Seventy-Eighth, with parts of the Illinois Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth, were ordered to proceed up the railroad and open it for transportation as far as Jackson, Tennessee, a distance of forty miles; while General Logan would take a Brigade, accompanied by Colonel Marsh's Cavalry, in a different direction, to intercept cotton burners and guerrillas, who were laying waste the country about Jackson. We started in the cars Saturday morning, leaving a detail of sixty men behind to guard the engineers in bringing the telegraph after us. We arrived at Jackson seven hundred strong, about three P. M. We took the inhabitants by complete surprise. They had just had a large meeting of the citizens, appointed vigilance committees to test more thoroughly suspicious persons, and inspect the arms and distribute them to the citizens; also to burn the bridges below the city, to prevent our entrance to the place. We came upon them before they had accomplished their last purpose. They were amazed and confounded at our appearance upon their streets; at our boldness in marching directly to the court house and taking possession of the yard. In a few minutes we demanded the keys, and Lieutenant Roberts, of Company E, bore the flag of the Seventy-Eighth to the top and fastened it to the cupola. In majesty it proudly unfurled its stars and stripes to the wind. Like a stream of blazing fire it was seen by all the inhabitants of the city, and for some distance by the citizens in the country. The ladies were seen running with disheveled hair, to the northern part of the city: a company of cavalry encamped on the fair grounds fled, leaving their supper cooked: a company of home guards in the city hastened to doff their military clothes for those of the citizens, and officers of the secesh fled immediately to the country. The people looked indignant and sullen. The colored people seemed to welcome us, and crowded the streets and public square. They said they did not believe we were Yankees, because they thought Yankees had horns and cloven feet.

The boys stacked their arms around the court house, and soon were off buying corn bread, pies and cakes; and many of them commenced boldly with the citizens to debate Unionism, and had the impudence to ask how they liked the stars and stripes. Some have told us since that our boldness was all that saved us that night. They thought we surely had a large force at calling distance.

The Knights of the Golden Circle had their meeting at three o'clock the next morning, and couriers were sent through fields and by-ways to the country (the main roads we had well picketed that night,) to drum up all the cavalry and forces to rout us and take us all prisoners Sabbath night. They had made the boast that to-morrow our enjoyment would be turned to sorrow. About four o'clock Sabbath evening Colonel Marsh with his cavalry, and General Logan with four regiments and three brass bands came marching into the city and saluted the flag waving over the court house. The people almost wilted down in despair, and some were heard to remark, "They got us now; no use to oppose."

Unionism here was entirely suppressed. Occasionally now we find some to speak out, and some go so far as to discuss the question of Unionism with each other. The Reign of Terror has been exercised here during the past year. The city is classed the fourth in the State; was the first to raise the secession flag in the State, and has since been the most active in the support of the Southern army and the Confederacy. In wealth, it is without a parallel; in respect to its population, all are wealthy planters owning large tracts of land and many slaves. In respect to beauty, I have seen none to surpass it. The city is buried in a dense forest of shade trees, and the dwellings are large and costly, having large and ornamented yards in front.

All the troops are now encamped outside the main city, except three companies, who are encamped in the court house yard for present purposes, and act as the police of the city. One of these companies is our own Company E,

Seventy-Eighth. We have searched all suspicious houses, and have captured over one thousand hogsheads of sugar and much flour and corn laid away for the rebel army. We have captured a large amount of small arms; also took possession of the armory and many Quartermaster stores. Every day we are making accessions to our captured property.

This is the first place we have been where scrip was current. The boys happened to have gathered considerable of it in various expeditions, saving it to take home with them. The citizens refused our paper money; would not touch it. The boys, therefore, have been doing good business with their Confederate script, many of them boarding at the hotels, paying fifty cents a meal, getting a Confederate bill changed and receiving Ohio and Kentucky money in change. Some have gone into the business of buying it from the colored population for the gold and silver at a trifle, and pass it off at the groceries at full value. One of Company E, yesterday, started with five dollars, and came out in the evening with thirteen dollars current Ohio money. This is only one instance. They all have now more money than they brought with them, after spending freely. But the matter is now changing; the people take the scrip with reluctance, but take the greenbacks with readiness. An order will be issued to-morrow prohibiting the circulation of all Confederate money. The people do not yet know it. It will create quite a sensation, and will come hard upon many for a few days. Gold and silver are among the things that are past; none of it has been seen in the city for months, and is looked upon as an article of curiosity.

In a few days the road will be opened to Columbus, Kentucky, when communications with the North will be more direct and immediate. The boys are in the highest enjoyment, and say the past week has paid them for all their hardships heretofore.

GRAND JUNCTION.

After three or four weeks rest and quiet at Jackson, Ten-

nessee, the regiment was ordered to Grand Junction, to hold and repair the railroad, so that communication could be opened up with Memphis and the interior of Mississippi. The position was an important one, being the junction of important railroads leading to the enemy's main lines of communication and assailable positions. The place contained a few scattered houses, one small church and a medium hotel. The country around is not surpassed in Western Tennessee, it is well cultivated and the plantations wealthy and well stocked with the property of the peculiar institution. At Grand Junction were machine shops of several roads, but these were destroyed when Beauregard evacuated Corinth. Many of the inhabitants, especially the more wealthy, had gone South in search of their rights. Here we found some Union men who had been subjects of persecution in consequence, and many who were so by profession, but were found a few weeks afterwards among the enemy's cavalry and guerrillas. We remained here one week, when we were ordered to march to Holly Springs, Mississippi, about twenty-four miles farther south. With this order we could not comply, in consequence of our transportation not having yet reached us from Jackson, Tennessee. We were then ordered to Lagrange to relieve General Hurlbut, who, with his Division was ordered to Holly Springs in our stead. We remained at Lagrange one week, Colonel Leggett in command of the post, and Lieutenant W. W. McCarty, of Company E, Provost Marshal.

The town is one of considerable celebrity in the South, both for commercial importance and educational facilities. It has a population of nearly three thousand inhabitants, and before the rebellion, was one of the most business and beautiful towns in Western Tennessee. Here is located the Presbyterian Synodical College. The building stands on elevated grounds, and present an imposing appearance from every view in the surrounding country. It is now occupied as a hospital; the fate of nearly all educational institutions in the South. It was used as such by the rebels

and when they evacuated Corinth and this country many sick were left here for our care and attention. This institution, eminent in past history and long nursed by the churches, is sharing alike the fearful consequences of rebellion and secession, which soon dries up all fountains of learning; which is but the type of what it would do, were they brought into full realization, and the principle permitted to be introduced into the political policy and economy of our national existence.

Dr. Waddel, the President of the Institution, is the Secretary of the Southern General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. He is a preacher of more than ordinary ability, and who has attained, both North and South, considerable eminence for literary and other logical ability and knowledge, but entered into secession with all the earnestness of the demagogue. He had a large plantation and a great number of slaves which gave to his principle, and believing in the divinity of the institution of negro slavery, led him to espouse the cause of secession and sacrifice all present facilities and blessings in the interest of the slaveholders' Confederacy, and to put forth every effort in its behalf. His sermons were turned into political harangues, inciting the people to rebellion, and cultivating a spirit of malignant hatred against the people of the North. His prayer-meetings were turned into war-meetings, stirring up the people to give their husbands and sons to be sacrifices upon the demon's altar of rebellion. Through his influence all the young men left the college and volunteered. All the young men of the town were driven from their homes by the pressure of public opinion to enter the ranks of the Southern army.

When our forces took possession of Western Tennessee, he fled with his family to Jackson, Mississippi; and was driven from this place of refuge farther East, when he entered the army as a Chaplain, and his family reduced from great opulence to destitution in search of their rights and the Confederacy. How true the declaration of the prophet,

“he feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say is there a lie in his right hand.” Truly such men have left off preaching Christ, and teach instead the commandments of men.

When our troops took possession of the place, Doctor Waddell was so indignant he refused to occupy his pulpit. Lieutenant McCarty, Provost Marshal, informed him by order that the church must be opened, and he must either preach himself, or he would have his pulpit filled. The Doctor then consented to preach, and the soldiers of the Union army crowded his house to its utmost capacity, and the Doctor was compelled to preach an excellent gospel sermon. The same kind of spiritual food he had been administering to the people of the South would not be very palatable to the Union soldier.

Doctor Grey, who was professor in the college, was a very different man — tall, straight and head as white as snow, which contributed much to his reverent appearance. He seemed one of the most heavenly-minded, devoted and spiritual men I ever met. It was refreshing to the Christian heart to hear him talk and preach. His mind seemed so imbued with heavenly things that he talked little about either the Union or the Confederacy. He had no slaves, consequently had little interest at stake. He had an only son, who was a young man of very high attainments and promised great usefulness, but very much to the pain and grief of the father he was induced to leave his home and break away from his parent, in whom his comfort and joy were centered, to enter the rebel army, when he was taken prisoner by our forces and sent North; his health was much impaired, so that he died in hospital. The sorrow-stricken father could scarcely bear up under the terrible shock and affliction.

Our stay at Lagrange was of short duration, but was attended with most healthful effect for the Union cause. Colonel Leggett had endeared himself to many of the people by his kind and gentlemanly treatment of the

citizens. Business began to grow active, and Northern sutlers soon filled the place with a large stock of goods.

Here we saw for the first time the cruel treatment spoken of by Abolition papers in the North, which we supposed were much exaggerated, but we now see it so fully realized that we conclude the one-half has never been told. It makes humanity startle, and man ashamed to claim kindred with the white race. I presume slavery is no worse here than elsewhere, the treatment of the slave no less merciful and more severe than in other places, but we happened to be so situated that we could see it in all its internal workings. I will not stir the heart of the reader by a recital of the dark and sickening treatment that fell under our observation.

When General Hurlbut had completed his mission to Holly Springs, he returned with his Division to Lagrange; we were ordered again to Grand Junction, where we remained between three and four weeks. In the meantime General Hurlbut marched his Division to Memphis. Our Brigade, composed of the Seventy-Eighth, Twentieth and Sixty-Eighth Ohio, remained alone on this outpost, several miles in front of our main lines. The enemy was all around us, but still we protected our communications, and had from forty to fifty wagons out daily gathering forage and cotton; the cars were busy night and day carrying away forage, cotton and Government stores. Our wagon trains, scouting and forage parties were out daily, and a lively trade was carried on with the people for miles around. The rebel army and guerillas began to thicken around us; General Leggett, in command of the Brigade, exercised every precaution and energy to strengthen his position and guard against an attack. He asked for one more battery, and Brigade, but not being granted, was ordered by General Grant to evacuate the post and march to Bolivar. General Leggett remonstrated, and urged the propriety of reinforcements, and holding the position. The rebels were still gathering and concentrating nearer in such

numbers as to make sure the capture of the Brigade, but the General, anticipating their designs, and ascertaining their position and numbers, gave the order to remove to Bolivar, Tennessee, twenty-two miles north of Grand Junction. Scarcely had our rear left the place till the rebel cavalry had possession of it, and captured a private of Company I, who having been on picket, stopped to drink a cup of coffee before he would march. Many citizens who had professed loyalty and great attachment to the national flag, and aversion to the rebel cause, were loud in their exclamations to "shoot the *damned* Yankees." About one hundred bales of cotton were left at the depot, which the rebel cavalry, like wolves, cut to pieces and applied the torch. They exulted over its burning as much as they would at the capture of the Brigade. After being posted at Bolivar, where they were encamped, sixteen regiments of Illinois infantry and several batteries of artillery, General Leggett with his Brigade, resumed his scouting and making reconnoissances through the country, teasing and tormenting the enemy. Wherever an encampment was heard of for miles around, the General was sure to be upon them, and in no case did they stand and make a fight. So much did General Leggett trouble them that Generals Jackson and Van Dorn offered a heavy reward for the person of General Leggett and any of his officers.

Nothing of a startling character occurred till the morning of August 30th. The time was spent principally in foraging, of which the country furnished a great abundance. Peaches, corn and sweet potatoes were brought in in great quantities, which contributed greatly to the health of the troops. There was but little sickness and but few deaths, during the months the troops remained at this place waiting the pleasure of the Government to make a forward movement.

The Division captured while here nearly one thousand mules and horses from rebels in the vicinity. The town is a county seat and beautiful in location and appearance,

containing a court-house, four churches, and some fine residences. The wealthiest citizen of the place is Major McNeal, who took the oath of allegiance and obtained a safe-guard for his property, which was the case of nearly all the citizens of the place. Major McNeal, in a few days after the attack of the rebels upon Bolivar, on the 30th of August, was sent North a prisoner. On the 28th he obtained a permit to pass our pickets and go into the country to look after the interest of his plantations and slaves, of which he had over three hundred, and over one thousand acres of land. In the fight on the 29th he was seen by those of our troops who had been taken prisoners equipped with sword and carbine, among the rebel cavalry, fighting against the Government to which he had sworn allegiance, and against the troops who were protecting his home. So certain was he that the rebels would gain possession of the place, that he had ordered his wife to have dinner ready for the officers of the rebel army. He is a good example of how much confidence can be placed in a wealthy rebel's loyalty and oath to the Government. After this his property was no longer respected. The timber and fencing, which previous to this had not been disturbed, were now all destroyed, being used for fire-wood by our troops.

The Methodist and Episcopal clergymen were also sent North as prisoners; they refused to take the oath of allegiance. It was thought that a sojourn in the North, which they had preached against with so much malignancy, would be good for them. One of our prisons would be a suitable place to correct their insanity, which had turned all their ideas of theology into rebellion. It is hoped they will return wiser and better men, and obtain some new stock ideas for sermons. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church took the oath of allegiance, and continued loyal to the end. He was therefore undisturbed in his administrations, and the soldiers gave him a well filled sanctuary every Sabbath.

On the morning of the 30th the peace and quiet of our camps were disturbed by the appearance of the enemy, who had been concentrating at Grand Junction preparatory to an attack upon the troops at Bolivar. The rebel force was commanded by Generals Price, Van Dorn and Armstrong. Some colored men, who have in all cases proved loyal, and friends to the Union army, came into camp, informing us that the rebels were in force and within five miles of Bolivar. General Leggett, in order to ascertain the truth of the matter, took the mule cavalry, which he had selected from the Seventy-Eighth and Twentieth Ohio, fifty in number, and had used them for scouting purposes; he also took companies E and C, of the Seventy-Eighth, and H and G, of the Twentieth Ohio, and started upon a reconnoissance. He had gone but a short distance beyond our picket lines till he met the enemy's advance. The mounted infantry dismounted and opened the fight; the rebels retreated slowly to their main force, our men vigorously following. Some of the Twentieth Ohio were killed, and several wounded of the Seventy-Eighth. Stopher, of Company H, severely. The two companies of the Seventy-Eighth deployed as skirmishers on the right of the road, the Twentieth on the left, and two companies of cavalry with the mounted infantry upon the road, but the mule cavalry, or mounted infantry, were afterwards sent to guard the flanks, and picket the road leading into the main thoroughfare to Bolivar. Here some of them were pursued by a large body of the enemy's cavalry, and came nearly being captured.

A messenger was dispatched to Bolivar for reinforcements; the Seventy-Eighth and Twentieth Ohio left with all possible dispatch, and hurried on the double-quick, but did not reach our advance in proper time for effective work. When the rebel skirmishers fell back to the main force, we had nothing but a thin skirmish line to oppose about four thousand men; they soon repulsed our cavalry, and a heavy column charged upon E and C, of the Seventy-Eighth, but

the heavy volleys from the Enfields checked the advance, and twenty were unhorsed the first volley. A heavy fence intervened, and in their attempt to cross it repeatedly, from eight to twenty volleys were poured into them, which caused them to abandon the effort and retreat, but they moved round upon the flank of the left, and charged upon the two companies of the Twentieth Ohio, who were posted in an open field, and surrounded them, taking nearly all prisoners. The two companies of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio were nearly surrounded, but by the dexterity of Colonel Wiles, then Captain of Company C, were saved by wading a swamp and passing through cornfields, piloted by one of the faithful colored men who was acquainted with all the ravines and places of retreat between that and Bolivar.

Toward evening companies E and C, supposed by all to be taken prisoners, returned to camp and were received with many cheers; only one was missing, and he returned next morning. All that night he lay concealed, the rebels passing near and around him frequently; he could hear their conversation, being not more than one rod distant from them; next morning the rebels had retreated, and nothing more was heard of them.

The following is the official report, which give the particulars of the affair in detail:

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL M. D. LEGGETT OF THE ENGAGEMENT NEAR BOLIVAR, AUGUST 30TH, 1862.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,)
BOLIVAR, TENN., September 1, 1862. }

COLONEL M. M. CROCKER, Commanding Post:

I have the honor to report that about 7 o'clock, A. M., of August 30th, I received from you orders to take a portion of my command, one section of the Ninth Indiana Battery, and two companies of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, and drive back a force of rebel cavalry, reported to be about four hundred strong, upon the Grand Junction Road and near our lines.

Colonel Force, of the Twentieth Ohio, having received information that a small rebel force was menacing our pickets, very properly took the responsibility in my absence of sending out two companies, under Major Fry of his command, to guard the lines and feel of the enemy. On arriving at my headquarters I immediately sent forty-five of my mounted infantry to support the two companies sent out by Colonel Force, and followed as rapidly as possible with the balance of the Twentieth Ohio, and three companies of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, leaving orders for the remainder of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio to be ready to march at a moment's notice. The cavalry and artillery had orders to meet me at the picket post on the Grand Junction road, but on arriving at that point I found that neither had got there. I left the infantry at that point under command of Colonel Force, to escort the artillery, when it should arrive. With my staff I pressed rapidly on to the front, to prevent if possible an engagement until my main force could come up.

When I reached the advance I found the two companies of the Twentieth Ohio and the mounted infantry deployed in a piece of woodland on the Van Buren road, about five and a-half miles from Bolivar, and briskly skirmishing with the enemy. I immediately discovered that we had been deceived as to the number of the rebels, and sent back for the balance of my command to come forward as rapidly as possible. Shortly afterward the two companies of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, under Major S. D. Peterbaugh, numbering in all forty men, came up.

The nature of the ground being such that cavalry could not be used, some twelve or fourteen of those who had carbines, dismounted and formed with the infantry. After driving the enemy steadily but slowly for three-fourths of a mile, I gained a position where I had a distinct view of the foe, and found that I was contending with a force of over six thousand, instead of three or four hundred. I then notified you of the fact, and asked for reinforcements,

which were promptly supplied—but the distance from camp being over six miles, it necessarily took several hours to get infantry reinforcements upon the ground. At this time I would have withdrawn my little force from the contest, having less than one man to twenty of the enemy, but the nature of the ground over which I would have been obliged to retreat was such that my force must have been annihilated, had I attempted to escape from such overwhelming numbers. *I had not men enough to retreat*, and consequently had no choice left but to fight until support could reach me. After we had been engaged about two hours, six companies of the Twentieth Ohio, under Colonel Force, came up, also two pieces of artillery under Lieutenant W. Hight, of the Ninth Indiana Battery. Two of these companies were immediately deployed to relieve the cavalry and mounted infantry, that they might be held in readiness to meet any flank movement of the enemy. There being no adequate support for the artillery, I dared not bring it into action, but sent it about a mile to the rear, to take a position at the junction of the Van Buren and Middleburg road, and await reinforcements. About noon I discovered that the enemy were making a determined effort to flank us upon the right, and get to our rear upon the Middleburg road. Leaving Colonel Force in command on the Van Buren road, I took the two companies of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry and my mounted infantry and passed over the Middleburg road, where we found the enemy advancing in large numbers. The infantry immediately dismounted and engaged the enemy with great vigor and determination, and after a desperate struggle of over an hour, drove them back. Just at the close of the struggle, Captain Chandler, of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, came upon the ground with the remaining two companies of the Twentieth Ohio, and two companies of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio. These four companies were at once deployed upon the right and left of the Middleburg road, and engaged the enemy's skirmishers.

The firing having ceased on the Van Buren road, I sent orders for Colonel Force to leave a sufficient guard to protect our left from a surprise, and bring the balance of his command to the Middleburg road, where it was evident that the enemy were organizing for the purpose of making a determined effort to break our lines, to reach our rear.

The infantry reinforcements had not arrived. The balance of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio was reported close by, but not near enough to support the artillery; hence it could not be used. At this moment Colonel Harvey Hogg, of the Second Illinois Cavalry, came up with orders from you to report to me upon the field, with four companies of his command. I immediately assigned him a position on the right of the road; but discovering that the enemy would probably make a cavalry charge upon us before Colonel Force could reach me from the Van Buren road, I asked Colonel Hogg if he could hold a position on the left of the road, and a little to the front of where he then was, against a charge from the rebel cavalry. He promptly said he could, and besought me to give him the position, which was done.

He had not completed his change of place before the enemy charged down the line of the road in vast numbers, but meeting the deadly fire of the four infantry companies under command of Captain Chandler, they were compelled to retreat, leaving many of their horses and men strewn upon the ground. They twice repeated their attempt to get possession of the road, and were both times repulsed by the companies under Captain Chandler. They then threw the fences and entered the field upon our left, and opened fire upon Colonel Hogg's cavalry and the two companies of the Twentieth Ohio, attached to Captain Chandler's command. The infantry and cavalry returned the fire briskly, and with terrible effect. I then discovered that a full regiment of cavalry was forming in the rear of those firing upon us, evidently with the determination of charging upon our cavalry, and that portion of the infantry on the left of the road. I said to Colonel Hogg, if

he had any doubt about holding his position, he had better fall back and not receive their charge. He promptly replied: "Colonel Leggett, for God's sake don't order me back!" I replied: "Meet them with a charge, Colonel, and may Heaven bless you." He immediately ordered his men to draw their sabres, and after giving the order "forward," he exclaimed: "Give them cold steel, boys!" and darting ahead of his men, he fell pierced with nine balls. The next instant the two maddened lines came together with a clash of arms sublimely terrible. The enemy wavered and gave partially away, but Colonel Hogg having fallen in full view of his men, and no other officer for the moment assuming command, our cavalry became partially disorganized and fell back a short distance, when Captain M. H. Musser, of Company F, Second Illinois Cavalry, took command and soon put them in shape for fighting again.

The struggle between the rebel cavalry and Companies G and K, of the Twentieth Ohio Infantry, who were deployed on the left of the Second Illinois Cavalry, was, if possible, still more determined and angry.

Our men engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy, and in fighting fifty times their own number, they displayed a determined, persistent courage seldom exhibited upon the battle-field.

Seven companies of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, under Major D. F. Carnahan, and Colonel Force's command from the Van Buren road, coming up at this time, they formed in line to support the artillery. I ordered a slow retreat of the advanced line and brought the enemy within range, when Lieutenant Hight, of the Ninth Indiana Battery, opened upon them with shot and shell, and caused them to break and disperse in great disorder.

Thus ended a contest of seven and a-half hours, in which less than nine hundred of our brave soldiers met, and drove from the field, over six thousand well officered and well armed rebels.

To make mention of all who distinguished themselves for courage and gallantry on the battle-field, would require the naming of every officer and man engaged. Every one did his full duty, more than could be reasonably asked. Not a man faced to the rear until he was ordered or carried back. Several fought after they were wounded, until the loss of blood rendered them unable to stand.

It would be unjust, however, not to mention Colonel M. F. Force, of the Twentieth Ohio, whose coolness and courage inspired all who saw him. Major Fry, of the Twentieth Ohio, who commanded the advance when the attack was first made in the morning, and was in the thickest of the fight all day. Lieutenant Ayres, of the Twentieth Ohio, and Lieutenant Munson, of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, who together commanded the mounted infantry, and without whose efforts we must have lost the day. Lieutenant Hills, Twentieth Ohio, displayed great energy and bravery in snatching our dead and wounded from the very hands of the enemy. Captain Kaga and Lieutenant Melick, of the Twentieth Ohio, for the adroit management of their companies and their indomitable courage. Captain Chandler, of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, whose coolness and bravery in maneuvering the four companies under his command were observable by all who saw him. Captain G. F. Wiles, Lieutenant W. W. McCarty, and Second Lieutenants Roberts and Scales, all of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, are deserving of the highest praise for their personal valor, and for their skill in extricating their companies when entirely surrounded by the enemy. Major S. D. Peterbaugh and Captain Otto Funke, of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry, were in the fight nearly all of the time, and exhibited great courage and gallantry. The Second Illinois Cavalry were on the field so short a time, I can only particularize their commander, the lamented Lieutenant-Colonel Hogg. A braver, truer man, never lifted his arm in defense of his country. He was brave to a fault,

and fell while leading one of the most gallant cavalry charges of the present war.

It is proper that I should make special mention of Adjutant E. N. Owen, Twentieth Ohio, and Adjutant H. S. Abbott, of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, who acted as my Aids-de-Camp during the day, and regardless of personal danger, frequently went through showers of bullets in executing their orders.

I may also say that the mounted infantry, or "mule cavalry," proved an entire success. They prevented the enemy from flanking us at least twice during the battle. They move with the celerity of cavalry, yet fight as infantry.

Our loss was five killed, eighteen wounded, and sixty-four missing. The enemy's loss was far greater, but as they were seen to pick up and carry to the rear their killed and wounded as fast as they fell, their loss is not known to us. It is reported over two hundred.

I enclose the reports of officers commanding regiments and detachments in the battle.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

M. D. LEGGETT,

Colonel Seventy-Eighth O. V. I., commanding 1st Brigade.

Previous to this time General Armstrong, with a cavalry force, had taken possession of the railroad between Bolivar and Jackson, and tore up much of the track, which cut us off from communication with the North. Robert Hanson, our mail carrier and postmaster, traveled on foot to Jackson, a distance of thirty miles, with the mail and messages to headquarters. He was compelled to travel through swamps, and conceal himself in corn fields, to escape and to avoid the enemy. He traveled the whole distance in the night, and returned with orders and mail the next day. The enemy was driven away severely punished, and the railroad was in a few days repaired.

General Price began to turn his attention toward Corinth, after his failure to make a successful attack upon Bolivar.

Our Division, under General Ross, was ordered to report at Corinth, to reinforce the garrison at that place. General Price had concentrated his army at Iuka, twenty-eight miles east of Corinth. We arrived at Corinth at midnight, and next morning encamped about three miles east of the town. We pitched tents and worked hard all day to put camp in order, and to await General Price's arrival. By sun-down we had got all things in good order, and all felt happy in the prospect of a comfortable night's rest and sleep, which the men much needed, having enjoyed neither for three nights: but in the midst of our camp amusements and heightened enjoyments, an order was received requiring us to report at the railroad in one hour, and embark upon the cars and proceed to Burnsville, and hold the place at all hazards until reinforcements would arrive. The train that evening, near that place, had been captured and burned by the enemy. We were soon off, and arrived at the place, where we rested till morning, sleeping sweetly upon the earth without shelter, under a heavy, continuous rain, which abated little till the evening of the next day.

That day we moved forward to the next station, where our army was concentrating to meet General Price, or attack him and bring him to a fight. General Rosecrans with his Division in the meantime had gone round upon the right flank to cut off Price's retreat, and make an attack upon his rear, while we would attack him in front. The day was very disagreeable, so that little could be done by way of a forward movement. Colonel Force, with the Twentieth Ohio, made a reconnoissance and drove the pickets of the enemy within three miles of Iuka.

That night the Seventy-Eighth Ohio were ordered out on picket, which made the fifth night that the regiment had been on duty, and enjoying but little sleep and rest. The next morning was clear and pleasant. The rain had subsided, and all things were put in readiness for an immediate movement upon the enemy.

The Brigade commanded by General Leggett moved in the advance. We advanced but two miles till we encountered the enemy's pickets and out-posts, eight miles this side of Iuka. About five o'clock in the evening we advanced to within a short distance of the town, capturing their inner posts and a small encampment. Here an extensive swamp intervened, through which there was but one road that troops could pass. This was strongly protected by infantry and artillery, and to attempt crossing that night, and bring on a general engagement, was impracticable. Defenses were thrown up, and our men rested on their arms during the night, waiting the arrival of the remainder of the troops and artillery, which kept pouring in nearly all night.

Next morning, after a cup of coffee and a few wormy crackers, the troops, under command of General Ord, our Brigade in front, advanced. Our skirmishers entered the swamp and steadily moved across, but encountered no enemy. They had left a few hours before day.

The troops crossed and pushed on by a quick march to the town, but to our astonishment the wary Price had escaped with his whole army, having cut through General Rosecrans' Division the evening previous. In this effort very severe fighting occurred. Rosecrans' force suffered very severely, being overpowered by five times his number; but gallantly did they sustain themselves against the attack of the rebels, upon whom they inflicted great loss. The wounded were being brought in to Iuka when we reached the place.

Here we rested till noon in the deserted camps of the enemy. The situation of the town is beautiful, and the place was before the war one of wealth and comfort. Here the wealthy resorted during months of vacation for pleasure. It is celebrated for its fine springs of water, of which there were several varieties, cool and pleasant, warm and sulphurous. The town contained many large and beautiful residences, but now presenting the evidences of the sad deso-

lations of war. The homes of wealth and comfort, where the youth sported in princely grandeur, are deserted and shattered under the tramp of contending armies.

At noon an order came by telegraph for the Division from Bolivar to return that night to Corinth. It was now about 3 P. M., and a march of nearly thirty miles was not very comforting to troops who had been on duty night and day for nearly two weeks. The rumor was current that General Breckinridge was moving upon Corinth with a heavy force, if possible to capture it before the troops would return from Iuka. We immediately about-faced, and marched twelve miles that evening. We rested till daylight, when the regiment started for Corinth, marching about eighteen miles in less than five hours. We encamped in the same place we left a few evenings before, tired and nearly exhausted for want of rest and sleep. The men went to the stream and washed, and put themselves in order to enjoy a few days rest; this being promised them by General Grant, provided the enemy were willing. The idea of a week's rest was inspiring to us under such circumstances, but such comfort was short-lived. Just as we had finished dinner an order came for General Leggett's Brigade to report at the depot without delay, and go by cars to Bolivar, Tenn., leaving transportation to follow. Bolivar was then nearly surrounded by the enemy, and fighting had already commenced. In a short time we were on the way, and arrived at Bolivar about midnight, and found all quiet. The enemy in force were within five miles of the place, intending to make a vigorous attack in the morning, but the news of reinforcements reached them, and therefore they left for parts unknown.

The next day our camp equipage arrived, and we pitched tents in a beautiful grove, and enjoyed the rest that General Grant promised us. After the battle of the 30th of August, General Hurlbut's Division was ordered from Memphis to Bolivar, which increased our force at this place, and relieved us of much duty. The regiment spent

much of its time in drill, in which it became very thorough, under Colonel Wiles, who soon became noted for one of the best drilled officers in the service. I feel assured, from extensive observation, he could not be surpassed.

The people in this community are now beginning to feel the effects of war. Many are becoming impoverished, and experience destitution in all the necessary demands of physical life; consequently trains go daily loaded with refugees North. The depot is crowded with men, women and children, who have fled from the tyranny of proscription, and the uncomfortable prospect of starvation. The poor and the non-slaveholding go North, the oligarchy South. Society is broken up, the men having entered the rebel army, and the women crowd together, consolidating homes, to unitedly struggle with destitution and hopeless prospects. Slavery, the great pillar of Southern society and all enterprise, is beginning to tremble, and with it must fall the whole fabric of social, spiritual and political economy. It decides the status of human society; it supports the Southern Church, which ceases here to be universal, but local and peculiar to itself; its religion extends not beyond the peculiar institution. The negro with his cotton, is king, and holds absolute control of Southern destiny. This forms the great educational force of the people, who are as devoted to it as the Hindoo to Vishnu. Slavery is connected with all their thoughts and identified with all their interests. The rebellion is one of its most direct results, and to suppress the rebellion without interfering with slavery, is an absurdity which would be only taking the effect and leaving the cause. It would be as possible to obliterate every feeling of independence and freedom from the people of the North, as to make a loyal people in the South, leaving the institution of slavery undisturbed. You cannot render nugatory its effects by any teachings, compromises, or by any principles of mental

science. As well make a mocking-bird out of a moccasin snake, or make the substance of opposite affinities unite.

From this arises the wisdom of the Emancipation Proclamation, which was the key that turned all our efforts into success, and opened the doors of victory and complete success to our arms.

THE MOVEMENT INTO MISSISSIPPI

BY GENERAL GRANT, WITH SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND MEN — GENERAL PRICE EVACUATES ALL HIS STRONG POSITIONS AND RETREATS TO JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI — GENERAL GRANT'S COMMUNICATIONS CUT AT HOLLY SPRINGS, AND HIS SUPPLIES DESTROYED — HE RETREATS WITH HIS ARMY TO MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

General Logan takes command of the Third Division, who remains in command till after the siege of Vicksburg, when he was appointed to the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps, and before the close of the war assumed command of the Army of Tennessee.

Before the war he was a member of Congress from Southern Illinois, and one of the most influential leaders of the Democratic party in that part of the State. Upon the adjournment of Congress in 1861, Hon. John A. Logan returned home and immediately volunteered in the service of his country. After he had done all that human power could honorably do by way of compromising and settling the difficulties, in order to stay the rising rebellion, he told his Southern comrades in Congress, that since they had determined to settle the matter with the sword, he accepted the challenge and would meet them on the battle-field. This declaration he truly and nobly sustained.

His name was a host upon the battle-field. He had a facility of inspiring his troops with a courage and energy unsurpassed. No General has done better fighting, nor engaged in heavier or severer battles. He was always victorious. He would always be seen in the thickest of the fight on horseback, hat in hand, leading his Division forward.

When he returned to his home from the halls of Congress he told his friends: "I will never sheath my sword for courtly halls or civil honors, until my country is saved from the bloody tornado that is desolating the fairest land on earth — never until the old flag floats in triumph from every hill top on Columbia's soil."

When the party opposed to the war made every effort to have him take sides with them and against the war, he tells them:

"Party lines and partisan feelings should be swallowed up in patriotism. I must say that I deeply regret to see men in Illinois forget their country for their party. While your brothers are falling in your country's service like leaves of autumn before the wintry blast; while their bodies lay bleaching beneath the summer sun: while the nation is suffering throes of agony and crying for help, you are wrangling over conventions and candidates.

"In the name of God, fellow-citizens, cease this clamor. Turn politics over to old men and women, and rally like true soldiers to the standard of your country. I was once a politician, but so help me God, I will never sheath my sword till my country is saved and the rebellion ended. These are my politics, and indeed I am surprised to find men talking of anything else.

"Your country calls for aid, and it needs it now. It will accept voluntary assistance if it can get it. If not, men will be forced into the ranks. There are many reasons why men do not go to war, and very few reasons why some men should not go.

“But there are some who say, ‘I can’t go; this is a war to free the niggers.’ This charge is not worth attention; but, although no such object is contemplated in the prosecution of the war, yet the negroes are getting free pretty fast. It is not done by the army, but they are freeing themselves; and if this war continues long, not a slave will be left in the whole South. Now let me say to those who are anxious about the interest of slavery, if you wish slavery to continue, join the army and help us whip out the rebels quick, and there will probably be a few old stumps left; if not, then slavery must go.

“Now, my principles on this question are, if the master is engaged in the attempt to overthrow this Government, take the lives of our people, and desolate our homes, and the slaves get free, it’s none of my business. It is a family quarrel in which I shall not interfere. If the question was presented me as to which should live, the Union or slavery, I would say, the Union to my last breath. The Union is worth everything. If the sacrifice of a million of men was necessary to the salvation of this government, and nothing else would save it, and I was the arbiter of its destinies, I would consign the million to death—and die with them.

“I am for a vigorous prosecution of this war. To do this we must have men, and thousands of them. If necessary I would call out every able bodied man in the loyal States—turn the Government over to our mothers, wives and daughters. I would give those who wanted to go an opportunity, and those who did not want to go, I would make an opportunity for them; I would make them fight for the Government. I would stretch the army from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and with fixed bayonets and solid phalanx I would give the order “Forward March !” to the Gulf of Mexico. Every man I met, who was willing to fight for the Government, I would place a musket in his hands, let him fall into ranks; and to every one who did not, I would give the order, “double-quick time, march !” I would drive

every one of them before me; those who would not submit, when we reached the Southern boundary line, I would pitch head and heels into the Gulf.

"The man who fails to lend his influence and energies in this crisis, who lingers while liberty bleeds, is worthy a traitor's doom. It is a struggle between Republicanism and anarchy. It is too late now to inquire into the causes that brought on the war—the day of compromise has long since ended, it is with the sword, the bullet, and the bayonet that this national difficulty is to be settled. We have a cunning and a powerful foe with which to contend—he is in fearful earnest, and has been all the while; the die is cast, the Government must be preserved. It may cost millions of blood and treasure, but we must conquer."

The regiment with the Third Division under General Logan left Bolivar the third of November. Nearly two hundred volunteer recruits had been added to the regiment a few days previous. The war begins to assume greater earnestness on the part of the Union army; rebel property is no longer guarded, and the opposite extreme is reached. Almost every thing is destroyed. The march from Bolivar to Lagrange, a distance of twenty-six miles, was very destructive; the beautiful country with its rich and well improved plantations was swept by storms of fire.

The march of the different columns could be seen for miles and their comparative advance determined by the clouds of smoke darkening the horizon; an officer who would express any disapproval, was regarded as a rebel sympathiser or tender footed, and desirous of prolonging the war. The Seventy-Eighth, I am proud to say, inflicted less vandalism through the part of the country it marched than others, but it was evident that men were not displeased, but give manifestations of delight when they gazed upon the burning plantations. The exclamations would pass along the ranks, "that's right," "good for them," let them know that the Yankees are coming. The Corinth forces upon our left, laid the country waste over which they marched. The

Memphis forces on the right, were no less severe. Such punishment may be justly deserved, but I cannot help feelings of regret and disapproval. It is an unnecessary waste and destruction of property, and had I the power I would command forbear. It is demoralizing to the soldier.

The health of the regiment is good, all are ready and anxious for the march. The soldiers are earnest and willing to undergo any toil, trial, and danger that will give success to our arms and victory over rebellion. The regiment marched as far as Lagrange, where the army halted, for some days. The season was pleasant and the situation comfortable and cheerful; much time here was spent in both regimental and brigade drill.

The following correspondence to the Morgan Herald, by Captain A. A. Adair, we give as further history of the regiment at this place:

We left our camp on Monday morning, November 2d, and were formed in line, on the road leading to Grand Junction, where we were necessitated to remain two or three hours before we got into motion: but the advance was finally made, and we are off for the interior of Dixie, with blanket and haversack, hoping to get a chance to meet or come up with Price and his swift running cohorts and army, that would rather run than fight.

This being the third time the Seventy-Eighth had entered upon its march to the Junction, we thought surely it would be the charm. The roads were terribly dusty, but that made no difference, and we pulled up and encamped for the first night, about two miles south of Van Buren, where we had abundance of good chestnut rails for fires, making the best of that night. After breakfast was over, we soon put out again on our march. The First Tennessee Cavalry (Union) in the advance; and of course they are acquainted in these parts, and know well who are secesh, and who are not, but as nearly all are the former, you may easily imagine how property had to suffer. The fences along the roads were all in flames, which were sometimes difficult to

pass. At one place an old rebel had his wenchies out tearing down the rails, making an effort to extinguish the flames. All his bucks I presume had run away, and left the glory of servitude. On the next plantation not only the fencing, but a fine dwelling, costing twenty thousand dollars, was wrapped in flames, the rebel women having only time to get out that indispensable article in southern chivalry, the piano. I suppose our cavalry wanted them to console themselves "Hard Times," or something after the same sort. The old man had ran off in search of his rights, leaving the women and children to the vandals. The voice of approval was heard to pass along our lines, that is right, destroy everything they have got, and then their war will end, and not till then. This thing of guarding rebel property, when the owner is in the field fighting us, is played out. This is the sentiment of every private soldier in the army.

Our second day's march brought us within half a mile of Lagrange where we bivouaced for the night, but as usual Company E. had to go on picket; we were posted about four hundred yards behind the regiment and inside of other forces. Therefore not being in a very dangerous "posish" we built big fires of rebel rails (which always seem to burn better than Union rails) along our posts. It is reported that our advance drove out of this place about five thousand of the invincible chivalry, and had a skirmish with them at Davis' Mills, which might have been considerable of a fight had the rebels stood their ground.

On Wednesday morning the Seventy-Eighth Ohio and Thirty-First Illinois, and a detachment of the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, with a section of artillery went out on a reconnoissance on the Semerville road. We halted about eight miles out, planted the artillery and put out pickets, while the cavalry went ahead to see about the rebels. They returned in two or three hours with three butternuts, being the result of the trip. Finding no enemy there except the women we started back, and got into camp about dark. When we got inside of our encampments, marching through them to our

own, the question was asked at every rod, what regiment? The answer was given again and again, "Seventy-Eighth" Ohio. One fellow when receiving this answer responds in a courteous manner, "damn the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, it is every where."

On these marches and scouts persimmons and grapes have to suffer. Sweet potatoes and apples are about played out in this country. In places where our army has been encamped a few days it is surprising how all good things disappear.

The first night of our arrival here, before guards had been posted, the boys went for every thing in the eating line; for they were out of rations and there was no chance to get any till they came from Bolivar. Fresh beef and dead hogs were in good demand.

The Twentieth, Sixty-Eighth and Seventy-Eighth Ohio and Twenty-Third Indiana, constitute the Brigade, commanded by Colonel M. D. Leggett. Since the arrival of the new recruits our regiment numbers about eight hundred men. In these parts it is regarded a number one regiment. An order from the War Department was read on dress parade last evening, to the effect that our transportation had to be cut down to four wagons to the regiment, and that our large tents would be turned over to the Quartermaster, and small ones issued in their stead, such as we can carry on our backs. The tents will be just large enough to hold two persons, one to carry the tent, the other the poles, all strapped to the knapsack. What do you think of that? Oh, it is hard times! and would this cruel war were over.

CAMP NEAR LAGRANGE, TENNESSEE, }
November 27th, 1862. }

MR. EDITOR:—As we are on the eve of leaving our pleasant camp, having been ordered to cook three days' rations, and be ready to march by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I thought it best to let you and your readers know of the fact. Although we don't know where we are going to, yet our destination is supposed to be South,

probably Holly Springs, as two days' rations will just do us to that place; the distance being twenty-four miles from Lagrange. As our transportation has been cut down to one wagon for two companies; an order was read on dress-parade last evening, for the officers to see that the contents of every knapsack was reduced to as little as possible.

I wouldn't be surprised if by to-morrow morning we would find it either raining or snowing, for this evening it is cold and blustering, and has the appearance of being a very disagreeable time on our march, which is about the case. But we will make the best of it, and go forth to meet the rebel clique with brave hearts and willing hands, looking to the God of battles for victory to crown our efforts. If it should be our lot to get into an engagement, you may expect to hear the Second Brigade, Third Division, doing good service; and especially the old Seventy-Eighth.

Since I last wrote you, nothing of great note has transpired, although there has been several sharp skirmishes resulting in but very little loss to both sides. There was a squad of southern gentry brought in a few days ago, among whom was a rebel Major, that was captured at the great battle of Fort Donelson, but I suppose had since been exchanged. He was recognized by Lieutenant Owen, formerly of the Twentieth Ohio, but now acting Assistant Adjutant-General of our Brigade, who happened to be in town on their arrival. Lieutenant Owen accompanied the old Fort Donelson prisoners to Chicago, and of course, had the chance of making the acquaintance of several. No doubt the gentleman is now whiling away his hours in a Northern city, perhaps Alton, Illinois.

Our Brigade has undergone a change since my last. The Twenty-Third Indiana has been transferred to the First Brigade, and the Thirtieth Illinois put in its stead. The Thirtieth was with the Seventy-Eighth at the time of the capture of Jackson, and the first march to Lagrange, and is considered a good regiment. The staff of the

Second Brigade is composed as follows: Colonel M. D. Leggett, Seventy-Eighth Ohio, commanding Brigade. E. N. Owen, Twentieth Ohio, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant J. C. Douglass, Brigade-Quartermaster; Adjutant Hill, Twentieth Ohio, Brigade Surgeon; J. L. Gleason, Twenty-Third Indiana, Aid. But as the Twenty-Third has been transferred, I suppose he will be removed, and some one else appointed in his place; Lieutenant Roberts, Seventy-Eight Ohio, Aid. Lieutenant R. is known by most of your readers, and makes an efficient officer; and in his absence from us, Company E loses a good Lieutenant, and a good fellow.

The boys are all busy cooking rations, and getting ready for the march. It would be quite a sight for most of your readers if they could see a regiment, on the eve of a march, flying around, getting all things ready, and seeing that we have plenty to eat, which is the most essential thing on a march. And each one has to look out for No. 1, or he will be left in the lurch. We have all been fitted out with clothing, knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, &c., and have seen everybody we want to see except the Paymaster, who is behind hand considerably, and there is no prospect of him making his appearance very soon. All the kind of currency we have is Sautler chips, which are circulated pretty profusely; all the sutlers in the Brigade taking each other's tickets. In consequence of having no other money, we are at a loss to buy the newspapers, which come through our camp every day. When offering the chips for papers the reply is, "They are played out," which is the case when any other can be had.

The health of our regiment is good, generally speaking, but for Company E I can testify for certainty; only one being sick and he is fast recovering, which I think is good considering the season—Company F buried two last week; and yesterday Company H one. The weather we are having now is rather curious, the days being warm and the nights very cold, which you know is apt to bring on sickness.

Our Brigade, as well as the other Brigades in the Division, were reviewed on last Monday by General Grant, in company with McPherson and Logan. It was short, but he seemed well pleased with the troops. On the ground were several of the Northern fair sex, who attracted a great deal of attention; it is not often we soldiers get a chance to see them, but I thought they looked natural. There were also quite a number of correspondents on the ground, taking notes of things that passed. If your readers wish to get a fuller description than I can give, they can probably do so by getting the Commercial or Chicago Tribune, as they both have correspondents traveling with this command. Good bye.

Yours truly,

Tyro.

CAMP NEAR OXFORD, MISS., Dec. 8, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—As I was interrupted while writing a communication to you at Holly Springs, by the startling words, “fall in!” and having a little leisure time now, I will try and finish it. Whenever the bugle sounds to “fall in,” everything has to be stopped, and everybody in line as quick as possible, for there is no telling how soon we will be needed.

Well, the morning we left Lagrange, which was the 28th ult., old Sol was shining forth in all his splendor, and every one seemed to be in good spirits at the prospect of a forward movement South. It was some time before the army could get in motion, we having to stand and lie around nearly all day before we could get under way. We had only got three miles from our camp at 4 P. M. The reason of our delay was, I believe, that General Hamilton's forces from the Junction were to come in ahead and take the advance, but were too late in starting, and we had to keep back until they passed.

When we got fully under way we went it like troopers, having good roads to travel. We passed the Mississippi line at dark, but had to travel on until about 9 o'clock

before we could find water, so we could encamp. Water in some places is very scarce, the inhabitants having to haul it two and three miles in barrels. It was fully 10 o'clock before we got settled so as to get our "grub" and beds ready. That night was the first we passed within our little shelter tents, they having been issued out to us the morning we started. In some instances they might be considered a good institution, and again they might be considered worthless. I don't think the inventor was blessed with an overplus of brains, or he would have got up a little better thing. They consist of two pieces of heavy canvas, made so as to fasten at either side or end, (that is, they have buttons all over them,) but six men generally bunk together, so that both ends can be closed. Each man carries a half tent and pole, which is about the size of a broom-stick. The trouble is, they are too small; but the principal objection is, we have to carry them. I have often heard of people in the olden times taking up their beds and walking, but I never heard of people walking with their houses on their backs until we had it to do ourselves.

We were routed out early next morning to proceed, but could only get a short distance until we were delayed as on yesterday. We contented ourselves this time by cracking hickory nuts, which appear to be very plenty down here. But we soon commenced moving, and didn't have to stop again until we got to Coldwater, eighteen miles from Lagrange, where we found plenty of good water. Hudsonville is a little town one and a-half miles from Coldwater, and was perfectly deserted with the exception of a negro woman.

Part of the troops moved on to Holly Springs that night, but our Division remained until morning, when we had to put out, carrying knapsack, horse and everything else we use. When other troops would ask our regiment, they would get the reply, "We are in the Quartermaster's Department; we have turned over all the mules, and carry the load ourselves."

We heard the first cannonading about 11 o'clock Sunday morning, when within two miles of Holly Springs. It was said to be the rebels throwing shell at our advance from their fortifications on the Tallahatchie, but they did no harm. We entered Holly Springs about 2 P. M., with our colors unfurled to Southern breezes, and the drums beating to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," which made them open their eyes. As it was Sunday, we got a chance to see some of the fair sex, on their way to and from church, but they all turned a snappy lip to us, and seemed to think we Yankees had no right to come down and disturb their peaceful homes.

Holly Springs appears to have been at one time a place of a good deal of wealth, and I should judge it contained, before the war, three or four thousand inhabitants; but now, I suppose there is not three hundred. We encamped about half a mile from town. While here I heard there were three hundred prisoners, and two pieces of cannon brought in. We found a good many sick secesh here, but they were taken care of. That night we had a heavy rain, and the most of our tents stood it first rate.

The first of December came in a pretty cold day; but, nevertheless, we got orders to be on hand and proceed on our journey.

The further down we get, the country and roads appear to get worse. We traveled to-day, about eight miles, to a place called Waterford, where we had to wait for a Division to go out before we could encamp; keeping us standing around in the cold two or three hours. We were called up at day-light next day, to proceed. We had not more than got started when it commenced raining, and continued all day. We got within a mile and a-half of the river, when we had to lie over and wait until the bridge (which the rebels had destroyed) could be repaired. Here we were in sight of their first fortifications, which they abandoned on Sunday night, not getting them entirely finished. There is one consolation we have in stopping so

often, and that is, there is plenty of fresh meat in these parts.

We thought that by daylight next morning we would be able to cross the river, but it was fully noon before we got over, having to go around a big swamp. Their main fortifications were on the banks of the river, and appeared to be very formidable. When they leave places like this, you may bet they will not stand anywhere. They say the reason they left was that Steele was coming in their rear and cutting off their supplies, and that they couldn't stand. From the river we only went about three miles until we camped, to await the arrival of our train, which had not yet got over the river. Here our camp was in sight of Abbeville, a station on the railroad, and at which place the rebels had burned the depot containing a lot of clothing, provisions, etc. They had all been newly clothed lately, but were badly in want of shoes, which they say they cannot get. I was told by a lady that they had been encamped around there since about the 18th of last June, when Villipigue's Division came there.

When we left Waterford we were ordered to leave our knapsacks behind, to be hauled by the teams, taking only our tents and blankets. At Abbeville we remained two days in consequence of our teams not coming up. When our things came they were mussed up in every kind of shape, a great many not being able to find their knapsacks, your humble servant being one of that number, which, I suppose, will be a total loss. Consequently you can't think hard of me for not writing very often, as my portfolio is gone to the "spad-weasels." Here, as well as before, we found fresh meat in abundance. It rained nearly all the time we were there.

We left Abbeville about 6 o'clock on Friday morning for Oxford, a distance of eleven miles, which we reached about 4 P. M., through one of the muddiest roads that ever was traveled. But there was a strife gotten up between Quimby's Division and ours, to see which would get there

first; General Grant promising the advance in future to the Division that reached Oxford first, and of course we won the laurels. But it was done by some awful hard marching. They had one side of the road and we the other, and it was "nip and tug" all the way, except about two miles, when they commenced lagging behind. Some of the officers had a pretty warm time, such as drawing revolvers on each other, etc., but no serious damage was done.

We are now encamped about a mile from Oxford, in the woods, but are clearing it out as fast as we need wood. Oxford, I think, is the prettiest little place I have seen in the South. It is a place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and everything appears to be kept so neat and clean. We are now about fifty-five miles from Lagrange, and by New Year's you may expect to hear of our being in Jackson. We have received no papers now for over a week, although we get our mail every two or three days.

We have quite a joke on some of our Company E boys Yesterday six of them went out "jayhawking," when the cavalry caught them and brought them to headquarters, where they were put under arrest, when they were finally released and told they should learn a lesson by this. I mention no names.

As a general thing, the boys have stood the march first-rate, with the exception of a few sore feet, and eating a little too much fresh meat. We are all in good spirits, anxiously awaiting orders to proceed; but I don't think we will leave until the cars get to running down here. They are running as far as Holly Springs now, and as the bridge across the Tallahatchie was only partially destroyed, I think it will not be long until they get down this far.

I will try and keep you posted in regard to our movements as best I can. Yours, truly,

Typo.

WATER VALLEY, MISS., Dec. 22, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:—Our changes are so sudden and frequent that when we commence a letter we know not where we

may finish it. When we awake in the morning the question naturally presents itself, where will we sleep the next night? When we lie down, where may morning find us?

We left the Yocknapatafa river on the 18th, about 2 P. M.; advanced three and a-half miles and encamped that night. And next day the boys worked hard to make their camp pleasant, clearing off the ground and putting their tents in the most comfortable manner the circumstances would permit. About sundown all were expressing their delight that everything was in good order, and comfortably fixed for a cozy, happy night's rest. Here and there lay a quarter of beef, a hog or sheep, which the boys had confiscated, and expected to enjoy an extraordinary supper and breakfast. But before supper was cooked, an order came to move camp immediately. Twenty minutes were given to strike tents and pack up, which was done, and we were off on our march without supper.

We encamped that night at Water Valley, or rather that morning. Our Brigade, as usual, is selected for these sudden moves, and for outpost duty. This is imposed upon us in consequence of being under Illinois power. This Brigade is now six or eight miles in advance of the other Brigades of our Division; which subjects us to much heavy duty, such as repairing the roads, heavy picket duty, and great vigilance to guard against surprise. We are to be up every morning, and in line of battle at 5 A. M., and stand thus till after sunrise. But we soon get to enjoy this rather than shun it; and are glad that it is in the sunny South, where we do not freeze.

The Seventy-Eighth are encamped on a lot owned by a school teacher, who has his little school room a few rods from his humble dwelling. His room we have converted into a hospital; and are treating the owner and family kindly on account of his impoverished condition. His little children are crying for bread, and eat our crackers with the utmost gratification and palatable relish. They have, by great exertion, procured one meal per day.

He professes to be a strong Union man, but thinks the war, on the part of the North, is for Abolition purposes, which he sustained by certain Democratic papers in the North. When I told him the light in which these papers were viewed, the motives which animated them, and how they were regarded by the people, he confessed to have formed altogether wrong conceptions of the spirit and power of the North. He is most agreeably disappointed in regard to the character of our army; never having been in the North, and never acquainted with the Northern people, he is happy to find that they are not the unprincipled vandals and ruffians that he supposed; and that we infinitely stand above the Southern soldier, in every manly trait. The great mistake that the mass of the people here, and in all the South, make, is, they have not regarded the war on their part as a war of rebellion, but one of defense. It is remarkable what strange, inconsistent opinions they have formed and been taught in reference to the war; and when we meet a good, honest-hearted man, who is content to live and do just as his ancestors did, who thinks little for himself, and does not believe that the world moves, or that society is progressive, or that the earth revolves on its axis, and its revolution around the sun as a common center of a system of worlds, is an Abolition lie, or a Yankee infidelity. When we converse with such, with what astonishment they seem to regard and receive our views of the war. It reminded me much of talking to Sabbath School children—telling them interesting anecdotes.

We learned last evening that rebel cavalry had taken possession of Holly Springs, capturing two regiments stationed there, and burning all our stores of provisions; also destroying much of the railroad. We may feel this loss and misfortune severely, for the want of provisions and rations, unless the road is again repaired in a few days. The idea of leaving two regiments to protect a place like Holly Springs, and the immense amount of stores accumu-

lated there, as a general depot for our army, is preposterous, and shows a great want of generalship somewhere; and some one—I need not say who—should be held responsible for such a military mistake and blunder.

It is a great mistake, and our people should by this time have learned it, that these important posts should not be protected by new regiments. These places need the best troops in the service, and the oldest regiments should be put there. The whole thing is done to gratify ambitious men, to open the avenue as wide as possible to aspirants, who are in the service solely for selfish purposes; consequently new regiments in this department are regarded and spoken of as of little account. Everything is done to make as little use of them as possible. The officers of an old regiment will scarcely condescend to treat the officers of a new regiment with common military courtesy.

Halt! Here comes an order, which reads: “Move immediately with all camp and garrison equipage, wagons and ammunition in front.” Of course this means a backward movement. What is up is known only to headquarters. We soon shall ascertain.

DECEMBER 23.—We left Sabbath evening about dark, and arrived at Oxford Monday noon. A distance of twenty miles was marched in that short space of time, halting a few hours only during the night. As far as we can learn, our destination is Memphis, for which place we will start in the morning. It becomes necessary to pursue a new line of operations, making the Mississippi river the basis.

To-day, while remaining at this place, I made a visit to the Mississippi University, the most extensive and distinguished institution of learning in the South. There are eight large brick buildings, and four dwellings for the professors, in all twelve, situated in a pentagonal grove of about twenty-five acres. I made the acquaintance of Professor Quinche, a graduate of Marietta (Ohio) College, and formerly a resident of Galena, Ill. And strange as it may seem, he is an ardent and devoted secessionist. I spent

nearly all the forenoon with him in passing through the different departments. The library is small, containing 5,000 volumes; some choice ancient works from England. The cabinet is the most extensive, and said to be unsurpassed in the United States. It consists of a rich collection of marine, terrestrial, fluvatile shells, and is the result of twenty-five years labor and experience, purchased by Dr. D. W. Budd, of New York city. It contains over four hundred genera, and upward of five thousand species, and more than twenty thousand individual shells, many of which have never been described in works on conchology. The mineral collection, purchased by Mr. Francis Markoe, of Washington City, is inferior to none in the world. It contains a large number of rocks, minerals and fossils from different parts of the world. The chemical department is equally extensive, containing many of the largest apparatus in the world, purchased in Germany at a cost of over \$100,000. The astronomical department is a large building, containing a large tower, with a moveable turret and telescope, costing ten thousand dollars in the city of Boston.

Frederick A. P. Barnard, L.L.D., is President of the institution. Being from Massachusetts, he left as soon as the State seceded. Three other professors broke for the North; two went into the Confederate service, and left the institution without students, and but one professor. Out of a class of twenty-eight seniors, in 1861, all save one are in the Confederate army.

The University is established upon a grant of land consisting of thirty-six sections, made by Congress to the State of Mississippi, in 1819. The land was leased for many years, and afterward sold to the highest bidder for a million of dollars, which forms the endowment of the institution. For one year it has been a general hospital for the rebel army, containing at one time eighteen hundred patients. In a new made grave-yard there are seven hundred rebel soldiers buried. All grave-yards we passed on our marches seemed to be filled with fresh graves. What a

startling record of mortality will the years 1861 and 1862 mark in this country! How it admonishes the student of prophecy that the time is near; a time of the most startling developments and astounding events that have ever occurred in the Christian Era.

Preceding the fulfillment of remarkable prophecies, a short period of the most fearful mortality is set forth vividly, by both Jewish and Christian writers. The impress of God's doings in the world, and his dealings with nations, seem to be resting upon the minds of great men, and shaking the political pillars of Government. "Watchman, what of the night?" is asked and echoed from heart to heart, deeply anxious to know the signs of the times. God is shaking and will shake political thrones till kings and rulers learn that they are under His power, and that He reigns upon the political throne as well as in his spiritual kingdom.

We have just received an order to be ready to march at daybreak. On our backward march to this place we burned every bridge and trestle-work, great and small, upon the railroad. Our Brigade has been ten miles farther South than other troops, except the cavalry. The Seventy-Eighth regiment does more guard duty, more fatigue duty, and heavier marches than other regiments in the service. We are dashed about here and there and everywhere, upon hurly-burly, foolish expeditions, so that it is a wonder we have a man left for duty.

All Company E will be able to march with us to-morrow except three—two Bowers', new recruits sick with fever, and John W. Garrett with small-pox. They were sent to the general hospital at Holly Springs. The regiment has been exposed at different times to small-pox, and nearly one dozen cases have been already sent away.

We are in utter darkness as to what is going on in the world, especially in regard to the war. We receive no papers. All is perplexity, doubt and rumor. The weather has been warm and pleasant. To-night there are unmis-

takable signs that we will have another few days rain and storm, which the soldier much dreads; we therefore anticipate a few days of hardships and discomforts.

Yours, etc.,

T. M. S.

The raid made by the rebels into Holly Springs was a terrible disaster to the place. The explosion of the magazine shook the city so violently as to break nearly all the windows, and left nearly all the fine, large public and business buildings a pile of ruins. The amount of sutler stores captured by the rebels was immense. The amount of city property destroyed was estimated by millions, but as it was rebel property destroyed by rebels, few regrets came from our army. The circumstance did much to awaken a Union feeling among the citizens. Our troops had impressed the people very favorably; no acts of violence or vandalism could be attributed to our soldiers; no citizens were disturbed in their peaceful pursuits; all were granted protection. The ladies occasionally manifested unkind feelings, and would frequently give an exhibition of malignant contempt, by insulting our soldiers, passing and re-passing their dwellings. Two soldiers, when on police duty, were one afternoon insulted by a couple of ladies of wealth, who put their heads out of the window and addressed them in words of ridicule and contempt, while the father was sitting in the door listening to it all, with no words of disapproval. The soldiers determined they would not tolerate it any longer, so about 10 o'clock they equipped themselves and proceeded to the above house, rapped at the door, when the old gentleman came down stairs in his night attire, and opened the door, when the soldiers immediately sprang in, telling the much alarmed man that their mission was for no offensive or harmful purpose, but purely a military and peaceful one, and therefore requested him to enter the parlor with them a few moments, which was done, and a light obtained; they proceeded to put the old man through nearly all the movements in military tactics. He plead with them to excuse him, but no entreaty or

reward could prevail. They gave him a gun, taught him the whole manual of arms, and then the common time around the room, and then through the facings and double-quick around the parlor, till he perspired freely. After about one hour's drill they dismissed him, telling him on to-morrow evening he would be called upon to repeat the same lesson with some additional movements, but suggested that if soldiers were treated with more respect by his daughters, for whose disrespect they held him responsible, the lesson might not be repeated, but hereafter be discontinued. They left the house, and the old man to sleep over his first lesson in military tactics. The young ladies in the meantime had become alarmed and fled to a neighbor's house, while the father was reciting his lesson. The next day the windows were kept closed and no ladies were either heard or seen.

The regiment and Brigade arrived at Davis' Mills January 7th, where one company of an Illinois regiment had been posted, and repulsed a few days previous a large force of rebel cavalry. Here we received mail and boxes from home, which were quite a welcome reception after the long wearisome march. The morning of the 8th all commenced to construct fortifications, which looked toward encamping for some time; but the morning of the 9th orders were received to march toward Memphis. Camp was soon broken up and the troops under way. Passing through Lagrange, marched five miles beyond and encamped for the night. Here it rained heavily all the night, making the roads almost impassable. The morning of the 10th we marched to Moscow, where we remained over the Sabbath. On Monday marched to Lafayette, where we remained till Wednesday morning. Here it rained all day and night, which made it very unpleasant, and caused us to still remain over at this place. On the 16th it commenced snowing and freezing; the snow fell eight inches in depth, and colder weather we thought we had never experienced. The men suffered very much from the cold. The sick were sent

from this place on cars to Memphis. Near Germantown, fifteen miles from Memphis, the cars ran off the track and several were severely wounded. On the morning of the 18th camp was again broken up and the march toward Memphis was resumed. That night the troops, after a very long and tedious march, encamped near Germantown, where we endured another night of constant rain. The next morning the troops marched to Memphis, and encamped in a beautiful grove.

The following letters have been written by Captain A. A. Adair, who signs himself "Typo," and give a very good history of the regiment while encamped near Memphis:

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN., January 23, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—Although my promise in regard to giving you a letter every week or two has not been fulfilled, yet it was not my wish to avoid it. The reason is, we have not been settled long enough at any one place to afford an opportunity. It has been march, march all the time for the last two months.

My last letter, I believe, was written at Oxford, Miss., from which place we went as far south as Water Valley; being farther into Dixie than any other infantry of our command. We had been there only a day, when we heard of Forrest's cavalry raid along the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. Then it was thought expedient to turn and take the back track, as they had cut off all communication and supplies from us.

This thing of going backward was something we were not used to, and it went a little "against the grain." But as we had the name of doing more hard marching and scouting than any other regiment in the service, and knew we could "hold our own" if they would only keep us in "hard-tacks" and "sow-belly," (which is the main stay of life in the army,) we of course consented to the move.

We traveled back over the same ground, stopping no longer than a day or two at a place, except at Abbeville,

where we remained about two weeks. There we spent our Christmas and New Year's. They were rather dull holidays to us; but we did the best we could under the circumstances. On Christmas eve a select ball was held in a negro shanty near our own camp; and on New Year's day Company E initiated Fort Gleason, which had been erected to protect an old mill where our grinding was done. For here we were entirely cut off from our usual "grub," and had to forage and grind our own corn. We lived on corn bread and beans during our stay there, which we thought was pretty hard fare.

When we left Abbeville, in the evening, to move across on the other side of the Tallahatchie river, where the remainder of our Division was—for only our Brigade was stationed at Abbeville—it commenced to rain, and continued nearly the whole night. It was very dark before we got over, and having no guide with us, (the officers having all gone to seek shelter,) we got lost; and there we had to stand, the rain pouring down in torrents, until some one went to General Logan's headquarters to find out where our camp was to be. Having got to it, the boys never waited to stack arms, but just stuck them in the mud anywhere, and went to seek shelter. But the only thing of the kind to be found was an old cotton gin, where they were piled in about seven deep in less than no time. The next morning you can bet our field officers got a cursing from Logan, for he is just that kind of a man.

In coming back through Holly Springs, we found a good deal of it had been destroyed, but not near as much as had been reported. Since then I hear that our troops have finished the destruction of the place, which was a good thing.

When about six miles from Lagrange our Brigade turned off and went to Davis' Mills; the other two Brigades going to Lagrange and Grand Junction. From Davis' Mills we went to Moscow; and from there to Lafayette, and thence to Memphis, where we arrived on the 19th. Our march

from Lafayette here was one of the hardest we ever had. It had been raining and snowing alternately for about a week. And as we marched nearly all the way on the railroad, (the other road being in too bad a condition) the ties being uneven and all over ice and snow, you may bet we had a hard time getting foot-holds. But, notwithstanding all that, we made first rate time, traveling thirty miles in a day and a half.

Our camp is now situated about one half mile east of Memphis, and one and a half miles from the river. The probability is that we will stay there for some time, a week or two at least. There is no telling where will be our destination when we leave here. It may be Vicksburg, and it may be some other point. On the day of our arrival seven thousand prisoners passed here on their way North. Sherman had taken them at Arkansas Post. And yesterday it was reported that McClelland had taken five thousand more; and guns were fired in honor of it.

Before leaving Lafayette, all those who were not able to march were sent here on the cars. But there was a terrible accident happened them when near Germantown, about fifteen miles from here. The cars ran off the track, killing six and wounding seventy-five out of the Division. Six or seven of our company were among them, but they all escaped unhurt, I believe, excepting B. F. Bailey, who was slightly bruised on the nose and back of the head. The cause was said to be carelessness on the part of the engineer. He didn't want to take them at all, but General Logan sent down a company armed and gave them orders to fire into the train if they moved without taking his sick on board. Logan was commander of the post; and he was bound to make them live up to his orders. He is just the man for a General; there is no discount on him.

The long looked for Paymaster has at last made his appearance among us. He didn't do much good, though, as he only gave us two months' pay, up to the 31st of August. Of course the new recruits got no pay at all.

But the Paymaster said it was the intention, in twenty days to pay this Department the remaining four months pay that is due them, which we sincerely hope is true.

From appearances I don't believe there will be much of it sent home this time, as Memphis affords so many opportunities for spending money. And as the boys have seen some pretty hard times lately, they appear as though they would like a change of diet. But the principal diet with some is whisky, which is very abundant in town; and it seems they are determined to have it, regardless of cost and consequences. A good many have been spreeing ever since we come here. It is getting too common, and they are taking means to stop it. We have camp guards on, and only two persons are allowed to pass out at a time, and then only for two hours: the passes to be approved at regimental and Brigade headquarters. We have five roll calls a day, and all those who are absent without leave are taken to headquarters and punished. To-day they are engaged in building a guard-house. Every day our camp is filled with women and boys peddling apples, cakes, pies, etc., and as the boys are all "flush," it don't take long to empty their baskets.

Business appears to be as brisk in Memphis, as though no war was going on. It puts one in mind of Columbus or Cincinnati. It contains large and splendid business houses, together with dwellings as nice as any one could wish for. And oh! the pretty women! It does one's soul good to view their lovely features in passing along through the town, after being out of sight of them for so long.

As usual, it is raining to-day. Most of the regiment went over to town this morning in charge of the commissioned officers to see the city of Memphis and the raging Mississippi. Yours truly,

TYRO.

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN., February 10, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—The Seventy-Eighth is still alive and on duty, with plenty of rumors afloat as to our leaving here

for the expedition at Vicksburg. But as there are so many, it is hard to put any confidence in them.

It was rumored the past few days that we were to leave to-day, there being a detail made on Sunday from the different regiments for the purpose, it was said, of loading the quartermaster and commissary stores on the boats; and as soon as they got loaded the transports for us would be on hand. But I guess it all turned out nix; at least we have not gone yet, nor have we any orders to go that I know of. When we do get marching orders I will apprise your readers of the fact as soon as I can. At present there are very few transports lying at the landing, as I was down there yesterday.

The news from below is rather meagre. Maneuvering appears to be the main thing on our side. And as old U. S. (United States, as the boys call him,) Grant is at the head, you may expect to hear something turn up before a great while. He says that when he commences operations there he is going to fight until Vicksburg falls or he loses every man; and he is just headstrong enough to do it, too. The most complete thing that has taken place there was the running of the blockade by the Federal ram Queen of the West, of which, no doubt, you have got the particulars ere this.

The weather here has been rather wintry of late; several snows have fallen, enough to afford good sleighing; that is, if we had the sleighs. But the past day or two it has been more mild, the sun shining forth in all its glory, which has run the snow off. And now this morning it has set in for a steady rain, and we have a prospect of a little mud, which is so despised by all the boys. We prefer snow all the time to rain and mud.

I must not forget to inform you that we have at last been supplied with new tents, and are no longer persecuted by living in holes that dogs would hardly be contented in. They are called "wedge tents," and are calculated to hold

five and six persons. They wedge right close to the ground, and appear to shed rain very well. They admit of a person standing up in them, and we are not obliged to lie down every time we change our linen (?), as was the case with our dog huts. Most of the tents of Company E are adorned with chimneys — the boys having got a lot of brick hauled, tried their hand at masonry. They are a good institution, and with plenty of wood we manage to live something like soldiers. Three cheers for the “wedge tents,” and groans for the “shelters.”

The other evening the Quartermaster opened his heart and gave us some hay for beds. Of late we have been “grubbed” pretty well. For some reason they have been issuing fresh bread in place of “hard-tack,” which we don’t object to. We are also in receipt of “iron-sides,” beans, rice, hominy, coffee, tea, sugar, salt, vinegar, etc.

The general health of the regiment is good, but Company E is rather unfortunate of late, there being two of its members sick in camp, two in the hospital at Memphis, one at Lagrange, and one at Jackson. But at last accounts they were all doing finely. And if we should leave here all the sick will be left behind at the hospital in Memphis, at which place they are well cared for.

I notice orders are being issued in the several commands forbidding the sale or bringing of the Chicago Times within their limits, it being too much tinctured with secessionism. It ought to have been done long ago, for it is one of the leading Northern journals among the seecesh. It always finds a ready sale in Memphis.

To-day Lieutenant Roberts left us to join the Signal Corps, which is being re-established in Grant’s command. Ever since we left Lagrange he has been acting as Aid on Colonel Leggett’s staff, and was missed by Company E very much, for he was always considered an efficient officer by all the company, and made a No. 1 Lieutenant. Yet he was often with us; but now he will be entirely taken away from us. May he be successful in his new career.

Company K is considered the flower of the regiment. The principal part of them have been on a "bust" ever since we came to Memphis. A good deal of whisky is smuggled into camp by the apple women. Company E can "hold her own," but I don't think it can touch K in that particular.

As Valentine Day is near at hand, I wonder if the pretty misses of old Morgan will think so much of the poor soldiers as to send them mementoes, that they may carry them through the great trials and struggles they will have to endure in the future. Yours truly, TYPE.

CAMP NEAR MEMPHIS, TENN., February 19, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—Our "marching orders" have come at last, and our doom may now be considered sealed. Orders were received last night to have ten days' rations drawn, three of them cooked and in haversacks, and be ready to leave at any time after six o'clock this morning; but orders afterward came that we need not cook our rations until to-day.

Now this looks something like leaving, but it is nothing more than we have been looking for ever since we came here. To-morrow will make one month since we landed at this place, and it may be some days yet before we take our departure; still, we are under marching orders. Our destination, no doubt, is Vicksburg, or some point on the Mississippi river; so that we can take part in the great movement that will shortly occur against that formidable place. I do not believe there are any of us overly-anxious to make a cruise down there at present; but if it is necessary, (and no doubt it is) you will find the Seventy-Eighth ready and willing to do their part. If it should be our lot to get into an engagement, your readers may expect to hear of them winning honors, and of the "rebs" getting "fits."

The news from below indicates that everything is in motion, and that the great decisive move will take place before long, which will eventually put Vicksburg in our possession. Victory is bound to be ours. It is thought by

some (our expedition being so formidable) that an evacuation will take place before everything which is intended can be brought to bear upon that devoted place. So mote it be.

The best thing that has yet occurred was the passing of the rebel batteries by the ram *Queen of the West* and the *Indianola*, of which no doubt your readers are apprised before this. It will be the means of cutting off the river communication between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and will, in a great measure, affect their supplies. In the undertaking I believe three rebel boats were destroyed, and several prisoners taken. I wonder what their opinion of the Yankees is by this time?

The guerrillas of late appear to be getting rather bold in their operations around here, and are very numerous. They often make their appearance right across the river, on the Arkansas side, and do a great deal of mischief. It was only day before yesterday that they fired into and burned a boat opposite here, on her way down the river from Pittsburg. She had a cargo of coal, and as it was very foggy, it is supposed she ran into the bank, where she was destroyed — the officers and crew presumed to be taken prisoners. It is said the rebels have a "flying battery," with which they go from point to point along the river and fire into unarmed vessels as they wind along. Such boldness as that ought to be looked after, and no doubt will be. They are also showing themselves at different points on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, and it would not be surprising if, when we leave, they would make a dash into this place; but I am of the opinion they will meet with a pretty warm reception if they do.

The weather has been very changeable for the past week, but we have mud in abundance. It is enough to bring sickness on us all, yet we are all getting along first rate with the exception of slight colds. The sick boys are all doing well; all who were not able to go down the river with us were sent to the hospitals in town.

To-day Captain Stevenson received his resignation papers, they being accepted. He will start for home in a few days, but not, however until we start down the river, as he wants to see us off. He will take all letters the boys may send by him; and if we get paid off in time (and we hope we will) he will take our money home for us. By an unanimous vote of the company, Lieutenant McCarty was made Captain, (Lieutenant Roberts of course going up to First Lieutenant, although he is at present detached on the Signal Corps,) and Sergeant A. W. Stewart was elected Second Lieutenant.

FRIDAY, February 20, 1863.—We are all busy this morning tearing down tents and packing up, intending to leave to-day. We are expecting the Paymaster every moment to pay us off, when we will take our departure for the river and emigrate on the boats. A detail went out of the regiment this morning for the purpose of loading the boats. Our regiment and the Eighth Illinois will, it is said, go down the river together, on the steamer Louisiana, said to be a fine large boat. To-day the sun is shining forth, and indications are that we will have a pleasant trip. May it be so. Anything but a rainy time when on board a steamboat.

Be sure and send us the Herald regularly, for when we get to Vicksburg it will be prized by us highly. Remember the boys of Company E to your readers of old Morgan; and if we don't lose our "bean-dippers," before we get to our destination, you may expect to hear of us doing good work at the battle of Vicksburg. Send us letters often; we are always anxious to hear from those at home. Yours truly,

TYPO.

THE BATTLE OF MEMPHIS.

GREAT NAVAL ENGAGEMENT — OCCUPATION OF THE CITY.

The following is a true and life-like description of the battle at the city of Memphis, which will be of interest to every soldier, and especially to the Seventy-Eighth Ohio:

Events in this quarter have crowded upon each other so rapidly during the past thirty-six hours, that sufficient time has hardly elapsed to record one before another followed upon its heels. Yesterday Fort Pillow was taken possession of by our forces and the river opened to within five miles of Memphis; to-day a great battle has been already fought and won, and the city occupied by national troops.

Yes, Memphis, the commercial metropolis of Tennessee and hotbed of the rebellion in the South-west — Memphis, the city of lying newspapers and fire-eating editors — Memphis, the rival of Richmond and Charleston in all that is dishonorable, treasonable and damnable, has fallen at last. With the dust of its streets clinging to my feet, and surrounded by an atmosphere tainted with disloyalty — with the magnificent spectacle still before my eyes, of its entire population huddled together in one dense mass upon bluffs, anxiously watching the progress of a desperate naval combat, upon which the fall of the city hung — with the crashing discharges of artillery, the rattle of small arms and the explosion of shells still ringing in my ears, I seat myself to write an account of the events of this morning, among the most important that have occurred since the war began.

THE BATTLE OF MEMPHIS.

No one believed yesterday that any opposition would be made to our entry into Memphis, and when Flag-Officer Davis brought his vessels to anchor five miles above the city between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, the wonder was expressed that he did not advance and seize his prize at once. The gas-lights certainly gleamed triumphantly in the distance, as if beckoning him on, and two or three times during the night a rosy flash lit up the back-ground of the sky, giving rise to the fear that the town had been fired.

No move was made, however, till about five o'clock this morning, when the Benton and Louisville weighed anchor and leisurely drifted down with the current to within a mile of the mouth of Wolf river, which it will be remembered empties into the Mississippi just above Memphis. Here the rebel fleet, composed of General Van Dorn, Jeff. Thompson, General Beauregard, General Bragg, General Lovell, General Price, Sumter and Little Rebel—eight vessels in all, under command of Captain Edward Montgomery—was discovered lying close to the Arkansas shore, directly in front of Memphis. Believing that men fight better on full than on empty stomachs, Flag-Officer Davis did not desire to bring on an engagement until the crews of his boats had taken their usual morning meal, and he therefore retired. This retrograde movement was construed by the enemy into an ignominious flight, and immediately the whole rebel fleet formed in line of battle and started in pursuit.

Finding that the enemy were determined to have a fight immediately, the Flag-Officer, unwilling to check the enthusiasm of his men, who were not half so hungry for breakfast as for battle, signaled his three remaining boats, the St. Louis, Carondelet and Cairo, to join him at once. They promptly weighed anchor, and in a few minutes reached the vicinity of the Benton and Louisville. By this time the enemy were nearly opposite the mouth of

Wolf river, and our boats were perhaps a mile and a half above, with heads up stream, and drifting down on the strong current toward the foe.

OPENING OF THE BATTLE.

The first shot was fired by the enemy at precisely 5:30 A. M., and passed over the Benton, dropping into the river half a mile beyond. Two more were soon after fired by the rebels, neither of which took effect.

The distance between the opposing forces was now reduced to about a mile, when the stern guns on our boats opened upon the enemy in the liveliest manner, and the fight became general. Nearer and nearer together came the two fleets, and louder and quicker grew the sharp, crashing sound of the guns. The slumbering Memphians, who little thought when they lay down the night before to rest, that such a scene would be enacted before their eyes the following morning, were startled by the first report of artillery, and hastened to the bluff by thousands. All thought of danger, if any had existed among them, was forgotten in the excitement incident to so unusual and magnificent a spectacle. There lay the contending fleets in the broad bosom of the mighty river, vomiting forth fire and smoke, each doing its utmost to destroy the other. A gentle breeze swept up the stream, carrying away the clouds almost as soon as they were generated by the guns, and enabling spectators to get a very satisfactory view of the battle.

About ten minutes after the fight began, when the fleets were not more than six or eight hundred yards apart, two of our rams, the *Monarch* and *Queen of the West*, which had been lying under the point just above Memphis, on the Arkansas side, where they were obscured from the enemy's view, shoved out, and sailing around the flotilla, the *Queen of the West*, the flagship of the ram fleet, in advance, they passed down on the Tennessee side, at their highest rate of speed, loudly cheered by the gunboat crews. The appearance of these vessels seemed to take the enemy entirely by

surprise. Evidently they had not "reckoned" upon them, and not knowing what they were, thought it best to keep out of their way. First the rebel flotilla came to a sudden halt, and then it began to fall back. On went the Queen in splendid style, wearing a huge ruffle on her prow, and steering for the General Beauregard, the rebel boat nearest the Tennessee shore. When only a few rods distant, the latter fired a gun at her, but so excited were her gunners, that they missed the huge target entirely. The pilot of the Beauregard, however, understood his business better, and by skillful maneuvering succeeded in avoiding the blow.

THE FIRST REBEL BOAT DISABLED.

Nothing discouraged, the Queen turned her bow toward the General Price, the next nearest boat, and striking her a glancing blow on the port quarter, tore her side nearly off, and caused her to take water so badly, that she had to be run to the Arkansas shore to prevent her from going down in deep water. She now lies opposite Hopefield, partially submerged.

As the Queen of the West was leaving the Beauregard, the latter fired a second shot at her, which struck her on the bulwarks, causing the splinters to fly pretty freely. One of these struck Colonel Ellet, the commander of the ram fleet, on the breast, stunning him severely. His flagship, after her collision with the General Price, was found to be disabled in some way, and could not be managed. The blow had probably started her machinery. She was also turned ashore, near where the General Price had sunk.

While the Queen of the West had been doing such splendid service, the Monarch followed in her wake, and did just what the Queen had at first tried to do—struck the General Beauregard a tremendous blow amidships, completely disabling her. She managed to reach the Arkansas shore in some way, when she went down in fifteen feet water. Her crew escaped in the woods. Before being struck by the Monarch, the Beauregard had been raked fore and aft by our guns and was badly riddled.

The next victim of the rebel flotilla, which had by this time fallen down the stream as far as Beale street, was the General Lovell. A fifty-pound shot, fired by Captain Phelps of the Benton, struck her just below her water line, and caused her to sink in eighty feet water three minutes after.

The scene on the Lovell after she was struck was painful in the extreme. The crew stood by her, because they were afraid of the mighty river, until the water put out her fires and filled the boat with steam, scalding many of them badly, when all leaped into the stream. For a few minutes the surface of the water was covered with these unfortunate and misguided creatures, struggling for their lives.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A BOAT'S CREW FROM THE BENTON.

And here looms up a picture of genuine chivalry and heroism, which should make the cheeks of our Southern defamers tingle with shame. A boat was promptly lowered from the Benton, and started for the scene to receive the drowning men. A minute before our gallant tars had poured shot and shell into them without mercy, for they were enemies then, and on an equality; but now they were helpless, and everything was forgotten save the dictates of humanity. In the hurry of the moment the boat was partially swamped, and two of our men narrowly escaped drowning; but matters were soon righted, and a few hasty strokes of the oars brought them to where the Lovell had just gone down, down in the seething current, causing the water to whirl like a maelstrom over the forever obscured wreck. Quite a number of persons were rescued by the gallant boat's crew, some of them bleached whiter by the steam than their souls could ever have been washed if they had not speedily repented; but the majority of them were swept away and drowned. Among those known to be lost was her commander, Captain William Cabell, an old and well known river man.

PRECIPITATE RETREAT OF THE REMAINDER OF THE REBEL FLEET.

It is almost needless to say that ere this the enemy were rapidly retreating. Our boats, which had gone into the engagement stern foremost, because they were better prepared in that quarter to sustain butting from the opposing rams, (all the rebel boats, I have neglected to say, were also rams,) had long since turned round, giving the enemy broad-sides as they swung, and were now pursuing them, head on. After the Lovell went down, it was most emphatically a running fight.

The Little Rebel, finding it impossible to escape, was run ashore on the Arkansas side, the crew taking to their heels. A few shells were sent after them, but these rebels can run nearly as well as the Virginians, and I do not think velocity enough could be given to any ball to overtake an F. F. V. when once fairly under way, so it is more than probable that all escaped.

Next, the Jeff. Thompson was beached and fired, and her crew shelled in the same manner; and then the Sumter, and then the General Bragg—all on the Arkansas shore, nearly opposite Fort Pickering. If these boats had had full crews, how alive with running rebels the woods must have been.

The remaining rebel vessel, the Van Dorn, was hotly pursued by two of our fleetest boats, as far as the foot of President's Island, where the chase was given up. Her heels were all that saved her, and she is the only one left to tell the tale of the overwhelming disaster to the hemmed-in rebels below. No doubt she will claim that the Lincoln Armada was entirely annihilated.

The most magnificent spectacle of the day was the explosion of the Jeff. Thompson. Shortly after she was beached, she was discovered to be on fire, and continued to burn fiercely for more than an hour, when her magazine ignited, blowing all that remained of the ill-fated craft into ten thousand atoms. A large number of shells were on board, and many of these were thrown high into the air, where they

burst with a sound like the firing of a *feu de joie*, scattering their fragments in every direction. The spectacle was fine, even in the broad glare of a June sun; but at night it would have rivaled in grandeur the finest pyrotechnic display.

HOW THE GENERAL BRAGG WAS SAVED.

One of the most formidable *looking* boats of the rebel fleet was the General Bragg. She was originally the Marquis de Habana, a condemned slaver, and more recently the New Orleans and Galveston steamer Mexico. It was the Bragg that gave the Cincinnati her heaviest blow in the gunboat fight above Fort Pillow on the 10th of May. Soon after she was run ashore this morning she was boarded by Lieutenant Bishop and a boat's crew from the Benton, who found her boilers dry and red hot, and the cotton between her outside and inside bulwarks in flames. With the greatest difficulty they succeeded in extinguishing the fire before any serious damage had been done, and after the fight she was towed up to the city. Lieutenant Bishop, a gallant and gentlemanly young officer, should be assigned to the command of the Bragg at once.

RECAPITULATION.

From the foregoing it will be seen that seven of the eight vessels composing the rebel flotilla were captured, sunk and destroyed, as follows:

General Price, sunk in shoal water; can be raised.

General Beauregard, sunk in shoal water; can be raised.

General Lovell, utterly destroyed.

General Thompson, burned to the water's edge.

General Bragg, abandoned and captured.

Little Rebel, abandoned and captured.

Sumter, abandoned and captured.

General Van Dorn, escaped.

THE DAMAGE TO OUR FLEET.

Strange as it may seem, not one of our gunboats was struck once, and not a man was injured on our side, except

Colonel Ellet. One shell exploded over the Benton, but did no harm. Colonel Ellet's wound and the injuries to the Queen of the West are the sum total of the casualties on the national side.

It is impossible to ascertain with any certainty the loss of the enemy in killed, wounded and missing, though it must have been quite heavy. Their guns were nearly all exposed to the bows and sterns of their boats, and after the opposing forces came into close quarters our sharpshooters picked off their gunners as fast as they showed themselves. It is thought that from twenty-five to fifty perished when the General Lovell went down.

IMPORTANCE OF OUR VICTORY.

The victory just won not only gives us Memphis, but the Mississippi river. Our upper and lower fleets will soon join each other, for if Flag-Officer Farragut cannot teach the braggart Mississippians how to surrender, I am sure Flag-Officer Davis can. Commodore Hollins is said to be below us with four boats, but he cannot escape, except by burning his fleet and taking to the woods. The old gascon will never tell in another Southern bar-room how he "peppered" us again. This victory about finishes up the war in the South-west. It cuts what your contemporary, the Commercial, would probably call the "umbilical cord" of the bogus Confederacy, and effectually separates the East from the West. How the rebel leaders are to survive the blow is past my comprehension. The attempt to establish a slave oligarchy in this free land has proved a most wretched abortion.

In addition to being one of the most decisive and important victories of the war, the battle of Memphis is also the most brilliant. Indeed, it is quite safe to say that it is the most brilliant engagement on record. It lasted precisely an hour and three minutes, the rebels having fired the first shot at 5:40, and the Nationals the last at 6:43. How little the victory cost us, and how

dearly the rebels paid for the defeat! How nobly does our gallant navy maintain its well earned reputation! What heavy blows has it dealt the rebellion from Hatteras to Memphis! All honor to our brave tars!

TRIP DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

CAMP AT LAKE PROVIDENCE — VISTA PLANTATION — YOUNG'S
POINT — CANAL — GRAND GULF — PORT GIBSON — RAYMOND —
JACKSON — CHAMPION HILLS — BLACK RIVER — VICKSBURG.

The regiment left camp at Memphis the evening of February 20, and embarked on the Edward Walsh in company with the Thirtieth Illinois. The Paymaster was engaged in paying the regiment when the order came to march to the boat. He accompanied the regiment to the boat and finished his work on board.

The troops remained aboard until the morning of the 22d, before the boat left the landing. All the Division was loaded by Sabbath morning, and left about 8 o'clock, the steamer Continental making the start, then followed the John Dickey, Platte Valley, Louisiana, Edward Walsh, David Tatum, Mary Forsythe and others, in all eleven boats, the flag-boat Superior bringing up the rear. The trip was unpleasant on account of the cold, rainy weather. While lying at the wharf many of the boys in some way eluded the vigilance of the guards, and went off up town, determined to have a farewell spree before going down the Mississippi. Although spirits were freely imbibed, yet very few cases of drunkenness occurred on board.

After a ride of twenty-six hours we landed at Providence, a distance of three hundred and twenty-five miles from Memphis. We encamped in a cotton field, on the south

bank of Lake Providence, about one and a-half miles from the Mississippi river, which is plainly in view, being much higher than the lake and surrounding country. Although it is February, the peach trees are in bloom, and but little fire is needed. The contrast between the climate here and at Memphis is great.

Lake Providence, about which there is so much talk, is about one quarter of a mile from the town, and is said to be seven miles in length. There are about five hundred negroes digging a canal from the lake to the river: the object being to turn the waters of the Mississippi into the lake, so that our boats can cross the Red river, cut off the rebel supplies from Texas, and flank the batteries of Vicksburg. The course is from the lake into Bayou Tensas, thence into Bayou Mason, thence into Black and Red rivers, and then down into the Mississippi again. The work is progressing rapidly, and is now nearly half done. Negroes are also at work clearing the timber from the Bayous. The lake is about twelve feet lower than the river. Vicksburg is seventy miles down the river, and forty by land.

Up to March 9th, nothing of interest has transpired; everything has been quiet except the occasional appearance of a few guerrillas in our front. Since our arrival here, the regiment has had much heavy duty. The work on the canal has been going on undisturbed until the 8th, when operations had to be suspended, in consequence of the water in the bayou rising and flowing towards the river. It is supposed to be the work of rebels who have constructed a dam some twelve miles below. Sixteen regiments and a section of artillery were sent down to look after them. Guerrillas are said to be swarming the country in great numbers, but as yet have done little damage. It is reported they have routed Quimby's Division which was encamped about twenty miles from this place; the rebels cut the levee above them and let the water so spread as to prevent their finding suitable camping grounds.

Lake Providence was, for the first time, honored last week by the launching of a steam craft into its waters. She is intended to ply up and down the lake, and assist in the work of the canal. Flatboats are also being built for the same purpose. It is hoped that before long we may be permitted to take passage on the boats when going to work on the canal and bayou, instead of having to foot it eight or ten miles per day. I believe the work upon the canal will result in a grand failure.

We have been visited while here by some very severe storms, hail coming down as large as marbles, and the rain in torrents. Sprinkling is unknown in this country; when it comes, it falls in sheets of water. Since our arrival here the Government has been extensively engaged in the cotton business. Every day teams are engaged in bringing in confiscated cotton, and new discoveries are being made of cotton hid in swamps. In a canebrake near where our men are at work two hundred and fifty bales were found. The negroes are also at work picking the cotton. On the plantation where our troops are encamped, one field of cotton is fifteen hundred acres in extent. The men amuse themselves by playing ball and sailing on the lake.

The following letters written by Captain A. A. Adair give a full history of the regiment at this place: A.

CAMP ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, }
NEAR PROVIDENCE, LA., March 19, 1863. }

We are still in the land of the living with heat and gallinippers plenty.

On Saturday last orders were received to have three days' rations in haversacks, and be ready to go aboard the transports, (which were lying in wait for us,) the next morning. Accordingly, rations were drawn, cooked and put in our haversacks; details were made to load the boats and everything was taken down and packed up; fully expecting to be on our way for the Yazoo Pass, (which was currently reported to be our destination,) by daylight next morning.

As is generally the case whenever we go to move, it commenced raining, and continued until we got on the boat, which was about 3 o'clock, P. M. when it commenced clearing up. Being so regular I suppose it must be military.

Everything had been loaded and we were all on our respective boats, which had been assigned us, before dark, and were waiting for the time to roll around when we would put out. Most of the boats were occupied by two regiments; but one boat, (the Gladiator,) only had the "Brigade headquarters," and the Seventy-Eighth on board, making it much more comfortable for us than when coming down from Memphis. One regiment of our Brigade, the Thirtieth Illinois, was compelled to remain behind, there being no transportation for it at that time; but it was to follow as soon as possible. On our going to the boat the Thirtieth was in line, and gave us parting salutes and cheers as we passed by, thus showing the good feeling that existed between them and the Seventy-Eighth.

While thus situated a boat arrived from the fleet below, countermanding the movements we had in prospect, and compelling us to remain where we were, and await further orders. Of course every one was wondering what was up, and it was soon reported the rebels were evacuating Vicksburg and going to reinforce Johnston to operate against Rosecrans, which appeared to gain considerable credence; but whether it is so or not, I cannot say.

Next morning, however, the boat returned to the fleet to see what was to be done, and in the meantime we were making ourselves as comfortable as we could. Whenever we are put on boats a guard is always placed so as to keep the men on, but as the boat was lying close to the shore the boys would jump off despite all the guards could do. In cases of that kind guards are not overly attentive, and do not care whether the boys get off or not.

On the evening of the 16th, and while we were lying at the landing awaiting orders, the levee was cut and the water of the raging Mississippi was turned into Lake Providence.

When it was known it was the intention to do so, a lot of the boys volunteered, and it was but a short time before the water made its appearance on the other side, all being anxious to see it done before we left. Two trenches were dug about thirty feet apart, leaving the water to wash out the space between. And against morning all was clear, and the water gushing through at a furious rate, putting one in mind of the dams in the Muskingum in time of high water. By this time, I expect some of the old seecesh back in the country are wondering what's up; and are beginning to skedaddle.

We had remained on the boat all that day, and until about ten o'clock the next, when orders came for us to go into camp above Providence, keeping all the Division together. The Gladiator having the least on, and being already fired up, General Logan went aboard and had her cruise along up the shore until a suitable camping ground could be found, the other boats following shortly after. All was unloaded, our new camp cleaned off, and the tents up before dark. We are now about five miles above Providence, in a corn field, and but a short distance from the river, affording us a good view of all the boats passing up and down.

Rumors are prevalent that our Division will go to reinforce Rosecrans, should it prove true that the rebels are reinforcing Johnston from Vicksburg. And we are all anxious that it may be so, for we are getting tired of this country; it is a little too hot for comfort, and then the gallinippers! Oh! dear, they are enough to torment any one to death. They are beginning to let us know they are about, by buzzing around and occasionally taking a fellow a dip along side the lug, and of course always leaving their mark. They are a different and much larger species than you have in the North.

The Yazoo Pass was undoubtedly the place we were destined for, and there has certainly something of importance turned up which prevented our going, but I do not believe we will remain here long. I think we will either go back

to Tennessee, or go down in front of Vicksburg. I hope it will be the former, for then we will stand a chance of coming in contact with Ohio regiments in which there are companies from old Morgan.

In this camp we are not at a loss for water, as we can dig down only three feet and get a supply of good, clear water, right at home. Rails are also plenty, making first rate fire wood.

CAMP ON VISTA PLANTATION, March 29, 1863.

MR. EDITOR:—On the 22d inst. our Brigade (which is called the “Flying Brigade” by General Logan) received marching orders to go aboard the boats immediately, having three days’ rations in our haversacks. All were conjecturing as to our destination, some saying we were going up the river and others down.

But it soon became known which route we were to take. As is usual, it commenced to rain before we got on the boats, making it very unpleasant as well as disagreeable for us, for the hurricane deck is always the most desirable place on the boat in good weather. The Seventy-Eighth (of course) was the last regiment on board; seven companies going on the *Gladiator*, with the Brigade headquarters, while the other three, with the artillery, went on the *Iatan*, the Twentieth and Sixty-Eighth on the *Louisiana*, and the Thirtieth Illinois on the *Fanny Ogden*.

Darkness was upon us before we got started, and most of us were wrapped in nature’s sleep, not knowing which way we were going until a little after daylight, when it was found we were making a landing at Eagle Bend, twenty miles above Vicksburg, on the Mississippi side. It was soon ascertained that the object of our mission was to reinforce General Sherman, who had started from that point a few days before to make his way across to the Yazoo river to operate in the rear of Vicksburg. Should he need reinforcements we were to be there in readiness for him.

We remained on the boats until the morning of the 25th, when we went into camp about a mile back of the river,

sending the sick and everything pertaining to our camp equipage back to our old camp, taking nothing with us but our knapsacks, dog-tents, camp kettles, and a few mess pans. The roads were utterly impassable for teams, not even a horse being able to get along, and consequently the artillery was sent back also. Should we be needed it was said we would have hard times getting along, and it was best not to take anything but what would be really necessary.

No troops were at this point except a few "pioneers," who were building up the road. A stream of water came in here from the river, forming a bayou, upon which were steam tugs plying to and fro, assisting General Sherman in his undertaking. We expected to remain there two or three days, and commenced building houses out of a sort of willow; but orders came that night for us to return to our Division again. The Thirtieth Illinois started back about midnight, there being no transportation for the other regiments at that time, we having to wait until the boats could come down after us.

Before leaving we heard that Sherman's forces were coming back again, being unable to accomplish their purpose. It was reported that the rebels were felling timber into the bayou faster than he could take it out; and while doing so he took five hundred prisoners, coming upon them unawares, capturing arms and equipments. Whether these reports are true, I am unable to say.

The next morning everything was packed up early, expecting to get orders to go at any time, but we had to remain until 3 o'clock before our boats arrived, when we skedaddled to the river and were off in a little while, the Seventy-Eighth being aboard the Fanny Ogden, and the Twentieth and Sixty-Eighth on the Gladiator, getting back to our old camp on "Vista Plantation," near Perry's Landing, and about five miles above Lake Providence, about dark.

Our things, when they were sent back, were piled up and no care taken of them at all, and when we came into camp

all were anxious to get their things and put up the tents: but in hunting around they accidentally fell upon a lot of sanitary stores that were unguarded, and thinking they were sutler goods waded in and demolished the contents, which consisted of spirits, drawers, potatoes, fish, liquors, etc. Consequently, the next morning a search was made, and those found having any of the articles were taken up to headquarters and put under arrest. It seems hard that the boys have got to suffer for the negligence of the officers; but they might as well eat up such things as to leave them for the officers, for there is generally where such things go.

While we were gone, all our bedding was carried off by other regiments, and a cotton gin and some other buildings being handy, the next morning the boys determined to have some boards to sleep on, and commenced to break for the scene of operations, delegations being on hand from the three Ohio regiments (the Thirtieth Illinois being supplied before we came,) and it was not long before the boards and shingles began to fly thick and fast, and persons were coming back with arm loads. While this was going on some person slipped into the gin and set it on fire, which soon reduced it to ashes. This brought out General Logan, who commenced pouring out his wrath on the "Flying Brigade," and it was not long before orders were issued compelling all who had got shingles and boards at these buildings to take them up to our regimental headquarters. Company E was well represented, myself being one of the number, for we are never slow in such undertakings. That being done, each had to give in his name, when we were all sent up to Logan's headquarters, taking our boards and shingles with us, whooping and yelling like mad. But we had hardly got up there when we were ordered to pile them up separately, and go to our quarters; but shortly after we were told to go up and get our lumber, when lo! it was found that the boards were measured, the shingles counted, and each man's pile taken account of. There was a good deal of sport made of it, and every company had to share it.

Since then General Logan ordered General Leggett to assess the amount of property destroyed, and tax the officers and men of his Brigade with it, and have it put upon the next muster rolls, so it can be deducted from their pay, but to exempt all regiments whom he knew not to be guilty. Accordingly the assessment was made, which was put at \$2,000, and is to come off the three Ohio regiments, the Suckers all being exempt.

It is now the principal gossip of the regiments, and if they are to pay for the destruction of property done by some unknown person, it will be apt to raise a "muss," and cause them to destroy much more than they otherwise would have done; and it is believed by most of those who were there at the time, that it was burned by the old secesh himself, for he was there and was heard to say, when they commenced tearing down the old gin, "that the boards on that building wouldn't do them much good," and immediately started towards it; and in fifteen minutes time it was in flames. I mention this just for the purpose of showing what injustice is practised upon the soldiers in the army. The leaders can order the levee to be cut and millions of property may be destroyed by it, but if any property is burned, and it can be traced to the soldiers, they have got to pay for it, and the proceeds pocketed by some one just honest enough to keep it. Such doings as that won't win, and it is time it was stopped. If all rebel property was destroyed as soon as we came to it, this war would be ended much sooner than it will be the way things are carried on now.

The Ohio boys of the Second Brigade are always able to "hold their own," and the title of "jayhawkers" has been given them by General Logan, who says he believes if they were put in front of Vicksburg they would have it torn down and be sleeping over it in less than three days.

Since I last wrote you the weather has undergone quite a change. Last night a regular old "nor'-wester" came upon us, preceded by rain, which knocked the tents in

every direction, and had the boys up at work with hatchets and axes, staking down their houses for fear of having them carried away. The officers' quarters of Company E were among the unfortunate.

Boats continue to pass here daily loaded with soldiers, going both up and down the river. We had reports yesterday that a part of Logan's Division was to leave to-day for some point up the river; if it is so it will not likely be the "Flying Brigade" this time. We are in perfect ignorance as to what is going on, for we are unable to get any news at all, and our letters are generally about two weeks old before we get them. Yours truly, TYP.

The Lake Providence expedition being abandoned, an effort was made to gain the rear of Vicksburg by the Yazoo Pass, which also failed, after almost incredible labor and hardships. Many boats in attempting this were seriously damaged, and were compelled to go North for repairs. The rebels defeated the success of the expedition by felling timber in the main channel; which obstructions our forces removed in part, but finding it impracticable abandoned the effort and all the troops returned to Sherman's Landing, but nothing disheartened.

Sherman's great canal, intending to change the channel of the Mississippi river, also proved a failure. The only way left to gain the rear of Vicksburg was to run the blockade with a sufficient number of boats to supply and transport the army across the river below Grand Gulf. General Logan's Division was called upon to furnish volunteers to attempt the hazardous undertaking. The following men volunteered from the Seventy-Eighth Ohio: Captain Hugh Dunne, second in command of steamer J. W. Cheeseman; Sergeant James McLaughlin, Company D, engineer on Empire City; Corporal Henry Baugus, Company B; Henry H. Smith, Company F; Alexander White, Company F; Burke Clark, Company D; Abel Arter, Company D; Daniel Christman, Company E.

Six boats were put in readiness, and about midnight, started. The first passed part of the batteries before the rebels got aroused; soon the batteries opened, and one hundred and eighty pieces of heavy artillery, which lined the shore for about seven miles in extent, broke forth in the most awful grandeur, which lit up the heavens and seemed to shake the very pillars of the universe. Nothing but the interposition of a prospering Providence saved the boats, which were all more or less injured, in successfully passing the batteries.

The whole army, then fifty-five thousand strong, set out upon its march to Bruinburg, below Grand Gulf, where it crossed the river, fought five successive battles, and drove an enemy outnumbering the Union army, into the walls of Vicksburg.

The following letters were written by Surgeon Reeves and the author, which give a correct history of the regiment and its operations:

The gallant army under General Grant has just obtained a glorious victory—a victory which fully justifies the confidence their commander seems to have felt when he entered upon the daring campaign to Vicksburg by the way of Grand Gulf and Jackson.

Yesterday morning the position of our army was briefly this: Part of Sherman's Corps occupied Jackson—the particulars of the capture of that town you have already learned. The larger part of McPherson's Corps lay at the same place. McClelland's was two miles south of Bolton, and sixteen miles west of Jackson, while Ransom's Brigade of McArthur's Division, (McPherson's Corps) and Blair's Division of Sherman's Corps were approaching Raymond on their march from Grand Gulf. The little town of Raymond lies eight miles south of Bolton, and about twenty south-west from Jackson.

The enemy had massed his forces at Edward's Station, nineteen miles east of Vicksburg on the railroad, with the intent to cut our long lines somewhere between Raymond

and Bolton, and thus at once deprive us of supplies and beat us in detail. But his designs were discovered and splendidly defeated.

Yesterday morning news came to General McClelland that the enemy were advancing on him from the north-west in the manner just indicated, and he immediately ordered General A. L. Lee, who had that moment arrived and reported for duty in the Thirteenth Army Corps, to reconnoiter the approach. With a squad of cavalry General Lee galloped off five or six miles toward Edward's Station, scoured the country to and fro, discovered the enemy's pickets in that direction, and returned with a map of the ground over which the battle was next day to be fought.

In the meantime General McPherson's command moved rapidly down from Jackson and arrived toward nightfall near Bolton, while Ransom's Brigade and Blair's Division reached Raymond. Thus our widely extended front was suddenly closed on the center, in such a way as to be ready for either attack or defense. At the same time General Sherman moved from Jackson north of the railroad toward Edward's Station, in such course as to keep within supporting distance, and to prevent the rebel force under Joe Johnston (driven northward out of Jackson) from making a junction with their friends at Edward's Station.

At daylight this morning our movement toward Edward's Station began. Hovey's Division of McClelland's Corps, followed by McPherson on the right, and advancing on the road from Bolton; Osterhaus' Division, followed by General Carr's, on the center; and Smith's Division, with General Blair's as a reserve, on the left, by the first road from Raymond to Edward's Station.

The battle opened on the left about 8 o'clock, with artillery directed on Smith's advance. It seemed that the rebels were attempting to turn our left, and get in our rear in the direction of Raymond. But Smith held his road firmly, and the enemy slowly retired, while we slowly advanced.

The enemy next massed his forces on our right center, where Hovey's Division was coming up, and here the battle began to rage in deadly earnest. For a time the result seemed doubtful; the rebels pressed on in the most determined manner, while Hovey's brave boys returned their attacks with the most persistent valor. For a moment we gave back at that point, but Hovey, being reinforced by two Brigades of Crocker's Division, the enemy were driven, and the day went in our favor. A portion of the rebel force began their retreat by the Vicksburg road. McPherson swung around his right, and cut off and captured about fifteen hundred prisoners, and a battery of ten guns. Our left, McClelland's Corps and Blair's Division, and Ransom's Brigade now pressed forward, and the complete defeat and demoralization of the enemy was assured. Our artillery was hastened forward from point to point, over the numberless hills of this most rugged country, and poured its deadly fire into the flying columns of the rebels. At sunset, as we entered Edward's Station, we found there a great debris of stores abandoned by the enemy in his flight — among them a train of cars loaded with ammunition and set on fire, and a depot of provisions also partly consumed. We managed to save from these ninety thousand rounds of musket ammunition, a large quantity of fixed ammunition for field pieces, and a good supply of sugar.

Our captures in this splendid fight foot up to about two thousand eight hundred prisoners, nineteen guns, and about ten thousand serviceable Enfield rifles, together with all the stores I have mentioned.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG BLACK.

AT THE BRIDGE, MAY 17. — At daylight this morning our victorious army moved on from Edward's Station, by the main road to the Big Black, McClelland's Corps in the advance, led by Carr's Division. It was known that the rebels had constructed earthworks to defend the bridge, and that these works must be taken. The distance was but three miles, and we had hardly advanced one before

the skirmishing in front commenced. The enemy slowly retired, and we pressed on until we reached a point about one mile from the river, when the rebel batteries, some eighteen guns, opened on us. They had a good range of the road, and the shells flew and burst about us in lively style.

Carr immediately formed in line of battle and advanced on the center and right, with half of Osterhaus' Division on the extreme right and half on the left. Smith's Division came rapidly up and formed on the extreme left.

The action had hardly began when the gallant Osterhaus was slightly wounded, while busy in getting the First Wisconsin Battery in position on the left center. Captain Foster, commanding the battery, was at the same time hurt—a case shot bursting among the party, and both were obliged to leave the field. General McClelland immediately ordered General A. L. Lee to take command of the Ninth Division, and the battle began. It was soon terminated. After an artillery duel of an hour or so, varied with some sharp skirmishing, General Carr's Division, with the portion of Lee's which was on the right, made a gallant charge upon a weak spot on the enemy's left, and took the works. So suddenly and effectively was this done that the whole of Bowen's Brigade was cut off and captured, while our left, advancing at the same time, took two regiments of rebels who were trying to escape down the swamp and across the river in that direction. Every gun in the works was taken—in all eighteen—and the number of prisoners amounted to about three thousand. The haste with which the surrender was made was something ludicrous. The moment our charge began on the right fifty white flags appeared behind the works, extemporised by hoisting bunches of cotton on the end of bayonets. Alas! that the regal fiber should fulfill so meek a mission! We immediately advanced up to the captured works, and, planting a section of heavy guns near the river, began to shell the rebels who had got across it, and had burned the bridge

which took them over, as well as set fire to the immense railroad bridge and trestle work.

The enemy left a regiment of sharpshooters on the west bank of the river to annoy us and delay our crossing, but General Lee, with a pioneer corps and a company of skirmishers, protected by the fire of Lamphear's Seventh Michigan Battery, reconnoitered the bank, and commenced the construction of a floating bridge. At 9 o'clock to-morrow it will be completed, and we shall move forward.

Meantime Sherman's Corps is crossing on pontoons above, and will go to Vicksburg by the upper road toward Haines' Bluff, while McClernand and McPherson will move on the Jackson road.

Our losses in the battle of yesterday were heavy — probably three hundred killed, and the usual sad proportion of wounded. Pemberton was in command of the rebel force. Major General Tilghman was killed. In the battle to-day our losses were but slight — our captures immoderately large.

THREE MILES IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, }
May 20, 1863. }

On the 18th our army crossed the Big Black and marched on Vicksburg, Sherman coming in and taking possession of Haines' Bluff, McPherson arriving on the Jackson road, and McClernand advancing toward the close of his march on the road to Baldwin's Ferry.

Yesterday morning General Grant began to "move upon the enemy's works," — a line of redoubts extending from the rear of Haines Bluff to the Warrenton road, a distance of eight or ten miles.

The attack was made with Sherman on the right, McPherson extended from his left to the railroad, and McClernand from his left on the railroad to the extreme left. At daylight our troops moved up, but the action did not begin until about noon, save an occasional shot from our artillery as it came within range.

After a slow fire from our artillery had failed to elicit any reply from the rebel works, our lines slowly advanced until at every point they were in front hardly one thousand yards from the redoubts. The ground over which we crossed in this movement was singularly rough, a series of hills and hollows, not high but steep. As we neared the hostile redoubts we found that they commanded every crest and swept every ravine. Yet at 2 o'clock a general charge was ordered.

About the same success—or want of success—attended the charge along the whole line. We have up to this time advanced so close to the enemy's works that he cannot safely use his guns, and our heavier artillery is being pushed up and planted in such a way that I trust to-morrow will see some good results. Communication is open to the Yazoo by way of Haines' Bluff, and supplies now come to us from the upper river.

As I write, the slow and sullen booming of the gunboats both above and below, show that they too are joining in the great fight. The situation grows dramatic and solemn, and the end is near at hand.

IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, May 21.

The stronghold of the rebel power on the Mississippi is now completely invested by the army of General Grant. The fragments of the insurgent forces which escaped from the victories of Port Hudson, of Jackson, of Champion or Midway Hills, and of Big Black, have retired within the strong but small circle of defenses which surround the city, at a distance of about two miles from the heart. There a stubborn resistance is now being made, the redoubts and rifle-pits giving the rebels an advantage in the way of safety, but none, I think, in the way of moral strength. Presumptively the advantage is with the attacking party, and especially in this case, where our army, since its bold move from Young's Point, by the way of Grand Gulf, has been uniformly and brilliantly successful.

To-day our forces are busy from right to left, over the entire line, in creeping more closely to the formidable works of the enemy. At several points our sharpshooters are so near the redoubts, and so well sheltered by the remarkably rough ground, that they totally prevent the enemy from using his guns. They are near enough too, to indulge in jocose conversation with the rebels in their rifle-pits.

At the same time our heavier artillery is being pushed up slowly in such a way as to bear effectually on the enemy's works. The ground is such that the hills occupied by us are just about as convenient and commanding as those occupied by them. What works they have within the line we are now attacking, is not certainly known, but they cannot be extensive, for their present line is quite near the city. If the rebels retire from their present position, they subject the city to destruction.

Below and above Vicksburg our mortar fleet is grumbling and thundering, very slowly but steadily, and we can see the huge shells bursting over the town. A warm place to live in now.

IN REAR OF VICKSBURG, May 22.

To-day a general charge upon the enemy's works was ordered and made, though I cannot yet learn that at any point the works were completely carried. The singularly rough nature of the ground makes it almost impossible to tell what we have to encounter, and rapidly fatigues the men. But we advance in this way steadily, and at each charge our sharpshooters obtain a better position for their operations. Our artillery hastens to get better position, small intrenchments being thrown up to protect it; and thus we have the curious spectacle of hostile redoubts already frowning upon each other, at a distance of but a few hundred yards.

The guns of the rebels reply to our shelling but seldom. They are evidently husbanding their ammunition, for they can now get no further supply. Their redoubts are con-

structed for field guns, and within the last three weeks Grant has captured about seventy of these.

In the meantime we have a new base of supplies from the Yazoo, through which reinforcements, provisions, ammunition and heavy guns can be sent as rapidly as we please.

The rebel force within Vicksburg cannot now be more than twenty thousand. Before the fight at Jackson, they may have had forty-five thousand, but part of that number we forced up northward toward Canton—say ten thousand. At the battle of Midway Hills, (or Champion Hills,) on the 16th instant, their effective force was perhaps thirty-five thousand men. Of these at least ten thousand were killed, wounded or captured, or driven to escape northward or southward, in such a way as to prevent them from returning to Vicksburg. At the fight on Big Black, on the 17th, we captured nearly three thousand, and scattered many more in such a way that they are more likely to have straggled home through the woods than to have reported for duty.

LATER.

I have arrived at the Yazoo, near Chickasaw Bayou, after riding from the extreme left of our army. Of course rumors are plenty of the operations of to-day. One is that our mortars and gunboats have silenced two of the upper water batteries, and that vessels now pass Vicksburg without being fired on. Another is that in the attempted charge of to-day the Thirty-First Illinois got up to the enemy's works, and there found a stockade so high that they could not scale it, and so they stopped and lay down under it, unable to go further, yet protected from the enemy's fire. At this moment a rebel redoubt on the left tried to get a raking fire on them, when our artillery, concentrating its shots upon the redoubt, suddenly battered it to silence, knocking one of its guns some thirty feet into the air.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH OHIO ENGAGED — CONDITION OF THE
WOUNDED — INTERESTING SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING
THE SIEGE.

BATTLE-FIELD, IN REAR OF VICKSBURG. }
June 1, 1863. }

The regiment at present has gone with others on a scout after General Joe Johnston, who is reported to be gathering a force in our rear, but up to Saturday they had seen nothing of him. He was not at the point reported to our men. Our forces, we understand, were pushing on toward Yazoo City, to capture a small force of rebels reported there, and also to take their fleet of transports and stores at that place. We look for the return of the regiment in a day or two. They are very anxious to meet Johnston's force.

None of these wounded of Company E have died, but are getting along well, far beyond the Surgeon's expectations. Beisaker, Weller, Russell and Russell, are still back in the hospital at Champion Hills; they will be brought to the hospital here in a few days. Nearly all the wounded and sick at Raymond and Champion Hills have been paroled by the rebel guerillas. They paroled some who died the same day. They paroled our nurses waiting upon the secesh wounded, and took some of them to Jackson as prisoners; and when our forces had left in

pursuit of the enemy, the guerrillas captured the few ambulances detailed to carry the rebel wounded to the hospital, and drove them off, leaving their own wounded lying upon the field of battle. I wonder if the generous sympathizers in the North will approve this act of humane generosity.

I spent part of the day yesterday in our Division hospital. About three hundred wounded are there, all doing well under the skillful management of Surgeon Reeves, and others. Several of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio boys are there. A visit to one of these hospitals impresses us deeply with the sad effects of war, and the dread results of an engagement in battle. Every description of wounds are seen. The loss of limbs, to me, seems the greatest, and the most to be regretted. It is surprising to see how cheerful the wounded are. How patient, submissive and grateful. The scene impresses a bystander with the deepest feelings of sadness.

The Adjutant of the Seventy-Eighth—H. Abbott, of Zanesville—I presume is dead. The last word from him was, he would not live many days. He was shot through the neck, also breaking his skull.

Our men have had a hard campaign; for more than two weeks they made every day a full day's march, and fought a successful battle almost every day. They started with five days' rations, and lived upon it seventeen; of course the country had to suffer, especially the cellars, smoke-houses and poultry yards. They also destroyed a sufficient quantity of provisions to supply our army for months.

Matters about Vicksburg are in statu quo. The rebel army is still in holes, and dare not come out. The two armies can converse with each other. All our artillery is planted within two hundred yards of their forts. It is reported by deserters that the citizens of Vicksburg presented General Pemberton a petition to surrender; but he replied that they (the citizens) had abused him by circulating lies upon him, and now he intended to hold Vicks-

burg as long as he had a live man. The city is nearly all torn to pieces by our mortar fleet, and also our artillery in the rear. The women and children are in caves under the ground; it is reported that many of them have been killed. It cannot be otherwise.

All their mules and horses have been killed, and they are seen throwing them into the river every night. They attempted to drive many of them through our lines, but our artillery opened upon them and killed them around the forts, and they dare not come out to bury them.

General Grant, last Sabbath week, ordered all the women out of the city; they did not avail themselves of this privilege; they would gladly do it now, but Grant says they must now submit to their fate, and help eat up the stores in the city. This seems hard but it is just. They are reaping the just retribution of their own works. It would not do for me to be General, my feelings would lead me to give them a place of safety.

One morning last week the rebels asked a cessation of hostilities for two and a half hours. It was granted; our men went up to the fortifications, and the rebels stood on top of the forts, when mutual conversation took place. Some of the rebels came over and drank coffee with our men. Some said they would surrender the fort for a cup of coffee; one took the names of some of the Seventy-Eighth, and said, "When you take us, which will be before long, I want to find you." One private in the Thirtieth Illinois, of our Brigade, met in the fort, his own father and brother. They had a pleasant interview: the father and brother did not wish to return, but asked permission to remain as prisoners. The officers of the Thirtieth sent them back, refusing to take prisoners while a flag of truce was out. They said they would desert the first opportunity.

Over six thousand prisoners have been sent North; some go every day. A great many are deserting to our gunboats upon the river. It is almost impossible to desert to our side

on account of the sharpshooters on both sides. These sharpshooters are picking off a great number of men. We are losing some fine officers in this way. Last week the Captains of both batteries of our Brigade fell before the concealed sharpshooters. Captain Rodgers, of McCalister's Ohio Battery was killed instantly on Friday morning. Captain DeGalyer, on Thursday evening, was mortally wounded. These were the most efficient officers of our Division.

How long this siege may continue I presume will depend upon the provision stores of Vicksburg. Some deserters report that the soldiers say they will kill Pemberton if he does not surrender in a few days. It is to be hoped they will yield in a few days. We could take the forts by storm, but it would be too great a sacrifice. We have got the animal caged, but dare not enter the cage.

The health of our army is good. Its energy and life unsurpassed: its courage and determination desperate. The army with its present spirit could successfully meet three times its number.

THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH OHIO AT VICKSBURG—FULL LIST OF THE
CASUALTIES AS REPORTED BY SURGEON REEVES.

IN THE FIELD, VICKSBURG, MISS., FIELD HOSPITAL. }
THIRD DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
May 20, 1863. }

JAMES A. ADAIR:

Dear Sir—The stirring events of the past month have so rapidly followed each other, and so slight have been the opportunities for writing, that I have been unable to make a report to you, such as I felt it my duty to make.

On the 25th of April we left Milliken's Bend, Louisiana, as a part of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and marched over a military road which General Grant had caused to be made, passed through Richmond and along Roundaway Bayou to Lake St. Joseph, around which we passed, and reached Perkin's Landing, on the Mississippi River, on the 28th. The next morning we continued our march to Hard-

times Landing, where transports and gunboats awaited us, which took us down the river about ten miles, and we debarked and stacked arms in Mississippi. From that point we took up our line of march along the Port Gibson road. The Seventy-Eighth was detailed to act as rear-guard to the column on that day, and was the last to come up for the bivouac at night.

General Crocker's Division was in advance, and when in the vicinity of Magnolia Church, met the rebels, under Generals Bowen and Tracy, nearly five thousand strong, occupying a strong position, and with whom they became engaged, at 2 o'clock A. M., on May 1st. The battle was fought with varying success by that Division, until 12 M., when General Logan's Division came up on the double-quick and forced the rebels from their position, driving them back with great loss. On the next day we occupied Port Gibson.

The country is broken, and presents a succession of ridges running in parallel but very tortuous lines, with deep ravines intervening, affording natural earthworks in great variety. The rebels were routed, and retreated in the night toward Jackson, burning the bridges over Bayou St. Pierre and several other streams.

We left Port Gibson on the 2d of May and marched toward Vicksburg, and found the country to grow better as we advanced. We came to Little Black river just after the enemy had crossed, too late to capture them. At this point the Second Brigade had the advance, and was shelled by a rebel battery, the shells bursting over and around the Seventy-Eighth fiercely for a short time, but fortunately without hurting any one.

We then moved toward Clinton, on the railroad from Jackson to Vicksburg, when, within four miles of Raymond, we met the enemy, eight thousand strong. General Logan was in the advance, and a fierce battle ensued. They were again routed and fled toward Jackson. In this battle the Seventy-Eighth acted a prominent part and suffered loss.

Private Oliver Story, of Company F, was mortally wounded and has since died; Charles Mason, of Company D, shot through the shoulder severely; Isaac Drum, Company E, wounded in the head slightly.

We moved to Clinton and occupied the town, capturing a quantity of clothing and army stores, tearing up the railroad, and crippling the rebels in various ways, and on the next day went toward Jackson and again met the enemy, who had taken position upon the grounds of a planter. The battle was short and decisive. The rebels were routed, leaving their killed and wounded on the field. Two batteries were captured. Our troops immediately occupied Jackson, and stacked arms on the "sacred soil" of "King Jeff." So rapid had been our march, and so sharp our fighting, that the people, deluded by the misrepresentations of the lying press at Jackson, were completely surprised, and they made a stampede that would put to blush a score of Bull Runs. At daylight next morning General Logan's Division was en route for Vicksburg.

On the morning of the 16th of May, the advance of our column was checked by the enemy, who were drawn up in line of battle at Champion Hills, four miles from Black River. Immediate preparations were made to meet them. The engagement commenced on the left, and it soon became a fierce conflict — Hovey and Carr's Divisions being in the hottest of the fight. The roads at this point were numerous, all converging toward Black River Bridge, thus bringing our troops nearer to each other as we advanced. The battle soon involved the troops on the right of the road, and Logan's Division became engaged. At this time the Second Brigade, led on by General Leggett, participated in the fight, and I say with pride, that the Seventy-Eighth Regiment went into battle cool and determined, stood up under a heavy fire without flinching, and acquitted themselves nobly. Far in advance of the line, they stood out in bold relief, and forced the enemy to fall back.

For three hours the rebels maintained their position,

during which time there was one continuous roar of artillery and musketry. A brilliant charge was then made upon a battery of nine guns, and it was taken; then the rebel line began to waver, was broken and soon commenced a hasty retreat. They fled toward the bridge about which so much has been said and written, and were crossing pell-mell as fast as possible, when night enshrouded the scene and quiet reigned. Ere morning dawned upon the hills, Carr's Division fell upon the retreating enemy and captured between two and three thousand of them, and seventeen pieces of artillery.

During the engagement our hospital was located temporarily in the woods at what was a suitable distance, but by a series of maneuvers batteries were planted upon the ridge near us, and as the wounded were not yet brought in, I had ample opportunity to witness the fight. Our troops were in the open field, while the rebels occupied the woods. A single gun from DeGalyer's Battery was stationed on a projecting knob, and was raking the enemy terribly. A battery of six guns was planted just under the edge of the ridge, out of sight of the rebels, and which was intended to do special work. The Second Brigade was at this time in a depression in the field. Presently the rebels charged upon the solitary gun, swarming like bees about the edge of the woods, and going rapidly toward the gun. At that moment the battery opened and dropped its shells with great precision right among the rebels, sending living and dead in every direction — particularly in the direction of the woods. The field was cleared, and the gun kept thundering away. When the rebels retreated our Brigade followed.

In riding over the ground next day, I came to where the charge was made upon the rebel battery. The road was strewn with dead horses and broken harness, and a few broken gun carriages. Near by, six dead horses marked the spot where a single gun had been planted to deal death among our men. The gun was gone, but deep marks in the hard ground told of the fearful rebound it gave at each

discharge. Within ten feet of the spot on which the gun stood, nine graves ranged side by side, disclosing the resting place of those who fell beside it.

The battle was over, the enemy routed, and "On to Vicksburg!" was the word. On we went, and by midnight were within four miles of the city. We now occupy the rear of the city, our lines extending from Warrenton on the Mississippi to Haines' Bluff on the Yazoo river.

On the morning of the 22d our guns were thundering, and each day the cannonading has been going on. We have free communication with Young's Point by way of Haines' Bluff, and with all below by way of Warrenton, and are receiving provisions and ammunition, in fact supplies of all kinds, by way of the Yazoo. Since coming to Vicksburg, the Second Brigade has been constantly in the field, and the Seventy-Eighth Regiment has been close upon the trenches, shielded by a ridge, waiting for their time to come to "go in."

There is no time for writing: I am in the midst of the wounded at the field hospital of the Third Division, and send this more for the purpose of giving a list of the killed and wounded than for anything else.

Our march from Milliken's Bend has been triumphant and full of incidents, and I regret exceedingly that I have not been permitted to pen a detailed account of it.

At Thompson's Hill, Jackson, Raymond, Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, and in all the skirmishes, we have completely whipped and discomfited the rebels, and drove them before us like scared sheep.

Herewith I send you a list of the killed and wounded of the Seventy-Eighth Regiment, in the battles of Raymond and Champion Hills:

WOUNDED

At the battle of Raymond, May 12, 1863, and left in the hospital at Raymond:

Corporal Simeon H. Cockins, Company A, arm fractured; private Solomon J. Donelson, A, fore-arm, buck shot; pri-

vate Charles B. Mason, D, shoulder, severely. (This was an accident, the wound being inflicted by his own gun.) Private David Miller, D, head, severely; private Isaac Drum, B, head, slight; private William C. Younger, B, thigh, slight; private Thomas Hartsell, H, head, scalp wound; Corporal Oliver Story, F, abdomen, since died; George W. Richardson, A, thigh, flesh wound.

The following are the casualties at the battle of Champion Hills, May 16, 1863:

KILLED.

Lewis Voght, private, Company A; Sergeant Abner Roach, I; Sergeant — Stitte, C; private Jno. F. McIntosh, I; private James Taylor, F; private William McBurney, H; private Enoch Gray, K.

WOUNDED.

Private David Wilson, Company A, head, severely; private Philander S. Castor, A, shoulder, severely; private Samuel Jackson, A, head, slight; Lieutenant Jas. Caldwell, A, abdomen, severely, since died; Adjutant H. Abbott, A, head, severely; private Randolph C. Austin, B, chest and left shoulder; Sergeant Harrison C. Varner, B, shoulder; private Silas Eaton, B, fore arm fractured, resection; private George W. Lay, B, chest and back, severely; Sergeant Andrew McDaniels, thigh, flesh wound; private —, C, fracture of both bones of the leg, amputated; private Jas. D. Austin, D, neck, severely; private William Weller, E, conical ball through the elbow joint, exsection of the joint; private J. C. Russell, E, thigh, flesh wound; James Russell, E, abdomen, severely; Jacob Beisaker, E, shot through the knee joint; amputation lower third of thigh; Joseph Vankirk, F, fore arm, severely, exsection of elbow; private Robert A. David, Company G, thigh, flesh wound; private Joseph Rhinehart, hip, severely; private George Kimball, Company H, leg, flesh wound; James Huelson, Company H, hip and abdomen, since died; private Francis Scott, H, face, buck-shot; Sergeant Daniel Raney, H, leg, flesh wound; private George W. Steele, I, arm, spent ball;

private Aaron Floyd, K, back, flesh wound ; private Samuel Giesy, K, hand ; private George Luinbatus, K, hand fractured ; private John Greenbank, K, hand, slight ; private Hiram Reed, K, thigh and arm ; private John Weir, A, face, (lower jaw) ; Corporal Andrew McPherson, E, neck ; Lieutenant Israel Robinson, D, hip, contusion ; private Lewis Rowley, G.

We left Milliken's Bend without much transportation, without a change of clothing, tents or cooking utensils, save perhaps a coffee-pot and frying-pan, and have slept upon the ground with the bright stars twinkling above us ; and during the whole trip it has rained but twice to cause any discomfort.

May 23.—Yesterday the First Brigade of our Division charged the enemy's earthworks, but were obliged to fall back. For some time they stood in the face of a heavy fire, and the Brigade was badly cut up. Two hundred and nineteen men were brought in and placed in the wards of the Division Hospital, many of them badly wounded. The number killed has not been reported.

Our Army Corps is in fine spirits at our prospect of a sure and speedy reduction of this rebel stronghold, and the opening of the Mississippi.

The health of the regiment is good, and during the present month there has been but little complaint of ill health. Captain McCarty is commanding Company E, and is deservedly regarded with favor, for he is a good officer. Lieutenant Stewart is now in command of Company K, and should receive a Captaincy, as he fully merits it.

It is now a year and a half since I left home, and I hope, after we take Vicksburg, to visit home, and tell you of a thousand things I cannot get time to write.

Respectfully Yours,

JAMES S. REEVES,

Surgeon Seventy-Eighth Regiment, O. V. I.

SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

On the 22d of May the whole rebel army commanded by Pemberton, was enclosed in a wall of steel. The Union army occupied a crescent line nine miles in extent, General Sherman on the right, General McPherson the center, General McClelland the left. On the 22d the whole line charged the enemy's works. The writer stood upon an eminence with Captain Roberts, one of the officers of the Signal Corps, where we could distinctly see nearly all our line move forward to the charge. The fighting was terrible and deadly, but the works were so formidable that our men could not scale them after they had reached the base; consequently the charge proved unsuccessful along the whole line. A skirmish line was immediately established within a few rods of the enemy's works, and rifle-pits constructed which kept the enemy down inside their works. Here our troops remained for a period of forty-four days, each day pouring a storm of lead and iron into the enemy's works and the city.

Many interesting incidents here occurred between the soldiers of both armies, which all this time were near enough to converse with each other. Many little dialogues took place, which would swell our chapter too large to narrate.

At times they would agree to be civil to each other for a specified time, and throwing aside their deadly weapons, would meet each other between the lines for social chat, and frequently make a cup of coffee, exchange canteens, buttons and rings.

The country in the immediate rear of Vicksburg is one interminable series of swells, sandy hills or mounds, dotted with lovely groves and elegant plantations, mostly in fine cultivation. These mounds, almost straight up and down, and of a compact sandy soil, are furrowed and covered with corn.

The hollows are deep and wide, with excellent causeways, bubbling springs and fragrant groves, and now

are filled with Yankees. No troops of consequence are visible till we get into the hollows, where, concealed from the enemy's view, are the tents, equipage, etc., of a powerful army.

The Second Brigade's camp was in one of these deep ravines, near the Jackson road, which led to the White House and Fort Hill, a half a mile distant. From the White House to the enemy's works called Fort Hill, General Leggett had dug a ditch ten feet wide, and deep enough to shelter a horseman. This sap was run into the walls of Fort Hill, which was mined for the purpose of blowing up the Fort. This whole operation was under the superintendence of General Leggett. In his first effort, he used twenty-five hundred pounds of powder, which made a large entrance in the fort.

The Forty-Fifth Illinois regiment entered the gap, where quite a fight took place between them and the rebels. The fight was at close quarters, grasping each other's bayonets, and wresting the guns from each other's hands, pulling each other by the hair, etc., till both sides began to toss over shells and hand-grenades; this caused both sides to fall back from the gap. Both the Colonel and Major of the Forty-Fifth Illinois were killed; also about one hundred men were killed or wounded.

July 1st.—General Leggett completed another mine or sap into the fort, and placed one ton of powder under the wall. When the match was applied the explosion was terrible, blowing out about about fifty feet in length, and burying rebels by the score, and throwing many high in the air. Eight of these were blown upon our side of the fort, three of whom were colored, and all were killed but two. One of the negroes was but little injured, and insists that he was blown three miles in the air. General Logan had his wounds dressed and well cared for.

General Joe Johnston had at this time taken possession of Jackson, Miss., and was marching toward Vicksburg to make an attack upon our rear, in order to relieve Pemberton

and his starved garrison, which were now reduced to the most scanty rations, consisting of mule meat and bean bread. General Sherman was ordered with part of the army in which was the Second Brigade, to march against Johnston.

The evening of the 3d of July every preparation was made to give the rebel army and city a grand celebration on the 4th. Consequently every piece of artillery was supplied with one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition for that purpose.

GENERAL PEMBERTON SURRENDERS HIS ARMY AND THE CITY — THE
CLOSING SCENES OF THE VICKSBURG SIEGE.

July 1.—Affairs became desperate with the rebels, and one more effort was made to cut through our lines by concentrating upon the left, but they were repulsed with heavy loss, and driven back to their places of shelter.

On the evening of the 3d a flag of truce came into our lines, brought by two Confederate officers. The messengers were blindfolded, and remained waiting the return of General Smith, who bore dispatches from Pemberton to General Grant. Their eyes were unbandaged, and they talked freely with the Union officers. One said that iron enough had been thrown into Vicksburg to stock a foundry, and build monuments for all the citizens and soldiers that had fallen. When General Smith returned, the officers were again blindfolded and conducted to a safe point, from which they could enter their own lines.

The character of the dispatches was as follows: "That the unnecessary effusion of blood might be prevented by the cessation of hostilities, during which commissioners might be appointed to agree on terms for the surrender of the city; also intimating that he could hold out for an indefinite period."

General Grant replied briefly, saying that General Pemberton had it in his power to stop the effusion of blood, and the appointment of commissioners was unnecessary, as the only stipulation he could accept was an unconditional

surrender; that the rebel garrison should be treated with the courtesy due prisoners of war.

The messenger had not long been gone till he returned with a dispatch from Pemberton, asking a personal interview with Grant, which was promptly granted. At 3 P. M. the interview took place, about midway between the contending forces. General Grant came slowly and deliberately to the place of rendezvous, smoking his cigar, and apparently the only unexcited person in the vast assemblage of Federal soldiers, who dared for the first time to appear outside of their rifle-pits. Pemberton first remarked that he had been present when different fortresses surrendered to the Federal arms in Mexico; in these the enemy were granted terms and conditions, and he thought his army as well entitled to favor as a foreign foe.

General Grant proposed a private conversation, and both stepped aside. What passed between them can be known by its results. After a little more than one hour the terms were arranged, and the rebels surrendered. About thirty-two thousand rebels were paroled.

At 10 A. M., July 4, General Leggett had the honor of entering the city with his command, and placing the flag upon the Court House. Soon the city was full of soldiers from both armies, associating and chatting freely and with much good nature with each other. No unfriendly or malignant feeling was manifested on the part of any.

The business portion of the city was plundered by the rebel soldiers, which, to the shame of rebel officers, was blamed upon the Federal army, and made capital of to incite the people of the South to hatred of the Yankees.

The total loss of the Federal army in the series of battles is as follows :

Port Gibson, 130 killed, 118 wounded; Fourteen Mile Creek, 4 killed, 24 wounded; Raymond, 69 killed, 341 wounded; Jackson, 40 killed, 290 wounded; Champion Hills, 421 killed, 1842 wounded, 189 missing; Black River,

29 killed, 242 wounded, 2 missing; Vicksburg, 545 killed, 3688 wounded, 303 missing.

The Seventy-Eighth Ohio had only one killed at Vicksburg, Lyons, of Company A, who was a young man of excellent character, and an efficient and faithful soldier.

THE REGIMENT AFTER THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.

CLINTON, MISS.—MONROEVILLE, LA.—THE REGIMENT CONTESTS
FOR A PRIZE FLAG—DEATHS BY DISEASES—IT VETERAN-
IZES—THE MERIDIAN EXPEDITION—HOME ON VETERAN
FURLOUGH.

The following letter by Captain A. A. Adair gives a full history of the regiment on the Jackson expedition against General Johnston :

CHAPLAIN T. M. STEVENSON :

Dear Sir :—Since we crossed the Mississippi we have been on the go all the time : doing up our fighting, and at the same time making our regular marches, day after day, through thick and thin, being weary, foot-sore and hungry, yet we fell not by the way-side, because of the good work we were sent to help accomplish. And lo ! it is finished to a great extent. The great Western Gibraltar, which the rebels harped about so much, has fallen, with its seventeen Generals and thirty-one thousand prisoners, fifty thousand stand of arms, besides a large number of cannon ; and what makes it more glorious, it was surrendered on the 4th of July, which will ever be remembered in ages to come.

Now for a short history of the doings of the Seventy-Eighth Regiment since crossing the Mississippi, which we did on the

1st of May, the next day after the bombardment of Grand Gulf. After our Division had crossed, our regiment was left at the landing to load up the train with ammunition and rations, while they went on out to the battle of Thompson's Hill, which had commenced that morning. We came up with the train after dark, and found the battle over, being a great success on our side. The next day we marched through Port Gibson, and were in pursuit of the beaten foe. They burned the bridge across the river in their retreat, and we were obliged to take a roundabout course in pursuing them. On the second morning we came upon them, when they commenced shelling our advance. But we pushed on until we came to Black river, when they burned the bridge after crossing; but not before they got a few shells from one piece of DeGalyer's celebrated Michigan Battery, which made them skedaddle. Several prisoners were taken, who had dropped out by the roadside, not being able to keep up with the retreating "rebs."

We encamped at Black river that night, and the next morning the rebels, in turn, commenced to shell us. But their guns were soon silenced by DeGalyer, who is considered to be one of the best artillerists in this Department. During the siege of Vicksburg he was wounded by a musket ball while lying in his tent, and has been sent home. We remained near Black river four or five days, when we came upon the rebels at Raymond. Our Brigade engaged them for about two hours, it being pretty severe for the time. But we succeeded in utterly routing them, losing out of the regiment twelve men wounded, two of whom have since died. Encamping near Raymond for the night, the next morning we set out for Jackson, arriving there just as the battle was ended. But the "Flying Brigade" was not to be put off in that way; so we were ordered on the double-quick, in a kind of circuit around the place, to try and cut off the retreat of the rebels, (so it

was said) making us travel five or six miles for nothing, as it appeared to us.

We did not get to see the great rebel capital as we wished, as we encamped on the outer side of it. The next morning we were ordered back toward Vicksburg, and on the 16th came upon the enemy in full force at Champion Hills, where our regiment was hotly engaged for five or six hours, losing eight men killed and fifty-six wounded. Company E lost none killed, but had four wounded, one of whom has since died—Jacob Beisaker, who was wounded in the leg, and had to have it amputated. He died on the hospital boat bound for Memphis. In his death Company E loses a good soldier, and his widowed mother a noble boy. She has the sympathies of all the members of the company, and has the consolation of knowing that he died in a good cause. He was loved and respected by all his companions in arms, and it seems hard that we had to part with him.

The battle of Champion Hills will long be remembered by the old Seventy-Eighth, as well as by a great many others. The rebel regiment in front of us in the fight was the Forty-Third Georgia, and its mortality list shows that we done good work. The rebels were completely routed and demoralized, and fled in great confusion to the Black river bridge, where they endeavored to make another stand, but were not given time. Our forces pursued them early next morning, and made a charge on their works at the bridge, capturing fifteen hundred prisoners, seventeen pieces of artillery, and a lot of ammunition, when they made tracks toward Vicksburg. Our forces were in pursuit as soon as pontoons could be got across the river: and on the 18th we succeeded in driving them in behind their forts. Our Brigade remained as a reserve until the 22d, when we were ordered up to support the charge that was made that day. But finding that a failure, the next day our regiment was ordered to the support of a battery, which position we held until the night of the 25th, when

we were ordered to join the expedition sent out to Mechanicsburg under General Blair. Finding nothing but a few cavalry, which were soon routed, we returned by way of Haines' Bluffs, where we remained three or four days, and then to Vicksburg, where we were doing constant duty in the rifle-pits until the 22d of June, when we were again ordered to join an expedition sent out in command of General Sherman to attend to Johnston, who had been threatening our rear for some time. We threw up fortifications at a little place called Tiffin, expecting an attack daily. We had been there but two or three days when we heard of the great surrender of Vicksburg on the 4th. That night our Brigade was addressed by Colonel Force, commanding, who gave us a neat little speech.

We could hear the firing all along at Tiffin, and as it ceased that morning, it was supposed that something of the kind had taken place, as we knew it could not hold out much longer, and must eventually fall. After remaining at Tiffin a few days, we moved to Bovina, on the Vicksburg and Jackson Railroad, remaining there about a week. We got orders to move toward Jackson, where we expected to have something to do, as Johnston was reported there with forty thousand men, and strongly fortified. The first day's march from Bovina brought us to Champion Hills, where we encamped on the old battle-ground that we had fought over but a short time before. The next day we moved to Clinton, where we still remain.

Since leaving Vicksburg we have been detached from our old Division, and are now under the command of General McArthur, for the time being; but we hope soon to go back and join our old Division, commanded by the inveterate Logan.

We arrived at Clinton on the evening of the 14th, and the next morning all the troops moved out with the exception of our regiment, which remained to occupy the place. As a matter of course, we had a great deal of duty to perform, being the only regiment in the place. Colonel

Wiles being commander of the post, all persons who wanted passes had to come to him. He was kept busy all day, issuing passes to persons who claimed to be wanting to go to Vicksburg, and various other places, on very important business. But their main object was soon found out to be to convey intelligence to a cavalry force who were moving around here, their object supposed to be to attack Sherman's train that was moving on its way out from Black river, loaded with ammunition and rations.

On the evening of the 15th, Colonel Wiles received a dispatch from General Sherman, stating that a rebel cavalry force was approaching, and for him to be on the alert. The Colonel immediately commenced preparing to meet them. He had the pickets reinforced, and ordered the men to have their "traps" ready, so they could be up and into line in a moment, should an attack be made. Those citizens had undoubtedly reported to them that only one regiment was left at the place, and they thought they had us sure. But about 10 o'clock that night, General Mathias' Brigade arrived from the front, it having been sent back to help us out of the scrape.

Of course we were glad to meet them, but we were determined to do our best and hold the place if possible. The next morning a cavalryman came dashing down the road and told us to be ready, that they were coming in force. We were into line in short order, and moved up to the railroad, which we intended to occupy for breastworks. It was but a little while until skirmishing commenced between our pickets and the "rebs." But for some reason they took care not to advance too close, although none but our regiment was in position. No doubt they had heard of our reinforcements the night before, and thought it best not to advance any further, for they soon found out that we were ready to meet them.

The advance of the rebels — six in number — were captured by our pickets on their approach. They came upon

our cavalry pickets before they were aware of their approach, and they had to fall back into the woods, and let the "rebs" come in. But when they got to our infantry pickets they were halted and told to surrender, and seeing our cavalry closing in behind them, they concluded they had to do it. Lieutenant Stewart, of Company E, had command of the pickets, and was highly complimented by Colonel Wiles for the way he discharged his duty during the engagement.

The force of the rebels was estimated at fifteen hundred, and in the fracas they lost two men killed. Our loss was nothing; one of Company F had a piece taken off his jacket by a ball. So much for the Seventy-Eighth, who were victorious at the skirmish near Clinton, Miss., July 16, 1863.

Since crossing the Mississippi river we have marched about three hundred and fifty miles, and have endured hardships that no other troops have done in the same space of time, and doing as much good as we have accomplished. At the siege of Vicksburg we were always on hand when duty called, and ready to face the foe when ordered.

While at Bovina the members of Company E took it into their heads to make our Colonel a present of a set of shoulder straps. And you know whatever they undertake to do they generally go through with. Below I give you the note accompanying the present, and also Colonel Wiles' reply:

CAMP NEAR BOVINA, MISS., July 9, 1863.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. F. WILES:—

Sir:—On behalf of the members of Company E, I herewith present to you a set of shoulder-straps, thus showing our respect toward you as a man, and placing our entire confidence in you as a commanding officer. Hoping this act will meet with your approval, I remain

Your obedient servant,

AD. A. ADAIR,
Sergeant Company E.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILES' REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT O. V. I., }
BOVINA, MISS., July 10, 1863. }

SERGEANT ADAIR:—

It certainly affords me unfeigned pleasure, as well as a very pleasant surprise, to receive and accept through you, Sergeant, the very handsome present I have received from that gallant company which you represent. Such a manifestation coming from the "boys" renders the act more dear to me, and is more of a compliment than it would be coming from the Governor of our State. I feel proud that my conduct has met the approval of the men I have the honor to command, and I shall endeavor to sustain that relation to the extent of my ability.

I also regard it as no unmeaning tribute, for the donors and myself have been together on more than one occasion where it tried men's souls. Members of Company E. again I thank you.

G. F. WILES,

Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

Our duty continues heavy — furnishing pickets, provost guards and forage details every day, these having nearly half the regiment on duty daily. By going into the country a short distance, roasting ears, melons, peaches and apples can be had in abundance. And the boys are always ready for duty when there is foraging to be done.

We received the news to-day of the evacuation of Jackson by the rebels, where it was thought they would make a desperate stand; but it seems as though they gave up the place with comparatively little fighting. Where they will make their next stand I am unable to say. But my opinion is, they are about gone up the spout. The news from the east is very encouraging indeed; and the time is not far distant when this rebellion will come to an end.

The health of the boys is pretty good. A few cases of the ague still hang on, but there are no serious cases.

Clinton is ten miles from Jackson, on the railroad, and is the most bitter secesh hole I have come across in the South.

I have had the honor of calling on some of the fair damsels of the Southern soil, and find them even worse than the men; which is generally the case on all topics, (not wishing to say anything against the dear creatures at all.)

You can hardly see the town for the houses, but it is a pretty situation, and could be made a nice place.

General McArthur is ordered to keep open the road against guerrillas between here and Champion Hills, but we are anxious to go back and join our old Division, and spend the summer on the Mississippi.

On the 25th day of July the regiment returned to Vicksburg and pitched camp on Walnut Hills, near the city. The terrible campaign ended; General Johnston and all the rebel army driven far east of Jackson; the Seventeenth Army Corps settles down round Vicksburg to rest and recuperate its thinned and wearied ranks. The Thirteenth Army Corps goes South; the Fifteenth goes with General Sherman to Memphis, and thence toward Chattanooga. The brave Sixty-Eighth and Twentieth Ohio Regiments still remain with the Seventy-Eighth; these three regiments have become banded together as firmly as brothers; all have shared equally in dangers and hardships, in honors and triumphs.

The effects of the long campaign upon the men begin now to be developed in disease, much sickness and many deaths.

The Brigade remains scarcely a day idle, but commence building fortifications around the city. Two hours every day are spent in drill.

August 25 — The Division went on reconnoissance to Monroeville, Louisiana. The march was a hard one, and many men never recovered from its effects. Part of the way was through swamps, now dried by the summer's sun, and covered with weeds and grass higher than the horses backs; in this, rattle-snakes of all sizes dwelt as thick as fish in the river. These the men shot and killed by the thousand.

Monroeville was at length reached. The town is situated on the Washita River, and is a pleasant little place of about one thousand inhabitants; the rebel army said to be encamped there had fled; it consisted only of a few cavalry. Yankee soldiers were quite a curiosity to the natives, no Federal troops had before been seen by them. The people were living in blissful ignorance, cut off from all communications with the world, they had not received the intelligence that Vicksburg had fallen, and come into the possession of the Federal army. The women manifested no fear, nor malignant feelings, but treated the soldiers very courteously, and visited the camps the next morning. The Division remained but one night, and then took up its march again to Vicksburg, having accomplished nothing, but thinned somewhat the serpents of the bayous and swamps.

All the sick able to travel are furloughed home, and Colonel Wiles with many of the officers received leave of absence. On September 13 a beautiful flag from the ladies of Zanesville was presented the regiment by General Leggett. I regret much that I cannot obtain a copy of his address to the regiment. Captain A. L. Wallar, then in command of the regiment, responded in its behalf in a brief and very appropriate speech.

On November 15th the Seventeenth Corps start on a reconnoissance toward Canton and Jackson, Miss., to disperse rebel encampments, and troops collecting there. The Seventy-Eighth had a lively skirmish with the enemy, but met with no casualties. The enemy in some force, with artillery, were positioned on a ridge. The regiment immediately made a vigorous charge up the hill. The enemy fled after firing a few rounds, which passed over our men doing no damage.

The next day, finding no enemy at Canton, after destroying much railroad stock, it took up its march for Vicksburg.

November 13th, two days before the above expedition, General Logan reviewed the Third Division, and bid fare-

well to it in an earnest and deeply affecting speech. He had been appointed to the command of the Fifteenth Army Corps.

General Leggett is appointed to take command of the Division. All were deeply affected in parting with General Logan, but were much gratified in the appointment of General Leggett as his successor; and ably did he sustain the high character of the Division, and fill the highest anticipations. Under him it never lost a flag by capture, nor was driven by the enemy.

After the above expedition the regiment gave much attention to military tactics and exercise in their various movements and combinations. It was soon whispered by military men that the Seventy-Eighth excelled all others, as far as their observation extended, in camp and field discipline. Other regiments, therefore, commenced giving their attention to the same exercises in their camps, and were unwilling to concede so much to the Seventy-Eighth regiment. In order to settle the matter in question General Leggett offered to present a large and beautiful flag to the best drilled regiment in the Third Division, which should be decided by a bench of competent judges.

The 23d of January, 1864, was appointed to contest for the flag. The day was mild and pleasant, and the Division was assembled in review on a large plateau south of the city. After each regiment had drilled a few minutes, the Seventy-Eighth Ohio and One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Illinois were chosen to contest for the flag. The ring was formed, which an immense crowd of spectators soon surrounded. The Seventy-Eighth Ohio first entered the ring and drilled the specified time, cheered with the greatest enthusiasm by the immense throng. The One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Illinois entered and drilled the same length of time, but failed to elicit so much enthusiasm from the crowd; almost every one decided it in favor of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio.

Two of the judges were Illinois Generals; the third was from Iowa. The former decided in favor of their own State, the latter in favor of Ohio. The person appointed to present the flag, regarding the decision unjust, refused to discharge the duty assigned.

On the 5th day of January the regiment had completed its veteran organization, and was mustered accordingly, and all preparation was made for going home on veteran furlough, but before this was done, General Sherman came with the Sixteenth Corps from Memphis, and decided to take it and the Seventeenth on an expedition through Mississippi, which was commenced February 1st. Thus ended the long and pleasant encampment at Vicksburg.

The winter was made pleasant by the presence of Mrs. General Leggett, Mrs. Colonel Wiles and Mrs. Captain Douglas, who spent the winter here with their husbands.

The following members of the regiment died of disease at this post :

Wesley Stinecomb, Company G, August 1.
William Antil, Company K, August 3.
William Jordan, Company K, August 3.
Alva B. Sniff, Company B, August 4.
Wm. J. Norris, Company B, August 21.
James Henderson, Company B, September 7.
———Sprague, Company F, August 5.
Corporal John McElroy, Company E, August 7.
James Bailey, Company E, September 27.
Hamilton Gardner, Company B, August 14.
Andrew Mercer, Company G, August 20.
———Turner, Company H, September 27.

All brave men, who had passed unharmed through many battles, dangers and hardships, but after a faithful service they surrendered their lives a sacrifice upon their country's altar, in defense of the right, liberty and humanity.

THE MERIDIAN EXPEDITION.

VICKSBURG, Miss., March 9, 1864.

REV. T. M. STEVENSON, Chaplain Seventy-Eighth Regiment O. V. I.:—

Having returned safely to camp from an expedition greater than any we have ever before participated in, I venture to give you an outline of our adventures while "raiding" in rebeedom. We left camp on the morning of the 3d of February, as a part of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and preceded by the Sixteenth Army Corps, marched to Black river, which stream we crossed the same night, and bivouaced in the fields three miles beyond the river. On the 4th we resumed our march, and passing the old battle-ground of Champion Hills, halted for the night near Bear creek. Thus far our way was not marked by an incident worthy of special notice. On the morning of the 5th the Second Brigade led the van, and upon approaching the bridge across Bear creek, the rebels were found to have a battery in position, commanding it. As the troops approached the bridge, a brisk fire was kept up by the rebels, notwithstanding which the Brigade crossed, and forming in battle line in good order, advanced steadily on the battery. Soon after crossing the bridge a cannon shot passed through the Seventy-Eighth regiment, striking private Taylor Geary, of Company G, upon the head, carrying the upper portion of the head away, killing him instantly. It then struck a gun upon the shoulder of private Hiram Fogle, bending the gun and bruising him slightly. Passing on, the shot struck Corporal Joseph Cowan on the top of the head, fracturing the skull, and mortally wounding him. He died the next day. Both good men and true, ever faithful in the discharge of their duties, they were held in high esteem by their officers' and fellow soldiers. They fell gloriously, while confronting the cannon mouth, and died as brave men prefer to die—at their post.

Our batteries were soon at work and after a sharp artillery skirmish of nearly an hour, the rebels retreated toward

Clinton, and we followed rapidly. The rebels made a stand four miles beyond Clinton, and threw shot and shell into our midst, killing one man of the Seventh Missouri, and wounding several. They were soon driven from their position by our artillery, and fell back to a better piece of ground, a wood, where their entire force of mounted infantry, under General Wirt Adams, formed in battle line, and awaited our approach. Our train was parked, and the troops advanced, deploying to the right of the Jackson road as they reached the open fields, which extended for miles, and afforded a splendid view of both lines. As our line pressed to the right it slowly closed upon the left flank of the rebel line, threatening to turn it, when suddenly General Hurlbut, with the Sixteenth Army Corps, appeared upon their right, and in a twinkling they mounted, and moved like a whirlwind through the yet open space to the south, and escaped. One gun, a fine rifled Parrot, was captured. That was the last we seen of them this side of Pearl River. Resuming our march we reached Jackson. General Force occupied Jackson with the First Brigade the same night. Early the next morning the Seventy-Eighth entered Jackson, served as provost guard, and made their headquarters in the State capitol building. On the 7th we crossed Pearl river, passed through and encamped one mile east of Brandon. On the 8th we reached Morton. After destroying the railroad and depots, together with a large quantity of public stores, we went to Hillsboro, and at that place the Sixteenth Army Corps was fired upon by a band of Mississippi State cavalry, without inflicting any damage to the Corps. A volley from our men scattered them with a loss of thirteen on their side. A Lieutenant of cavalry, (rebel) was shot next morning near our picket line. I can not now detail our march from this point; suffice it to say that we went steadily forward, passing several places where the rebels had commenced to throw up earth works, but after digging awhile they changed their minds, and retreated again. We went so close upon them that their fires were

still burning as we came to their camps. Broken wagons, dead horses and mules, and the thousand things that soldiers throw away when hard pressed, were to be found strewn along the road.

Passing through Decatur, we finally reached the Little Chunkey river, and were in the neighborhood of Big Chunkey, where there was a splendid position and where it was expected the rebels would give us battle. Far from it—they destroyed the bridge, and felled trees across the road to obstruct us, and fell back, and we repaired the bridges, removed the obstructions and went on.

The train of the two Army Corps was left at Chunkey river well guarded, and the army went to Meridian. The work of destroying the railroads and Confederate property, was pursued with diligence, north, south and east. We spent one day in Meridian, and then the Second Brigade was ordered to destroy the railroad from Meridian to Chunkey river, which was done most effectually. The track was torn up, and the ties, with the rails laid across them, were fired, several miles of trestle-work, the bridges across Okattibbee and Chunkey rivers, with three large mills, two locomotives, five cars, and quantities of cotton and cotton seed, were burned. The Thirty-Second Ohio went down the river about three miles to Chunkeyville, and destroyed much Confederate property there. Having completed our work, we marched to the Army Corps' camp and remained until morning.

We then formed a foraging expedition, and went north about ten miles and captured a notorious rebel by the name of Davis—burned his mill, and brought off corn, meat, and forage enough to load the whole train, and were followed back by a number of families, refugees. From this point refugees and contrabands continued to pour in, in great numbers, until our train became immense. On our return we pursued the same route we had traveled to Hillsboro. We then took the route to Canton, and by the masterly manner in which the whole expedition was

conducted, took the country by surprise. On our way down, a wag in the ranks put a placard on his hat, on which was inscribed "Mobile or hell," and the people along the road spread the news that the Yankees were coming in countless numbers, and that we were bound for Mobile, and such a panic was never known in Dixie.

General Polk caught the alarm, and when Wirt Adams would have fought us (and got splendidly whipped,) ordered him to retreat, and kept the rebels retreating until he crossed the Tombigbee river before he showed signs of fight.

At Canton we captured and destroyed twenty-one first class locomotives, hundreds of pairs of car wheels, many cars, and an immense amount of Confederate machinery and stores. The railroad was thoroughly destroyed from a point about midway between Grenada and Canton, to a distance of eight or ten miles, toward Jackson.

At Canton the Thirty-Second Ohio and Thirtieth Illinois, with two other Illinois regiments, were detailed, and Colonel Potts, of the Thirty-Second, was assigned to the command of them, with orders to conduct the rebel prisoners (of which we had about two hundred,) the refugees and contrabands to Vicksburg. The train started and went but a few miles when we heard of the repulse of General Smith's cavalry, and that it had returned to Memphis; also that Forrest was sweeping down upon us. Colonel Wiles, of the Seventy-Eighth, was placed in command of the Second Brigade, consisting of the Twentieth, Sixty-Eighth and Seventy-Eighth Ohio, and ordered to escort Colonel Potts' train until it met the supply train, which was on its way out from Vicksburg. We marched out about two miles, and were nearly prepared to rest, previous to receiving the orders, which came in the evening. Then we went out the Brownsville road about three miles, and again prepared our beds, but before we could use them we were ordered to the front, and went farther out the road, with instructions to lie behind a high fence, and there we were until morning.

When the morning came we started, and after traveling eleven miles, met the supply train, and facing about we retraced our steps, escorting the supply train to Canton. After a night in the rain the two Corps took up their line of march for Vicksburg. On the evening that we entered Canton, the Seventy-Eighth encamped within a mile of the town, in an open field. Company B, with others, had served through the day as pioneers, and their guns and traps were put in a wagon. Some of the guns were loaded but not capped. When the regiment stopped for the night, the wagon came up with the guns, and the boys were taking their guns as fast as they could reclaim them. Private Lewis Moore, becoming impatient at the delay, and seeing his gun under others, seized and pulled it toward him, when it discharged its contents, striking him in the breast and killing him instantly. The bullet passed through him and entering the breast of private John Skinnen, who was standing behind him, passed nearly through him, and lodged deep under the muscles of the back, from which point I extracted it. He lived about twenty minutes only. Thus suddenly passed from earth two brave and faithful soldiers, by an accident, who had escaped death upon the battle-field where bullets rained like a leaden shower. They came into the service together, messed together, were always on duty together, marched side by side, and were by the same bullet hurried into eternity. We buried them side by side with military honors in the quiet grave-yard in Canton, built a fence around their grave, planted an ever-green at their head, and left them. The accident happened on the 26th of February, and they were buried on the 27th.

Our march from Canton was a pleasant one, for officers and men were in fine spirits. We reached the Backocheto on the second night and slept upon the field over which our Brigade skirmished in the Brownsville expedition. A body of rebel cavalry followed us from Canton, and shelled our rear, but were cautious enough to keep so far behind that not a shot reached our rear guard. At the Backocheto we

expected an attack, as the ground favored the rebels, but they left us there and went off to the right, and were probably a part of, or may be the force that attacked our men at Yazoo city. Passing through Brownsville we pursued the road to Edward's depot, passed one night on the way, and on the next day (March 4th) by a march of twenty-five miles we crossed Black river and arrived at Vicksburg.

I would like to tell you of the country we passed through, its level lands and swamps, its hills and vales, and its lofty pines, of our foraging expeditions, and how we subsisted upon the country, of the meat, the hams and poultry, turkies, chickens, and ducks, sheep, goats, hogs and beef cattle, that we despoiled the enemy of, and to describe how myriad fires at night from the burning of pine knots, made the country look like one vast smithy, such as we might fancy Vulcan wrought in. And we became so begrimed with soot, that since our return, the Mississippi even with the most diligent application will scarcely suffice to wash it away.

The papers are full of statements relative to Sherman's expedition, the most of them being false, and many of them unjust. General Sherman carried out his orders, and executed them all, and would have accomplished more, but he was by his orders bound to return to Vicksburg, and did do it: and so prompt has he been, and so untiring, that he remained in Vicksburg but a short time, and by the time we arrived here, General Sherman was six hundred miles from Vicksburg, arranging other important movements which had been entrusted to him, of which you will hear a good account in due time.

Much praise is due to Generals Hurlbut and McPherson for the masterly manner in which they managed their several Corps during the expedition. Where all did well it would seem wrong to particularize, but from the fact that the Third Division had a large share of work assigned it thus gives prominence to its leading officers. I cannot but note that General Leggett was the working officer of the

expedition — now in the front, then in the rear, as our column seemed to be most threatened; he was ever active and busy. General Force, of the First Brigade, performed important duties at Chunkey Station, skirmishing with the enemy and destroyed a large amount of rebel property at that point. Colonel Wiles, of the Seventy-Eighth, was placed in command of the Second Brigade, and established his entire ability as Brigade Commander, for he went at it like a veteran. Tell the people that Sherman's expedition to Alabama was a glorious success. It destroyed one hundred and sixty miles of railroad so effectually that it cannot be used again during the war. It destroyed between twenty and thirty locomotives and all the cars upon the roads. It destroyed every station from Jackson, Mississippi, to Alabama, at Meridian and beyond, together with all depots, and public property of all kinds. It destroyed all the cotton on both sides of the route, for from three to ten miles into the country. It destroyed the arsenals and machine shops at Meridian, with a large quantity of arms and munitions of war, and stores of all kinds. It released thousands of Union men and women, who, as refugees came back with the expedition. It drove before it the entire military force of the Confederates from Champion Hills to a point beyond the Tombigbee river, and extorted from the rebel press an acknowledgement of their inability to hold, and that they must abandon all Mississippi west of Pearl river. It foraged the country and found corn, pork, beef and forage of all kinds in abundance, also horses and mules in great numbers to replace those which gave out or were killed. It damaged the Confederate cause in the sum of between three and four hundred millions of dollars. We were gone thirty-one days, and the sickness in the Seventy-Eighth averaged four men per day only, and on deaths, save from casualties in battle and the two by accident.

The Seventy-Eighth Regiment was always in demand, and did a large share of the work of the expedition. No

regiment in the service is better drilled, more patient or enduring; no other regiment stands higher in the estimation of the Army Corps and Division officers. Patriotic, faithful, brave and true as steel, it has made an enviable record. From first to last, Company E has maintained a higher rank, as a prompt and faithful company, second to none in the regiment. Morgan county may well be proud of it. During the entire march to Meridian and back, with all its side marches and foraging expeditions, making in the aggregate over four hundred miles of travel, the Seventy-Eighth had fewer men in ambulances, or riding upon mules, horses, or the wagons, than any other regiment in both Army Corps.

We hope to be able to start for Ohio soon, (about the 26th,) but may not get off so soon, as it is difficult to procure transportation for the many veteran troops that are to go home on furlough. I would like to write more, but time forbids, and my letter has already become lengthy.

Yours truly,

JAMES S. REEVES,

Surgeon Seventy-Eighth Regiment O. V. I.

HOME ON VETERAN FURLOUGH.

THE MARCH TO ATLANTA — BATTLES AND SIEGE OF ATLANTA.

The regiment left Vicksburg March 20, for Columbus, Ohio, where it arrived on the evening of the 27th, after a long, weary, tiresome ride. The true soldier felt indignant at Columbus—no accommodations provided, no welcome extended, but received coldly, and very much as a rebel city of the South. What a contrast between Indianapolis and Columbus. When we reached the former a delegation of citizens received us and had a good warm supper already prepared; but when we reached the capital of our own State there was no manifestation of either respect or interest, except so far as to fleece the soldier out of the small amount of money he might have.

April 5th the regiment arrived at Zanesville, where it was welcomed in a grand reception and rich supper by the citizens. The conduct of the brave men of the Seventy-Eighth was highly spoken of by all. It was commonly remarked that the men were more orderly, more gentlemanly and upright in their general deportment than others. Captains of transports, who were transporting troops almost every trip, say they always knew the Seventy-Eighth Ohio, by its quiet and orderly deportment.

When at home only two soldiers were known to have died. Caleb Wiseman, of Company E, and Alexander McGregor, of Company C, both brave and faithful men, who have gone to their reward after much hard service.

May 6th the regiment started to Cairo, for duty in another department, and there entered upon the most trying duties of their military career.

At Cairo the Seventeenth Corps concentrated, where it remained one day, and then, under command of General Frank Blair, embarked on boats and passed up the Tennessee river to Clifton, where it remained over Sabbath.

The morning of the 16th the long march overland, across Tennessee, Northern Alabama, and into the heart of Georgia, was commenced. Tennessee was respected as a loyal State; no foraging was allowed, not even a garden or henroost was disturbed. The march was the longest and most severe one the men had ever made, but they stood it well; they plodded on without a murmur, through choking dust, and also through rain and mud, wading creeks and rivers, and resting at night without shelter from the dew and rain, their weary limbs and backs aching under the weight of the knapsacks, arms and traps.

No enemy was seen or heard of until we arrived at Decatur, Alabama. Here our cavalry had quite a heavy fight, and did much damage to the enemy, killing and capturing several officers and many privates.

After we crossed the Tennessee river the march through Northern Alabama to Rome, Georgia, was one of great interest and variety. The towns from Decatur to Rome are poor, shabby wrecks. The country poor, and the people most generally conforming to the character of the country; poor temporally, and still poorer intellectually and spiritually. Few slaves were seen, the country not being adapted to that species of Southern property. We therefore met with many Union people, claiming to be loyal; many of them had been terrible sufferers from the exactions and cruel conscriptions of the Confederacy, and the "rich man's war and poor man's fight." We conversed with several poor families whose husbands and fathers had been killed by the dogs or shot by the conscriptor. Some men we saw disabled for life in this way, and many had not yet recovered from wounds

The march was over the Sand and Lookout ranges of mountains, which many poor people inhabit in the most destitute condition. How they lived seemed a great mystery. The army passing was a great terror to them, and we regret to say, many of them were robbed and plundered of everything; but frequently many were fed and cared for. We witnessed many instances of poverty, destitution and distress that stirred all the tender sensibilities of humanity.

When we reached the top of Sand mountains and gazed across to the Lookout range rising in the distance before us, mountain piled upon mountain; the majesty of the scene no pen can describe, no imagination can fully grasp its sublimity.

When on the top of Lookout, we could hear the cannonading of the Army of the Tennessee, at a distance of seventy miles, then engaged in a severe battle near Lost Mountain.

The march was well conducted by Generals Blair and Leggett, marching twelve thousand men over these mountains at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles per day, with all the artillery and trains, was certainly an exhibition of much energy and military ability.

The Seventy-Eighth went through without loss, or scarcely a murmur. Seldom was one found in the ambulances.

We arrived at Rome June 5th, where we begin to see some of the marks of war, and the nature of the campaign before us.

Rome is situated on the Coosa river, and in the midst of a beautiful and rich country. Before the war it had a population of three thousand, but all the wealthy have fled before our army, leaving well situated and comfortable homes. This place was afterward chosen for general hospital of the Army of the Tennessee, on account of its healthy locality and excellent water, and the greater part of the sick and wounded were sent from the front to this place. Here was located a large armory, where was manu-

factured a large quantity of munitions of war; this the rebels burned when they evacuated the place. Much of the city was destroyed when General Sherman evacuated all these posts and commenced his march to the sea. It contained several beautiful churches, a court house and female seminary, also many fine dwellings and commodious business houses.

We pushed on the next morning toward the front, which was then at Ackworth. The march was over one continuous battle-field. The country is deserted, the crops all destroyed and fine plantations dug over in the erection of fortifications by both armies. We reached Ackworth June 8th, where we took our position on the left, in our old place in the Army of Tennessee. We are now in battle line, ready to move upon the enemy.

On the 10th we moved forward, the whole army advancing. We encountered the enemy's pickets at Big Shanty, where we commenced skirmishing with them. They fell back to the base of Kenesaw Mountains, and our troops immediately commenced building a parallel line of works.

Day by day our forces advanced, taking the works of the enemy, until they were driven to the top of the mountains. The Seventeenth Corps soon took all the hills to the left of Mount Kenesaw. In the morning the enemy had them; by noon the Third Division under General Leggett had possession of them, and our skirmishers, under command of Captain Wallar, captured a wagon load of corn bread, which drove into the Seventy-Eighth, not discovering the mistake till too late. Our boys thanked the teamster and commissary-sergeant for their kindness, as they were quite hungry for corn bread.

The greatest privation our soldiers endured at this time was the lack of sufficient rations. At one time the men were three days without anything to eat, and all this time night and day were under the fire of the enemy, and gradually pushing them before them.

While advancing and making a charge upon the enemy's lines, the Seventy-Eighth had three officers (Captain McCarty, Captain Robinson and Captain Gillespie) wounded, and Sergeant Starr, of Company I, killed. The latter was a young man of sterling worth and integrity. There was no better young man in the regiment.

The Seventy-Eighth suffered comparatively little loss in all this fighting, which is to be attributed to the careful and skillful management by Colonel G. F. Wiles, who knew just the time to strike, and how to do it, and the men being veterans knew well how to meet successfully every movement of the enemy. Their promptness and celerity of movements shielded them from many a deadly missile.

July 2d the Seventeenth Army Corps left their position and marched about fifteen miles to the right. This movement was successful in causing the enemy to evacuate the mountains and retreat near the Chattahoochie river. At Nickajack creek we encountered the enemy, and severe skirmishing ensued for several days. Finally our forces were successful in taking the rebel works, and driving the enemy across the Chattahoochie river. The Seventy-Eighth was wonderfully spared, not having any killed and only a few wounded.

On the 16th the Corps again moved to the extreme left of our army, and crossed the river above the rebel lines, which was successful in flanking the enemy and causing them to retreat to their inner lines around the city. The Third Division took possession of Decatur, and destroyed the railroad, cutting off their communication with Augusta. This was a serious misfortune to the enemy.

The army then closed in within cannon range of the city of Atlanta, and the Rodman guns of the Third Division threw their shot and shell into the heart of the city. Here took place one of the most bloody dramas of the war, in which General McPherson was killed, and where the Seventeenth Corps did the most terrible fighting, encountering the great part of the rebel army. Here the Seventy-

Eighth lost heavily, (as well as every other regiment in the Corps,) in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The following is a full description of the fight :

THE BATTLE OF THE 22D.

BEFORE ATLANTA, GA., July 30, 1864.

On the 20th inst. the Army of the Tennessee advanced toward Atlanta, from near Decatur. The Fifteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Logan, on the line of the Augusta Railroad, the Seventeenth, commanded by General Blair, on the left of the railroad, and the Sixteenth, commanded by General Dodge, in reserve. When the day closed Logan's Corps, the Fifteenth, was near the enemy's main works at Atlanta. Blair's was in front of a high hill, strongly occupied by the enemy. From citizens it was learned that this hill overlooked Atlanta, and was in short range of that much coveted city. The noble McPherson said, "We must have that hill." General Blair directed General M. D. Leggett, commanding Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps, to adjust his troops so as to charge and take the hill in the morning. General Leggett did as commanded, (he always does) for about six o'clock, A. M., of the 21st inst., he made a magnificent charge, in the face of a deadly fire of musketry and artillery, and took the hill with many prisoners.

In a few minutes he had artillery in position, and was playing vigorously upon Atlanta. The rebels made several vigorous charges to retake the hill during the day, but without success. General Leggett lost between three and four hundred men in the charge, and inflicted a still greater loss upon the enemy. The Fourth Division, commanded by General G. A. Smith, attempted, also, to advance with General Leggett, but met such a murderous fire of artillery and musketry as to compel him to fall back under a sheltering ridge, after leaving many men in killed and wounded. During the day of the 21st, General Smith's Division was placed in position to the left of General Leggett, and both Divisions thoroughly entrenched them-

selves, facing toward Atlanta. The enemy was discovered moving toward our extreme left, (Smith's Division was now on our extreme left,) and the Sixteenth Army Corps was directed to take up position so as to protect our left flank. The Sixteenth Army Corps was moving to this position on the 22d, but had not reached the left of General Smith by about three-fourths of a mile, when the enemy fell upon it from the rear in heavy force. General Dodge met this unexpected onslaught with a resistance so vigorous and persistent as to cause the rebels soon to retire.

The enemy were as much surprised to find General Dodge where he was, as was General Dodge at being attacked. The enemy expected to meet no obstruction from the rear except the pickets of the Seventeenth Corps, and did not meet anything else in the gap of three-fourths of a mile between the left of the Seventeenth and right of the Sixteenth Corps. Through this gap the whole of Claiborne's Division of Hardee's Corps passed undiscovered, the ground being covered by a dense forest. The pickets were many of them killed or captured, and the balance followed in so closely as to be able to give but little alarm. The enemy rapidly advanced upon the rear of General Smith and Leggett. It was the advance of this force that shot the gallant and greatly beloved McPherson. The enemy first struck General Smith's Division on his extreme left, but very soon were upon the rear of both Third and Fourth Divisions. Generals Leggett and Smith both put their men over their works, and met the enemy's mad charge with a terrible volley of musketry. The enemy pushed, however, up to within a few feet of our works, but were finally repulsed with a slaughter almost unparalleled. They fell back, reformed their lines and soon came up again in the same direction, and the conflict for some time was a hand to hand combat, the bayonet and the clubbed musket were freely used, and the enemy again repulsed, leaving the ground literally carpeted with the dead and wounded. After a quiet of a few minutes, the enemy, a part of Hood's

old Corps (now Stevenson's) was discovered moving upon us from the front.

Generals Smith and Leggett placed their men to the rear of the works, and met the charge with the same determined spirit that had characterized them in meeting the former onslaught. The enemy came with deafening yells, and were met with murderous volleys, and again successfully driven back. Again they rallied and forced their way up to our works, and again were repulsed with great slaughter. In the several attacks from the front and rear the enemy seemed fully impressed with the belief that they would not only repossess themselves of Leggett's hill, but would capture both his and Smith's Division, and thus wipe out the Seventeenth Corps. After the fourth repulse, the rebels seem to have concluded that Blair's command could not be captured, and so turned their attention to retaking the hill.

For this purpose, they brought in a fresh Division, (Cheatham's) of Hardee's Corps, and massed upon General Smith's left flank. This of course compelled General Smith to change his front. General Blair several times sent word to General Leggett that it was all important to hold the hill, and General Leggett as often replied "that if the Third Division were driven from the hill, there would not be enough of it left ever to fight another battle." He was constantly passing up and down his line, cheering his men, and exhorting them to hold the hill at all hazards, and not to leave it while a man was left to pull a trigger. He was always greeted with loud cheers from his men, and had thousands of promises that the hill should be held. General Smith was no less vigilant, and though almost a stranger in his command, having been with the Division but two days, had already won the admiration of his officers and men, by his skill and bravery.

In the change of front it was necessary to take the whole of the Fourth Division and the Second Brigade of the Third Division out of their works, and though greatly

fatigued with the previous fighting, they were obliged to meet, without protection, the advancing column of the enemy's fresh troops. All who witnessed the fighting at this time, pronounce it the most desperate they ever saw. The fight almost immediately became a hand-to-hand conflict. The officers became engaged with their swords, and the men with their bayonets, and in many cases even with their fists.

The heaviest part of this engagement fell on the Sixty-Eighth and Seventy-Eighth Ohio; but they stood like rocks, determined to die or conquer. The enemy was at last repulsed — again leaving the ground covered with their slain.

In the midst of this engagement, while to all others the fate of the day seemed to hang in the balance, General Blair sent a messenger to General Leggett to enquire whether he thought he could hold the hill. General Leggett coolly replied: "Tell General Blair the hill is just as safe as if there was not a rebel within a thousand miles of it." He had many times seen his men fight before, and he knew what confidence to repose in them. Had either the Sixty-Eighth or Seventy-Eighth Ohio given way at a single point, the hill would have been lost, and perhaps the Army of the Tennessee with it. Too much praise cannot be awarded to Generals Smith and Leggett for their skill and dauntless courage in this action.

General Leggett, I believe, is a citizen of your State, and Ohio may well be proud of him, for a truer, steadier, or a braver man never faced an enemy.

General M. F. Force, who commanded the First Brigade of Leggett's Division, and greatly distinguished himself in the charge of the 21st, fell severely wounded with a shot through the head, early in the fight of the 22d.

The rebels got off a large portion of their wounded during the fight. The next day the enemy sent in a flag of truce, desiring to get their dead. A truce of one hour, on General Leggett's front, was granted for that purpose. But

the time was insufficient. General Leggett delivered to the enemy and buried one thousand rebel dead. As the whole of General Smith's Division was occupying a new line, the number killed by his Division was not estimated in those counted by General Leggett, as they were in the rebels' hands.

The battle also raged to considerable extent on the front of the Fifteenth Corps, but the Seventeenth had the brunt of the fight, and covered itself with glory. The Corps fully avenged itself for the killing of its former commander. The old Seventeenth was never whipped. The Third and Fourth Divisions have fully vindicated the fighting reputation of the Corps.

The Seventy-Eighth Ohio suffered very severely; have twenty-seven killed, one hundred wounded, and twenty taken prisoners. Captains McCarty and Gillespie were taken prisoner.

See records for the killed and wounded.

We have obtained permission to publish the following report of General Leggett on the battles of the 21st and 22d of July, before Atlanta:

“HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH A. C., {
BEFORE ATLANTA, GA., July 25th, 1864. } ”

COLONEL A. J. ALEXANDER:

Colonel:—My constant duties on the line, entrenching, fortifying and fighting, has necessitated a delay in making my report of the part taken by my Division in the engagements of the 21st and 22d insts. until the present time.

In pursuance of orders from Major-General Blair I moved my Division upon the enemy's works on the hill which I now occupy, about sunrise on the 21st inst. The rebels made a stubborn resistance, but my command moved at a quick-step until the enemy opened fire, and then struck a double-quick and took possession of their works and several prisoners. The enemy rallied and made repeated efforts to drive us from the hill, but were unsuccessful. In this fight the First Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General M. F.

Force, was particularly conspicuous, and did great honor to themselves and the cause for which they fought.

Before 9 o'clock, A. M., of that day I had a battery in position, and threw shells into Atlanta.

During the day the enemy were discovered moving to the left, and the Fourth Division moved to and took position on my left; and our flanks were as well guarded by pickets and outposts as possible in our position with our limited force. The balance of the day and the following night were used in entrenching and fortifying.

About noon of the 22d I discovered that the enemy had got in our rear, and were engaging the Sixteenth Army Corps, while making efforts to close up the left of our Corps, while still a gap of half a mile on the left of the Fourth Division was only guarded by a skirmish line. The enemy broke through this gap, and in a few minutes came in a heavy force (Cheatham's Division of Hardee's Corps) upon my rear, moving over the same ground and in the same direction I had come the day before. I immediately put my men upon the other side of the works, their faces to the east and backs toward Atlanta. The enemy came upon us with demoniac yells, but were met with a cool, deliberate and well aimed fire, that soon checked their advance, caused them to stagger and then retire in confusion. Those who reached our works were made prisoners.

They soon rallied, re-formed, and again advanced upon us in the same direction and with the same results. In these two attacks they were punished very severely, leaving a very large number of killed and wounded on the ground.

A lull of some twenty minutes occurred at this time, after which our skirmishers toward Atlanta were driven in, followed closely by a heavy force which advanced with yells. My men were placed upon the east side of their works, and met the charge as they had the others, and repulsed the rebels beautifully.

They were rallied and again advanced, and were again repulsed.

Soon a heavy column (Cheatham's Division of Hardee's Corps) moved directly upon the left flank of the Fourth Division, which compelled it to change front and leave its works. As the approaching column advanced in the vicinity of my left, I caused the Third Brigade of my command to follow the movements of the Fourth Division, but with the positive injunction that *the hill must be retained at all hazards, at whatever cost.*

The Second Brigade was then formed with its right resting upon the hill, and the left upon the Fourth Division, facing south. This change of front was executed under a heavy fire of musketry, and of grape and canister and in the face of a rapidly advancing force of fresh troops, composed probably of the enemy's best fighting men, (Cheatham's Division.) Our men were greatly fatigued with about four hours hard fighting, and were now obliged to meet the enemy in the open field, without protection of any kind whatever, except a portion of the First Brigade on the hill. In this part of the day our troops showed their true soldierly qualities. They stood like rocks of adamant, and received the repeated charges of the enemy without yielding an inch. The engagement here became finally a hand-to-hand fight, the sword, the bayonet, and even the "fists," were freely and effectually used, and the enemy repulsed with a slaughter I never before witnessed. This conflict ended the day. My officers and men behaved with determined bravery.

My losses were heavy, and in some respects particularly unfortunate and embarrassing. At the very commencement of the action, even before a shot had been fired from my line, Colonel R. K. Scott, commanding my Second Brigade, was captured by the enemy while returning to his command from a detached regiment; and during the first attack, both Brigadier-General M. F. Force, and the Adjutant General, Captain J. B. Walker, fell severely wounded. These officers occupying the position they did, and having the entire confidence of their commands, could

not be spared without great detriment to the Division. This was particularly the case with Brigadier-General M. F. Force, whose coolness, sagacity and bravery had long since won the admiration of the whole Division, and always inspired the men with confidence and enthusiasm.

The Batteries of Artillery in my Division, the Third Ohio, Battery "D," First Illinois, and Battery "H," First Michigan, did very efficient service during all of these successive engagements, and their officers and men showed great skill and determined bravery. Captain W. S. Williams, Third Ohio Battery, my Chief of Artillery, is entitled to great credit for the coolness and skill displayed in adjusting and using his batteries, and in saving them when exposed.

Especial notice is also due to Colonel George E. Bryant, Twelfth Wisconsin, who assumed command of the First Brigade, when General Force fell, and to Lieutenant Colonel G. F. Wiles, Seventy-Eighth O. V. V. I., who took command of the Second Brigade. These officers, though taking command after the battle commenced, displayed great skill and coolness. Captain G. D. Munson, my picket officer, was very efficient in the management of the skirmishers until drawn in, and in acting as Aid during the balance of the time. My Aids, Lieutenants A. W. Stewart and George W. Porter, Captain J. C. Douglass, A. A. G., Lieutenant W. H. Hessin, A. A. A. G., and Major John T. Rainey, A. A. I. G., all displayed great coolness and bravery in collecting information and delivering orders, and Lieutenant V. Warner, Ordnance Officer, for his skill in saving his train, and his promptness in keeping the command supplied with ammunition.

The character of the fight was such, our front changing so often and so rapidly, that the position of a staff officer was more than usually exposed, yet all were prompt and efficient. Lieutenant Hessin fell from his horse severely wounded, during the latter part of the fight. * * * *
We captured about four hundred prisoners, and from less

than two-thirds of the ground fought over by the Division, buried and delivered to the enemy under flag of truce, between nine hundred and one thousand dead rebels. I am fully confident that my Division killed and wounded more rebels than I had men engaged.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed]

M. D. LEGGETT,
Brigadier-General."

HISTORY OF CAPTAIN W. W. McCARTY'S PRISON LIFE, AND SOUTHERN PRISONS.

When I left our landing at McConnellsville some twelve months ago, accompanied by a gallant band of veterans, to rejoin the army of the South-West, I but little dreamed of all the vicissitudes through which I was to pass before I should have the pleasure of seeing the faces of my friends again. It is true, from an experience of nearly three years in the field, I was not insensible of the dangers from shot and shell. I had thought, too, of the diseases of a sickly Southern clime; but the idea of becoming a captive in the hands of the enemy was a matter which had not for a moment engaged my attention. But that Unseen Power that directs the affairs of men as well as of nations seemed to decree that I should experience the realities of war in all its variety.

On the 19th day of July the Seventeenth Army Corps, after a wearisome march through a portion of Tennessee, Northern Alabama, and across the Sandy mountains of Georgia, a distance of over three hundred miles, driving the enemy before us, we arrived within a few miles of Atlanta, where the rebel General Hood had made a stand. On the morning of the 22d we were attacked on the left flank, and in our rear, by General Hardee's Corps, that had moved out the night before, while the remaining portion of the rebel army confronted our right. We were soon

apprised of the attack by General Leggett, who rode along our line in person, as well as by the rattle of the enemy's musketry, and frequent visits of the iron messengers sent from the rebel "howitzers." The conflict soon became terrible, and in the early part of the engagement our brave and gallant commander, Major-General McPherson, fell, which caused for a time great consternation among our troops. But our brave boys of the West were not disposed to let the rebels achieve a victory. They fought with desperation.

The Seventy-Eighth, under command of Colonel Wiles, was occupying a line of breastworks from which we had driven the rebels the day before. These works we were ordered by General Leggett to hold. Inspired with confidence in our gallant Colonel, nearly every man in the regiment seemed determined to see the order carried out or die, and during the struggle several of our brave boys fell, some of them to rise no more. We nevertheless held the entrenchment all day, but were compelled to change front several times during the day, repulsing the enemy in several heavy charges. About half an hour before sun-down, the rebels, who had driven the Thirteenth and Eleventh Iowa regiments, and got possession of the left end of our line of works, opened a heavy artillery fire, raking us with grape and canister.

At this time Colonel Wiles was in command of the Brigade, in consequence of the capture of Colonel Scott, which had taken place during the day. Major Rainey was therefore placed in command of the regiment. Pursuant to orders, we at once vacated the entrenchments and moved out into an open field on our right. Here a Brigade of the rebels, of General Claiborne's Division, was concealed in a dense thicket of woods near by, and opened a terrific fire upon us. We had nothing to protect us, and the rebels being in close range, protected by the woods, had every advantage. I saw some five or six of the boys of my company shot dead, one of whom was in touching distance

of me. The regiment commenced to fall back, when the rebels poured out of the woods as thick as blackbirds, and commenced making prisoners of the wounded. Seeing the regiment receding, I gave orders to my company to fall back with the balance of the regiment, and stepped back a few paces to what had now become our rear, to look after some of the boys who were but slightly wounded, and whom I had hoped to extricate from the danger of being captured by the rebels, by getting them to fall back with the company. Unfortunately, however, I attracted the notice of the rebels, who rallied upon me with furious oaths, the Captain of their gang giving orders to "shoot the d—d Yankee rascal," the Captain himself rushing upon me with a nine-inch navy revolver pointing to my breast, and demanding my surrender. By this time some six muskets were pointing toward me, the holders of them awaiting an answer which I was a little slow in giving, for, to say I would not surrender, I knew was instant death, and to acknowledge a surrender was one of the most painful events of my life. On a little deliberation I concluded my life might yet be of service to somebody, and thinking it the "better part of valor," I surrendered with a "mental reservation." My sword was then demanded by the rebel Captain, who took hold of the belt. I stepped back and commenced to quibble with him about his rank, as he had no insignia of office, and remembering an admonition of my brother the day of leaving Camp Gilbert, never to "dishonor my sword." I refused to comply with his demand until I became further satisfied that he was an officer of equal rank. By this time Colonel Wiles had arranged our Brigade in a position to repel any further advance of the rebels, and instantly a heavy volley of musketry and artillery came from our line, which frightened my captors no little, and taking advantage of their scare, I threw my sword as far as I could send it in the direction of our own line, where it would have been unhealthy for the rebels to undertake to get it. As the rebel line was now falling

back in great haste, they commenced to hurry me, together with four of my men whom they had also captured, off the field.

We were marched to General Hardee's headquarters, where we were placed under a detachment of Wheeler's cavalry, and together with about a hundred others of my own Division, were marched into Atlanta by a circuitous route of about fifteen miles, although the place of our capture was only two and a half miles from the city.

In Atlanta many of the prisoners were robbed of their watches, hats, haversacks and rubber blankets by the rebel officers. But as my clothes were old and threadbare, and my appearance rather shabby, they concluded I was not worth robbing, and did not disturb me there. On the morning of the 21st we were taken to East Point, a station on the railroad seven miles south of the city, and ushered into a stockade, with about two thousand other prisoners that had been captured on the 19th, 20th and 22d. Of this number some three hundred were officers, among whom were Colonel Shedd, of the Thirtieth Illinois, Colonel R. K. Scott, of the Sixty-Eighth Ohio, (my Brigade commander) Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Clancy, of the Fifty-Second Ohio, Lieutenant-Colonel Sanders, of the Sixteenth Iowa, Captain Gillespie of my own regiment, and many others of my acquaintance. We were kept in this pen until the 25th, when we were ordered to Macon, a distance of ninety-six miles south. Although the cars were running through from Atlanta to Macon, the rebel officer informed us we would have to march twenty miles of the way, as the cars on that end of the road were all used in conveying their wounded to the rear, and transporting supplies. Feeling disinclined to do any marching for rebels, I told the rebel officer if he wished me to go to Macon they would have to carry me there, as I was unable to march. He sent Captain Gillespie (who also became *indisposed*) and myself to the surgeon, who excused us from marching. The balance of them were marched off in the morning, and we remained

for the coming train. We spent the day with Major Deacon, the commander of the post, who treated us very courteously, and invited us to dine with him at his quarters. One of the rebel guards informed me that when I would reach Macon I would probably be searched for money before entering the prison. In the evening we were placed upon the cars under a strong guard and started for Macon. I had one hundred and seven dollars in greenbacks, and two dollars and fifty cents of rebel currency in my pocket; and what to do with it became to me a vexed question, as I did not want to lose it, but rather than let it fall into the rebels' hands I would have torn it up. I at length concluded to try and conceal it, as none of them had yet suspected me of having any. So when darkness set in, and the guards became a little careless and sleepy, I took a ball of yarn which I carried in my haversack for darning my socks, and wrapped it neatly around the folded bills and placed it back again along with my pins, needles, etc. And true enough when we arrived at Macon the first thing on the programme was to search us for greenbacks. They turned every pocket, stripped us to the shirt and examined us from head to foot. They then took my haversack and ransacked it. As the officer took the ball of yarn into his hand, I assure you I began to feel a little "weak kneed." But fortunately he did not mistrust there was any money in it, and replaced it in my haversack.

Finding nothing that was attracting about us we were next introduced to the fair ground, which they had arranged for a prisoner's camp. The ground was enclosed by two lines of fence, the outer one about twelve feet high, and around the top of which the guards were posted at proper intervals, and the inner one, a paling fence about ten feet from the outer one, was the dead line, which it was a death penalty to touch or approach.

On entering the inclosure the cry of "fresh fish! fresh fish!" went up from all parts of the camp, and a general rush was made by about twelve hundred officers of "Libby"

notoriety, who gathered around us as though we had come from another world, each trying to catch a word of news. Every now and then the cry would go up from those who could not get up to us, "Louder, old pudding-head!" "O, don't crowd 'em!" "give 'em air!" and "don't put any lice on 'em!" To these ejaculations I at first felt provoked, thinking they were making sport of us, but I soon learned that it was only their mode of initiating new comers. Here I met Lieutenant Paul, of Morgan county, Captains Reed and Ross, of Zanesville, Captain Poe, of the Sixty-Eighth Ohio, and "Coon-Skin," of General Force's staff, together with many others of my acquaintance.

The old prisoners were quite shabby looking, many of them destitute of shoes and other clothing. Some of them had no trowsers, and were going about in drawers. Some of the most destitute ones would steal the meal sacks which the rations of meal was delivered in, and make them up into trowsers. These sacks were all branded in large black letters, "Tax in kind," as each planter was taxed a certain portion of his products for the support of the army, which was required by their laws to be thus marked. The particular locality of the brand after the sacks were converted into trowsers, was commonly in the rear, a place hard to conceal without a coat, which but few of them had, hence it led to their detection, and the rebel officers threatened to cut us short in rations if we used any more of their meal bags for such purposes. As our rations only consisted of a pint of meal per day, a half pint of rice for five days, and a few ounces of bacon, we concluded it would be better to go naked than starve.

The rebel officers here were very tyrannical. On one occasion an officer of the Forty-Fifth New York was shot while returning from the spring where he had been bathing, without any provocation whatever, and no explanation was ever made by the rebel authorities, nor even an investigation of the conduct of the General who committed this willful and deliberate murder.

We had not been long at Macon until one day we heard the booming of cannon, and could see that there was a great commotion among the rebels. We could see them (the citizens) on the tops of the houses looking across the river, and the guards around us were doubled in number. It was Stoneman's approach, and we were now in high hopes of a speedy deliverance, as we felt assured if Stoneman should enter the town, that we could disarm the guards and join them. But our hopes soon fell to the ground by seeing the next day, Stoneman and a number of his party join us as prisoners of war. This was a hard stroke on the Major-General, but as prison life is a great leveller of rank, he soon cased down and became a common prisoner with the rest of us.

Soon after Stoneman's capture we were hurried off to Charleston, where it was thought we would be more out of the way of Sherman. On our arrival there, Captain Reed and others escaped and succeeded in reaching our lines. At Charleston we received much better treatment in the way of rations, etc., than we had received at Macon. Although we were under the fire of our own guns, we did not feel much alarmed, as it annoyed the guard more than it did us, and it afforded us a little amusement to see the guards dodging the shells.

Here I received my first letter from home. It was the first time for nine or ten weeks that I had heard one word of information about the fate of my company, or whether my family knew anything of my whereabouts or what had become of me. My mind was relieved of a heavy load of anxiety, but still I was a prisoner. About the middle of September I had a severe attack of intermittent fever, as did also my messmate, Colonel Clancy. We were both sick at the same time. I was taken to a hospital in the city, where, in justice to the rebel surgeon, I feel bound to say I received good medical attention. I only remained here a week, when my chills being checked, I was conveyed to a convalescent hospital three miles from the city,

where my medical attention was also good. This hospital was in charge of G. R. C. Todd, a brother-in-law of President Lincoln. The doctor was an ardent rebel, and one incident occurred there which I shall not soon forget. A colored prisoner, belonging to a Massachusetts regiment, who had been taken at Fort Wagner, was accused by the guard of spitting from the portico of the building down into the yard, and without any investigation whatever, the doctor caused him to be stripped and tied, and receive thirty lashes on his naked back. The indignation of our sick prisoners was intense at this brutal treatment inflicted by the hand of a man far inferior to the negro, for the latter could read and write, while the other could do neither, and could scarcely tell his name. The negro was a prisoner of war, born and educated in a free State, and he was entitled to the same protection and treatment that we were, and the doctor could assign no other reason for his violation of the rules of warfare, than that the boy was a "d—d nigger." But perhaps the doctor will apply for pardon now.

I only remained at this convalescent hospital about ten days when I was sent back to the prison. In the early part of October the yellow fever began to spread extensively through the city, and they decided to send us to Columbia; not so much for our safety as for their own, for Sherman was facing toward the coast, and beside our removal was regarded as a sanitary measure for the city. As several exchanges had taken place during our stay at Charleston, our number was now reduced to about twelve hundred, and the most of us regretted to leave, as our quarters here were more comfortable than we expected to get by going to Columbia. But soon the order came, and we were packed into cattle cars and off for Columbia, a distance of 134 miles north of Charleston. We arrived at Columbia on the 5th of October, and from thence conveyed three miles west of the city, where we were placed in an open piece of ground without any inclosure, and simply a camp guard thrown

around us. All rations of meat were ordered to be cut off from us and sorghum molasses given in lieu thereof. Hence we called this "Camp Sorghum." At this camp we annoyed the rebel officers very much by frequent escapes and demoralizing the guard. Two more of our number were shot here without any provocation, while inside the dead-line, and the guards who committed these outrages, we were informed by some of the other guards, received promotions for their villainy. A large majority of the guards were Georgians, and well disposed toward us. The rebel officers could not always watch them, and hence escapes were frequent. At this camp many an amusing incident occurred, one or two of which I propose to introduce in this epistle.

On one occasion, while so many were escaping, the rebel authorities procured the services of a celebrated negro hunter, who kept a pair of blood-hounds that he had trained for hunting down runaway negroes, for the purpose of trailing our escaped prisoners. As the "dorgs" were trotting around the guard lines one morning, some of the prisoners called them into their quarters and cut their throats, and then buried them in an old well which was caved in. About 10 o'clock the dogs were missing, and a detachment of guards sent to search for them. The guards tracked the blood to the old well, and dug them out with their bayonets and reported to the officers, who ordered them to be dragged out of the guard lines, where an inquest was held over them by about two thousand rebels. Their first conclusion was that the dogs were dead — the second, that some "d—d Yank" had killed them — and the third, woe be unto the men who destroyed the "purps." Of course none of us knew who committed the murder, hence investigation was unnecessary. But what was death for the rebs was fun for us.

On another occasion, as we were getting no rations of meat, and had not had any for four months, and some of the more carnivorous had become exceedingly hungry for some, an old black boar came up to the guard lines one

day, and the guard scared him inside the dead-line. This was no sooner done than the war commenced. About a hundred United States officers of every rank, armed with bludgeons and boulders, attacked his majesty, and in five minutes' time he was divested of his sable robe and divided and subdivided until every ounce was apportioned out to the hungry raiders, thus affording nourishment to those fortunate enough to come in for a share, and by no means a delightful odor to the hundreds who were less fortunate.

Our rations here were not as good as those furnished to the enlisted men at Andersonville, but as some of us were fortunate enough to have money, we could buy light bread at one dollar and fifty cents per loaf, the loaf being about the size of a common saucer. We could also buy onions at one dollar each, butter at twenty-four dollars per pound, lard twenty-four dollars per pound, eggs fifteen dollars per dozen, milk, watered to suit the purchaser, at two dollars per quart. I one time thought that something worse than water was in the milk. As one of my messmates and myself were indulging in our "little old pot of mush" and some sky-blue milk, we both became sick at the same time and dropped our spoons, and running to one side vomited profusely. I never was more deathly sick in my life; I thought everything inside of me would come up.

As the rebel officers could not control us very well in "Sorghum," they removed us to the asylum grounds in the city. These grounds were enclosed by a brick wall about twelve feet high. From this place our only channel of escape was through tunnels, and we had one nearly completed when Sherman frustrated our work by advancing too rapidly upon the city. We were hastened away in great fright to Charlotte, in North Carolina, where we were all paroled for exchange and sent to Raleigh; thence to Goldsboro, thence to Rocky Point, ten miles from Wilmington, where we passed through our lines on the 1st of March, 1865.

Our reception by General Schofield's army was grand and imposing. A magnificently decorated arch of evergreens was erected over the road. On either side the old flag with its stars and stripes was unfurled to the breeze, and as we passed through in four ranks, led by a famous brass band, nearly every heart was ready to burst with joy: and when once through, you would have laughed and cried too, as some of us did, to hear the loud huzzas and seen the old blankets, hats, tin pans and tattered coats, sailing in the air from our liberated prisoners, some of whom had been captives over two years.

We set sail for Annapolis the next day, and on arriving there we immediately divested ourselves of our rags and "creeping things," putting them in one common pile for conflagration. The next day we had to take the second look to recognize each other, as we were all alike disguised with new suits of clothes.

During my sojourn in rebel prisons, I met with a large number of honest, simple-hearted people, well disposed, and who had no heart in the rebellion. Many also who were extremely ignorant of the causes of the rebellion, or anything connected therewith. I also found, even among the intelligent, some well disposed and gentlemanly officers and citizens; indeed I might safely say that these two classes constituted a majority of those with whom I became acquainted. But among the ring-leaders and those high in authority, as also some of the "roughs," I found many who well deserve the rope.

In all my experience, I have never met with a treacherous negro. That there are some, I have not a doubt, but all I met with I found trusty, and many of them more intelligent than the poor whites. The field-hands, however, on the cotton plantations, are very ignorant and debased.

McCONNELSVILLE, O., July 10, 1865.

FRIEND STEVENSON:—There is one incident connected with my prison life which I omitted in my former letter, and which I now propose to give you.

On the 8th of November, 1864, at 2 o'clock A. M., Captain Turner, of the Sixteenth Iowa, Captain Strang, of the Thirtieth Illinois, Lieutenant Laird, of the Sixteenth Iowa, and myself, made our escape through the guard lines at "Camp Sorghum," near Columbia, South Carolina, with a view of making our way to the gunboats near the mouth of the Edisto river. Having passed through in single file, without drawing a fire from the guard, we struck our way for the timber, and after wandering around an area of some five miles, in search of the Orangeburg road, we at length found ourselves about two miles from camp. As day had now begun to dawn, we found it necessary to conceal ourselves. We therefore took refuge in a dense thicket, which was quite narrow, and surrounded by open grounds. Here we remained all day, eating our "corn dodgers," smoking, making pipes, and whispering over the Presidential election, as we could not talk above a whisper without being discovered or attracting the attention of the dogs and negroes, who were within hearing of us all day. We also speculated a great deal on what we would eat and drink when we would reach our lines. Dark at length came on. The moon shone dimly through the flying clouds, and we moved out quietly in search of the Orangeburg road, which ran directly south from Columbia. After wandering around for some time unsuccessfully, we came across two negro boys, who kindly conveyed us to the road, giving us much valuable information. Once on the right road, we started off in high glee, marching in single file to avoid making too many tracks. To avoid being discovered by any white person was now our chief concern, so we pledged ourselves to one another not to speak above a whisper.

We had traveled about five miles, when suddenly we heard talking ahead of us, and soon discovered a buggy meeting us. We were in an open lane, a board fence on each side, and escape seemed impossible. I gave the signal to the others, which was a shrill whistle, and immediately

we all jumped to one side of the road, and fell flat upon the ground, trusting to the brown sage to shield us from the observation of the men in the buggy. They drove up unsuspectingly, until they came opposite to where we were lying, when their horses smelling us, scared and became frantic. The driver struck them with his whip, when they bounded ahead and soon conveyed them out of sight, when we again took the road and made rapid strides on our journey southward. We met two or three wagons during the night, but succeeded in getting out of the road until they passed. They were market wagons on their way to Columbia.

We traveled on until day-break, making a distance of eighteen miles, when we turned aside and selecting a hiding place in the woods we laid down and fell asleep. We remained in this place all day, but were frightened several times at dogs, which were running through the woods in search of something to eat. We were not afraid of the dogs, but only afraid they might bark and lead to our discovery. But the day passed off safely to us, and when darkness came on we again took up our march. Our haversacks by this time were rather light for our health, but we pushed on, hoping to find some friendly negroes by whom we could get them replenished.

After marching a few miles we discovered a light ahead, which we supposed to be in a house, and how to pass it without discovery was now a question of serious moment. As we cautiously moved up a little nearer, the light disappeared, which caused us to change our minds, and our next conclusion was, that it was a rebel picket post. We moved up a little closer, and discovered a bridge between us and where we had last seen the light, which confirmed us in the belief that the bridge was guarded. Captain Strang volunteered to move up close enough to see if he could discover the post and how it was situated. Meanwhile the balance of us concealed ourselves in the bushes by the roadside. The Captain soon returned and reported that he saw

a man moving about at the other end of the bridge, but could see no others, strengthening our conviction that the bridge was guarded, and how to get around it was a matter that gave us much trouble. As it was an impenetrable thicket on either side, and the banks of the stream very high.

While consulting what we should do, our ears were greeted by the tread of a "darkie." Captain Turner stepped to the roadside and attempted to hail him in a whisper. "Uncle! Uncle!" said Turner. "Who dar?" said Harry, in a tone of voice that would have awakened all the pickets within a mile of us. "Hush! hush!" said the Captain, "the picket guards will hear us." Harry was a little frightened on being hailed so suddenly, and kept on his guard. He had not yet discovered the rest of us. "Who is you?" said Harry, and "what does you want with me?" "We are Yankee prisoners," said the Captain, "and want to talk with you." "O! bress de Lord," said Harry, (laying down a huge possum which he had suspended by the tail) "Come out, you shan't be hurt."

We learned from Harry that there was no guards at the bridge, but that a citizen who was on his way to the coast for salt had put up there for the night, and that the light we saw was the man going to the creek to get water for his mules, but that he had gone to sleep in his covered wagon. So, Harry leading off, we set out again, feeling greatly relieved of our troubles. We traveled about three miles beyond the bridge, when we came to the plantation where Harry's master resided. We stepped into the woods by the road side and set down to rest, while Harry went into the potato patch and grabbed us some sweet potatoes; and after filling our sacks with raw potatoes we renewed our march and continued it till near daybreak.

Before halting, however, we were suddenly alarmed by a signal similar to our own, by the road side, and a man came walking out of the bushes dressed in rebel uniform. He inquired of us something about the roads, supposing at

first we were negroes; but on discovering that we were white he seemed as much alarmed as we were. For a few seconds both parties were afraid to introduce the object of their mission. At length we inquired of him where he was going; he replied he was going home on a leave of absence. We then asked him what regiment he belonged to. He replied, to a Georgia regiment, but did not recollect the number. We then began to see the "Yankee" in disguise, and told him that we were Yankee officers escaping from Columbia prison, which seemed to relieve him greatly, when he acknowledged himself a Yankee also, escaping from Charleston, and trying to reach Sherman's lines in the direction of Atlanta.

We could give him no encouragement, as he would have two hundred miles to march, under great difficulty. He expressed a desire to join our party, which we would gladly have consented to, but feeling that our party was already large enough, and being fearful that enlarging it would endanger the safety of all, we declined; but giving him our best wishes, we passed on our way until it became necessary to put up for the day. We turned into the first favorable looking place for concealment, threw ourselves upon the ground and soon fell asleep.

But we did not enjoy our repose long. At daylight we were suddenly aroused by the rattle of the cars, which seemed as though they were running over us. On looking around us we discovered that we were only a few feet from the railroad track, and the train had passed by without any one discovering us. But the train once out of sight, we moved further away from the road, and concealed ourselves in a thicket of undergrowth timber, where we ventured to kindle a fire and boil our sweet potatoes. We remained here all day without molestation, though in sight of a plantation house, where we could see the field hands at work. Our provisions had again given out, and when dark set in we attempted to see some of the negroes, but as there appeared to be too many hounds about, we

concluded it would be unsafe to remain there, so we struck out for the Orangeburg road. We had got but a short distance when the roaring of the hounds were heard in our rear, and occasionally the blast of the horn. This alarmed us much, but with cudgels in hand, we made rapid strides toward Orangeburg. We soon became convinced that the hounds were not on our track, but on a fox trail.

As we were evidently nearing the town, we were again troubled to know how we should get around it and reach the river, where we expected to find boats. We struck off on a road which we supposed would take us to the river south of town, but traveling but a short distance we found ourselves in the town, where a retreat was as hazardous as anything else. It was about midnight and the moon shone brightly, so we marched quietly through the village, until we reached the southern boundary, where we chanced to meet a "gentleman of color." The white people "slumbered and slept." Our colored friend informed us that there was no boat at the river, but what was guarded by the rebels. We had by this time become exceedingly hungry and tired, but no alternative was left but to push on to some other point. Branchville was our next hope, which was sixteen miles south of Orangeburg and also on the Edisto river. So off we started, taking the railroad track as the safest route. After traveling in this direction two miles, we met a negro man and his wife on their way toward Orangeburg. We found them to be friendly and trusty. The man, whose name was "Toney," lived a mile further down the road, and his wife lived in Orangeburg. Toney said if we would go on down near massa's plantation and wait, he would help his wife carry up the forage which they had evidently been getting off massa's plantation, and return and show us a hiding place, as it was approaching daybreak. We took him at his word, and sure enough, Tony soon returned and conducted us to a dense forest, where we kindled a fire to warm ourselves, and took a short sleep. About 9 o'clock in the morning Toney came out

with a basket of provisions, which I assure you we relished. Pone, sweet potatoes, rice, boiled and fried, fresh pork, were luxuries which we did not often indulge in, except the pone.

Tony gave us all the information he could, and stated that his master was an "ossifer in the Confederick States." He told us if we would remain there until 9 o'clock in the evening, he would bring us some more provisions. We waited accordingly, but Tony failed to appear. We concluded something had turned up, which Tony could not control, so we struck out for Branchville. It was Saturday night, and a good time for meeting darkies, but just at the time we most needed their aid, we failed to meet with any. Traveling on until nearly daylight Sunday morning, we found ourselves in the village of Branchville. We hastened with light steps through the village, and marching about two miles beyond, daylight compelled us to seek refuge in a swampy thicket, where we spent the Sabbath in making pipes. When night came on again, we moved out to the roadside to seek an interview with the first darkie we could see, as it would be impossible for us to travel any further without something to eat, and besides we needed information about the boats. Providentially, we had waited but a few minutes when a half dozen negroes came along, to whom we introduced ourselves, and who seemed glad to see us. They conveyed us to a hiding place, and went to their quarters and cooked us a half bushel of sweet potatoes and brought out to us, together with some bread and pork, and a lot of raw potatoes to carry with us. After eating a hearty supper, we gathered up the balance of our "grub," and "Mose" and the other darkies leading the way, we soon found ourselves at the river, where there were two canoes. Mose owned one of them and his master the other, but Mose said, "Lord a massy, take 'em and welcome." We paid them a few dollars in Confederate money. Captains Turner and Strang boarded one of the boats, which they named the "Continental," and Laird and

I took the other, which we named the "Gladiator." Bidding our colored friends good-bye, we pushed out from shore.

"The moon was shining silver bright,
The stars with glory crowned the night,"

and no happier set of fellows could be found than we were when we first struck our paddles in the water of the Edisto, heading toward our gunboats. We made steamboat speed the remainder of the night, and about day-break we tied up and camped for the day, in the wilderness of the Edisto.

Monday night came on, when we again pushed out, and made good speed until three o'clock in the morning, when we again went ashore and took a sleep until daylight, (Tuesday) when we kindled a fire and cooked our remaining potatoes, and sucked our sugar-cane stalks until they were dry. Tuesday night came on, and we resumed our voyage, but it now became necessary to hunt for more forage. So, passing down the river a few miles, we came to a plantation lying near the river, which was quite a rare thing, as it was principally a wilderness on both sides of the river.

Here we pushed ashore, tied our boats under cover of the bank, and moved up quietly to the negro quarters and made ourselves known to darkies, who were glad to see "de Yankees" they had heard so much about; and after becoming satisfied that we had no "horns" and that we were their friends, they rallied all the negroes on the plantation. Women and children came out to see us, each one bringing some token of their kind regard. Even the smallest child had a potato to give us. By these negroes our haversacks were again replenished with grub, but they could give us but little information about what was ahead of us. We started with our treasures to our boats again. Just as I stepped into my boat it tipped up with me, throwing me into the rapid current, and I should evidently have drowned (being no swimmer) but for a bough of a tree which reached to the surface of the water, and which I chanced to get hold of, pulling myself up and climbing up

the limb. I again got on shore, and soon we were in our boats and under way. But as I was wet and the night cold, we only traveled a few miles until we went ashore, made a fire, dried my clothes, and slept the balance of the night.

Next day we resolved to run the risk of traveling in daylight, so we pushed out and run at good speed nearly all day, undisturbed save the occasional plunging in of a huge alligator from the shore, which sometimes endangered the safety of our boats. As night approached we were confident that we were nearing a bridge, which we had been previously informed was guarded by rebel pickets, though we could not learn whether we could run our boats under the bridge undiscovered, or whether we should be compelled to leave them and flank the guards, running our chances to get others below the bridge. Our only chances were to "go it blind," or to see some negroes and get the necessary information.

Darkness at length came on, and we had sailed but a short distance until we heard talking on the shore in the woods, near the river. Supposing it to be the voice of negroes, as it is hard to distinguish the difference between the language of the negro and that of the white man in that country, we pushed ashore, tied our boats, and started up to meet our colored friends, but had got but a short distance when the dogs pitched at us fiercely, and the men began to liss them on; and advancing rapidly upon us, we soon discovered that we were entrapped.

The party consisted of two white men and two negroes, armed with double-barrel shot-guns, accompanied by two dogs. They demanded of us who we were and where going. We represented ourselves as Confederates on a leave of absence, from the Thirty-Second Georgia. They however mistrusted us, and demanded our papers. I took a piece of paper from my pocket to make believe I had a furlough; but none of the party could read, which was well enough, as there was nothing on it to read. They

expressed themselves willing to let us go, if they could do so without their officers finding it out; but said they were under orders to arrest everybody traveling without a pass, and sent for a man in the neighborhood to come and examine our pass. We then told them who we were, as escape seemed impossible, on account of the hounds and other difficulties. We were then taken to a house on the plantation and put under guard, and the women went to work, killed some chickens, went into the field and pulled some corn, shelled and ground it on a little hand mill, baked us a pone from the meal, and made us a supper of chicken, pone and sweet potatoes.

We were now a hundred and sixty-five miles from where we started, and thirty miles south of Charleston. The next morning we were taken to Charleston on the first train. The family where we had stayed all night, being of the poorer class, expressed a good deal of sympathy for us. One of the women remarked to Captain Strang, "Yous are better lookin' than our folks."

At Charleston we were introduced to the jail and locked up in close confinement, our rations consisting of a pot of mush a day for all four of us, with nothing to eat it with but our pocket knives and fingers. We were only kept here a few days, however, when we were put upon the cars and returned to Columbia, from whence we started.

Very truly yours,

W. W. McCARTY.

ATLANTA, AND SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

General Scott, commanding the Second Brigade, was taken prisoner early in the action of the 22d. Colonel Wiles took command of the Brigade in the midst of the hottest of the engagement. His tall form could be seen at all times, everywhere encouraging the men to stand firm. And firm they stood, like immovable rocks; and nothing but the obstinate stand and desperate determination to hold their position or die there, saved the Seventeenth Army Corps. Never in the history of the war did troops do harder fighting than the Second Brigade that afternoon.

A few days after the fight of the 22d, the Corps abandoned the left and moved to the right of the army, where, for several days in sight of Atlanta, they fought with the enemy and kept pouring shells into the city.

They next abandoned their works on the right, and moved with the whole army, except the Twentieth Corps, to the rear of Atlanta, by way of Jonesboro, which gave us possession of the city. In the fight at Jonesboro, George Harris, of Company E, was killed. This was the only casualty. He was a brave soldier and a most worthy man. He left a wife and one child to mourn his loss.

In addition to those killed upon the battle-field of the 22d, very many died of their wounds. Among those not mentioned in the records who were killed on that day, are Francis Porter, Orderly Sergeant of Company G, and private E. Gallagher, of Company K, both men of marked

bravery and popular favor, loved and esteemed by all; they have gone to their reward, engaged in defense of humanity and the great principles of national honor and liberty.

After the city fell into our hands it was made a military depot, all the inhabitants were ordered either North or South, about an equal number going each way. Nothing but the tramp of the soldiers was heard by night or day, in the shattered, bullet-riddled and desolated city. The Seventy-Eighth encamped south of the city, and enjoyed three or four weeks rest.

The rebel General Hood feeling sore over the loss of Atlanta, determined upon a bold move that would again give him possession of the city. He therefore decided to march his whole army into Tennessee, cutting Sherman's communications on his way, destroying all his depots of supplies, and thus compelling Sherman to leave Atlanta, and follow him into Tennessee. This was just what Sherman desired, and he moved after him with the Fourth, Fifteenth, Fourteenth and Seventeenth Corps, and drove him as far north as suited his purposes in making the grand raid through Georgia.

When he had driven Hood beyond harm's way, he returned and made all haste to put his army in readiness for the march to the sea.

On the morning of the 15th of November the army left. All the business part of the city was destroyed; being set on fire it was left to the mercy of the flames. No one was left to oppose them or check the wide spreading ruin. There has been nothing like it in the history of the world. A city deserted by every inhabitant, the angry flames leaping heavenward and from building to building, rejoicing in their mad reign, where man and happiness once dwelt in fond embrace.

Considered as a spectacle, the march of General Sherman's army surpassed, in some respects, all marches in history. The flames of a city lighted its beginning; desolation, which in one sense is sublime, marked its progress to the

sea. Its end was a beautiful possession—a city spared from doom. Underneath smiling skies, cooled by airs balmy as the breath of a northern summer, the army of the West, slowly transforming itself into an army of the East, moved from sunset to sunrise, through a territory rich in all things wherein the theories of statisticians have declared it poor. Food in gardens, food in cellars, stock in fields, stock in barns, poultry everywhere, appeared in the distance, disappeared in the presence, and was borne away upon the knapsacks and bayonets of thousands of soldiers.

A new El Dorado, too, was this heart of the South. Money—bright gold, shining silver—plucked from closets, and stockings, and burial places by the roadside, enriched the invaders. The soldier has his whims—the tail-feathers of peacocks drooped and scintillated along the moving columns, from the crests of infantrymen and troopers.

Jokes, laughter and songs, and the tasting of the sweets of honey and sorghum, relieved the weary tramp, tramping over fields, roads and bridges. The cavalry swept the pathway of guerrillas; the clang of the hoofs and sabres resounded, through the glens to right, to left and in the front. Swift and terrible, and not always just, were the strokes of their arms and the works of their hands. Pioneers along a march of desolation forty miles in width and three hundred in length, their labor was too swift to be discriminating.

The great army—over the lands and into the dwellings of the poor and rich alike, through towns and cities—like a roaring wave, swept and paused, reveled and surged on. In the daytime the splendor, the toil, the desolation of the march; in the nighttime the brilliancy, the gloom, the music, the joy and slumber of the camp. Memorable the music that “mocked the moon” of November on the soil of Georgia; sometimes a triumphant march, sometimes a waltz, again an old air, stirring the heart alike to recollection and hope. Floating out of throats of brass to the

ears of soldiers in their blankets and Generals in their tents, these tunes hallowed the eyes of all who listened. Sitting before his tent in the glow of a camp fire one evening, General Sherman let his cigar go out, to listen to an air that a distant band was playing. The General turned to one of his officers: "Send an orderly to ask that band to play that tune again." A little while and the band received the word. The tune was "The Blue Juniata," with exquisite variations. The band played it again, even more beautifully than before. Again it ceased, and then, off to the right, nearly a quarter of a mile away, the voices of some soldiers took it up with words. The band, and still another played a low accompaniment; camp after camp began singing; the music of "The Blue Juniata" became for a few minutes, the oratorio of half an army. Back along the whole wide pathway of this grand march, from border to coast, the eye catches glimpses of scenes whose poetic images an American, five years ago, would have thought never could have been revived from the romantic past. Pictures swarm in fields and glens, and by the banks of rivers. A halt at high noon beside a village, a besieging of houses by the troops, soldiers emerging from the doorways and backyards, bearing quilts, plates, poultry and pigs, beehives 'attacked, honey in the hands and smearing the faces of the boys, hundreds of soldiers poking hundreds of bayonets in the corners of yards and gardens, after concealed treasures; here and there a shining prize, and shouting and scrambling, and a merry division of the spoils. In the background, women with praying hands and beseeching lips unheeded. Night near a railroad depot—a roar of fires, a shouting of voices, thousands of men ripping up ties and rails, heating them, twisting them, casting them down, axes at work, the depot buildings and wood piles a blaze, a truly picturesque and tumultuous scene.

The march by day—winding columns, glittering muskets, glowing flags, Generals' cafileades, wagon trains, stragglers, and thousands of negroes in the rear, stretching

over miles, a country of level fields, crossed by streams, broken occasionally by swamps and patches of forest, the distant smoke of fires, ragged villagers and ragged hovels by the way, at intervals a woman's head peeping out from a door or a window, quickly closed; at times a colored family, voluble with questions, thanking God for the advent, and joining in the march with their kind in the rear.

The camp by night — a faint glow of camp fires through miles of darkness, the cooking of suppers everywhere, laughter and talk, card playing, smoking, music, and the sounds of horses hoofs near and far, mess tents, a murmur with a good cheer, growing silence, a fainter glow of fires, a tumbling into blankets, slumber in all the field.

Clank, clank, through the dark, through the forest, go the cavalrymen's sabres. Their marches cease not night or day; they go forth to discover, repair or surprise. Before the day they have sent a guerrilla party headlong, or have anticipated the dawn with an illumination. The streams are cool and clear, by many a cliff and wood. Here, "naked and not ashamed," a hundred soldiers bathe within the waters. Their clothes and arms are flung upon the banks; their bodies gleam and splash among the ripples; their laughter rings harsh and loud, low and musical, while moving ranks upon the bridge above, go by. Down by towns and cities, and plantations, to the sea, the pageant and the wrath move to the new conquest, which at last is ours, and the curtain falls upon another act of a drama, which finds us in the rich and beautiful city of Savannah.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS OF SHERMAN'S GRAND MARCH.

The most pathetic scenes occur upon our line of march daily and hourly. Thousands of negro women join the column, some carrying household truck; others, and many of them there are, who bear the heavy burden of children in their arms, while older boys and girls plod by their side. All these women and children are ordered back, heart-rending though it may be, to refuse them liberty. They

won't go. One begs that she may go to see her husband and children at Savannah; long years ago she was forced from them and sold. Another has heard that her boy was in Macon, and she is "done gone wid grief goin on four years."

But the majority accept the advent of the Yankees as the fulfillment of the millennial prophecies. The "day of Jubilee," the hope and prayer of a lifetime, has come. They cannot be made to understand that they must remain behind, and they are satisfied only when General Sherman tells them—as he does every day, that we shall come back for them some time, and that they must be patient until the proper hour of deliverance comes.

The other day a woman with a child in her arms was working her way along among the teams and crowds of cattle and horsemen; an officer called to her kindly: "Where are you going, Aunty?" She looked up into his face with a hopeful, beseeching look, and replied "I'se gwine whar you'se gwine, Massa."

At a house a few miles from Milledgeville we halted for an hour. In an old hut I found a negro and his wife, both of them over sixty years old. In the talk which ensued, nothing was said which led me to suppose that either of them were anxious to leave their mistress, who, by the way, was a sullen, cruel looking woman, when all at once the old negress straightened herself up, and her face, which a moment before was almost stupid in its expression, assumed a fierce, almost devilish aspect.

Pointing her shining black finger at the old man crouched in the corner of the fire-place, she hissed out: "What for you set dar; you spose I wait sixty years for nuttin? Don't yer see de door open? Ise foller my chile; I not stay. Yes, nodder day I goes long wid people; yes, sar, I walks till I drop in my tracks." A more terrible sight I never beheld. I can think of nothing to compare with it, except Charlotte Cushman's "Meg Merriles." Rembrandt

only could have painted the scene, with its dramatic surroundings.

It was near this place that several factories were burned. It was odd to see the delight of the negroes at the destruction of places known only to them as task-houses, where they had groaned under the lash.

We have had very little difficulty in crossing the Ogeechee. The Seventeenth Corps covered the Ogeechee river, where a light bridge was only partially destroyed. It was easily repaired, so that the infantry and cavalry could pass over it, while the wagons and cavalry used the pontoons. The Ogeechee is about sixty yards in width at this point. It is approached on the northern or western side through swamps, which would be impassable were it not for the sandy soil, which packs solid when water covers the roads, although in places there are treacherous quicksands which we are obliged to corduroy.

IN A FOG.

Soon the fog, which settles like a blanket over the swamps and forests of the river bottoms, shut down upon the scene; and so dense and dark was it that torches were of little use, and men were directed here and there by the voice.

"Jim, are you there?" shouts one.

"Yes, I am here," is the impatient answer.

"Well, go straight ahead."

"Straight ahead? where the thunder is straight ahead?"

AN ORIGINAL CHARACTER.

At this station we came across an old man named Wells, who was the most original character I ever met. He was depot master in the days when there was a railroad here. He is a shrewd old man and seemed to understand the merits of the war question perfectly. He said:

"They say you are retreating, but it is the strangest sort of a retreat I ever saw. Why, dog bite 'em, the newspapers have been lying in this way all along. They are always whipping the Federal armies, and they always fall back after the battle is over. It was that 'ere idea that first

opened my eyes. Our army always whipping the Feds., and we always fell back. I always told them it was a d—d humbug, and now I know it, for here you are, right on old John Wells' place; hogs, potatoes, corn and fences all gone. I don't find any fault. I expected it all.

"Jeff Davis and the rest talk about splittin' the Union. Why if South Carolina had gone out by herself, she would have been split in four pieces by this time. Splittin' the Union! Why the State of Georgia is bein' split right through from end to end. It's these rich fellers who are making this war, and keeping their precious bodies out of harm's way. There's John Franklin, went through here the other day, running away from your army. I could have played dominoes on his coat tail. There's my poor brother, sick with small-pox at Macon, working for eleven dollars a month, and hasn't got a cent of the d—n stuff for a year. Eleven dollars a month, and eleven thousand bullets a minute. I don't believe in it.

"I heard as how they cut down the trees across your road up country, and burnt the bridges; why, (dog bite their hides) one of you Yankees can take up a tree and carry it off, top and all; and there's that bridge you put across the river in less than two hours—they might as well try to stop the Ogeeche as you Yankees. The blasted rascals who burnt this 'ere bridge thought they did a big thing; a natural born fool cut in two had more sense in either end than any of them."

THE PRISONERS' PEN AT MILLEN.

As mentioned above, this place is five miles above Millen Junction. A space of ground some three hundred feet square, enclosed by a stockade, without any covering whatsoever, was the hole where thousands of our brave soldiers have been confined for many months past. Exposed to heavy dews, the biting frosts, the pelting rains, without so much as a board, or a tent even to protect these poor naked fellows, who were almost always robbed of their clothing when captured. Some of them had adopted a wretched

alternative, holes in the ground, into which they crept at times. What wonder that we found the evidence that seven hundred and fifty had died there. From what misery did death release them!

I can realize it all now, as I could not even when listening to the stories of prisoners who had fled from this hell; escaped the devils in hot pursuit—foiled the keen scent of the track hounds put upon their path. Here is the uselessly cruel pen where my brothers have been tortured with exposure and starvation. God will certainly visit the authors of this crime with his terrible lightning. Jeff Davis knew that the Northern people would see the condition of the victims of Belle Island.

How fearful must be the treatment of those who are removed far from the hope of exchange. You at the North may not feel the necessity of retaliation, and may continue to clothe warmly, feed plentifully, and comfortable house the rebel prisoners who are happier far than if free with their commands, but you must not expect those who have and those who may endure these agonies, to feel or act with the same extravagance of generosity.

KILLING BLOOD-HOUNDS.

A significant feature of this campaign which was not before mentioned in this diary, received a marked illustration yesterday. Except in a few instances, private residences have not been destroyed. Yesterday we passed the plantation of Mr. Stubbs. The house, cotton gin, press, corn ricks, stable, everything that could burn, was in flames, and in the door-yard lay the dead bodies of several blood-hounds that had been used to track and pull down negroes and our escaped prisoners. And wherever our army has passed, everything in the shape of a dog has been killed. The soldiers and officers are determined that no flying fugitives, white men or negroes, shall be followed by track-hounds that come within reach of their powder and ball.

REVIEW OF SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA—FROM THE
SEVENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT—BY MAJOR JAMES S. REEVES.

SAVANNAH, GA., December 21, 1864.

T. M. STEVENSON :

Dear Sir—Thus ends our third campaign since the Seventy-Eighth Regiment O. V. V. I. left Ohio, in May last. Our march from Clifton, Tennessee, to Big Shanty, Georgia, was without opposition, for the rebel army had been beaten back, and we found it at a stand upon Kenesaw Mountain. Then commenced a series of flank movements which baffled the rebel Generals, and forced them back to Atlanta, where for a time they held their position. Again General Sherman cut loose from his base, and drew General Hood into a battle, and defeated him at Jonesboro, and captured Atlanta.

It was now the turn of the rebels to play the same game, and cut Sherman off and force him to leave Atlanta, and by a rapid movement Hood crossed the Chattahoochie, struck the railroad in Sherman's rear, and cut it at Big Shanty, then moving north along the road, they tore up the track, sweeping everything as they went, until they came to Altoona, where General Corse made a gallant defense, and they met with a signal and bloody repulse. Our army was put in motion, and moved rapidly after them through Altoona, Etowah, Kingston and toward Rome.

Then we crossed over by a tedious night march to Adairsville, and pushed on to Resaca, and sending our Corps over the mountain, turned the rebels from the railroad, drove them through Snake Creek Gap, then through Ship Gap, past Summerville, and over into Alabama. We rested on Little river, near Gaylesville, then moved southward, crossed the Coosa, and passing by Cave spring, Adairsville, Dallas, and Lost Mountain, reached Smyrna Church, near Marietta.

While marching up the road we repaired it, and while we rested at Smyrna trains ran from Louisville to Atlanta. Our army was paid, clothed, supplied with rations and rested; the teams and wagons made good, and everything

prepared for another movement. Our sick had been sent North, reinforcements received, transportation cut down, citizens, State, Sanitary and Christian Commission agents, refugees and contrabands were ordered North, condemned property was destroyed, and the last mail received.

Finally the last train of cars moved off, and the whole army went to the road and destroyed it from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and then marched to Atlanta. We stopped there but a day, and in that time destroyed the depots, all Government property, and everything which could aid a rebel in doing mischief, then bid adieu to the place, and pursuing the McDonough's road, plunged further into "Dixie." We moved in columns on different roads, and went as four stalwart mowers would move across a field, mowing a swath fifty miles wide. The Seventeenth Corps passed through Monticello, and struck the Central Georgia Railroad at Gordon. Another column went to Milledgeville. At Gordon we rested a short time, and heard cannon-ading toward Macon, and learned soon after that Hardee's old troops came out from Macon to punish the "Yankees;" a fight ensued and they hurried back to Macon with the certainty that they had lost three hundred men killed and as many more wounded in the skirmish, and that was the last we saw of the rebels.

After destroying the railroad from Gordon to Milledgeville, and some miles in the direction of Macon, we started for Savannah. When we crossed the Ocmulgee river we destroyed the Government factories there, and all the mills on the road. Foraging the country as we went, we fared sumptuously, for we found the land flowing with milk, honey and Confederate scrip. Our jaded horses and mules were turned out, and fine animals conscripted to serve in their stead, and we progressed finely, and waxed fat and jolly.

The Governor of Georgia fumed, and delivered himself of a proclamation, calling upon every male citizen to rally around the State flag: rise in their might; burn their crops; destroy their food; turn loose their hogs; run off

their horses and cattle; fell trees across the road; burn the bridges, and annihilate Sherman and his adventurous Yankees. The Legislature had already passed an act calling out the State troops, and making conscripts of all men and boys, but by a special clause exempted themselves, then adjourned to Macon. We pursued the even tenor of our way unmolested, for the people did not make any haste to obey the Governor, and we crossed the Oconee, Camanchee, Little and Great Ogeeche rivers, and arrived at Millen, where a branch road runs to Augusta. A small body of rebel State troops had thrown up some earthworks at this point, but fled as we approached. After burning the depot and tearing up the road about fifteen miles toward Augusta, we traveled on and found the country growing more flat and swampy, and had to corduroy our roads the most of the way from there to Savannah. All the cotton, cotton gins and presses were destroyed along the entire route. At Station No. 2 we met a force entrenched with two pieces of artillery, and found our road obstructed by fallen timber. Our advance charged their works, when they fled without a fight, and we met no more resistance until we were within seven miles of the city, and ran against their line and battled.

Our lines were formed and we rested until morning, when we found that the rice swamps, which extended from the Savannah to the Ogeeche rivers, (and become more troublesome as we approached the coast,) had been flooded, and the roads were all defended. Swinging around to the right, the Third Division took position east of the canal, on the plank road, near Silk Hope. While our line extended far to the right, a portion of the Fifteenth Corps went down the Great Ogeeche river, and after a brief engagement captured Fort McAlister, and opened the way to our fleet and we were again in communication with our friends.

In so long and interesting a march, we could not help meeting with many incidents worthy of special notice; were they half noted it would fill a volume, and I can only

skim over the ground to tell you that we were there, and that now we are here. The rice plantations are made to include a strip of land, which extends for miles, and which is elevated a few feet above the general level. It is comparatively dry, and affords ground for the fine mansion, gin houses, negro quarters and rice mills.

The face of the country is generally undulating, and much of it is marshy. The low lands are laid off in squares of perhaps five hundred acres each, divided by embankments of earth, and so arranged as to be subject to inundation at the will of the planter. A more than ordinary depression of the surface extends in a semi-circle around Savannah, about eight miles from the city, and by closing the sluices, the rebels had formed a water barrier to the advance of our troops, about one thousand yards wide, and had built forts and planted cannon at all the accessible points, and held us at bay.

General Sherman's first care was to put himself in communication with Fort McAllister, capturing two hundred and fifty men, and twenty-two pieces of artillery, and having received a supply of bread and forage sufficient for the entire army, he sent the rebel General notice that if the city was not surrendered within three days he would take it. The rebel troops immediately crossed the Savannah river, leaving their cannon in the forts and city, an immense amount of ammunition, ordnance stores, eighteen fine locomotives and seven railroad cars, several steam vessels, and a very large amount of other Government property.

Over two hundred pieces of cannon were surrendered, the most of them in fine order. In the thirty-seven days that we were marching, we were completely cut off from our mails, newspapers, telegraph, express and reinforcements — yet a more contented, fearless, determined and confident body of men could not be found on earth — so completely were we in possession of the land, that our foraging parties would go full fifteen miles across the

country, and but few men were captured. The Third Division lost a few men, who were picked up, and sixteen men were wounded and one killed during the short siege.

The Seventy-Eighth Ohio lost two by capture, but fortunately had none killed or wounded, although constantly exposed to the shells of the enemy, while opposite the rebel forts, and in the skirmish line.

Savannah is a large and beautiful city, and was of far greater importance to the rebels than was supposed. Here, for the first time, the people are submissive, and acknowledge our power. In other places they were defiant and insolent, but we see now the evidence that the conviction is deep, that our army can go over the Confederacy at will, and they have no army to stand before it.

We now hold the key to Charleston, Augusta, Columbia, and can move upon either point. The health of the army is good. There are but thirty-four sick, and two wounded men in the Third Division hospital. Only forty-eight sick and wounded men were sent away. How long we will remain at Savannah, or where we will go, will be learned in time.

On the 11th of January the three years of the organization of the Seventy-Eighth will expire, and then some of the officers and the non-veteran soldiers will go home.

SAVANNAH, BEAUFORT, POCOTALIGO, COLUMBIA AND MARCH TO TAYLORSVILLE AND GOLDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

In the preceding chapter we gave a mere outline of the march through Georgia to Savannah, where we encamped a few days. The march was an entire success. The regiment lost but few men. Joel Runyan, killed at Sandersville; Robert Hanson, taken prisoner, and has not been heard of since; Cyrus Trace, prisoner, was exchanged; private Townsend died near Savannah; Joseph Gleason and William F. Huffman died in Savannah.

Savannah is the largest, and was, previous to the rebellion, the most flourishing commercial city of the State. It is to the east what New Orleans is to the west. The city is built on a sandy plain, about forty feet above low water mark. A considerable extent of rice swamp lands lie in its rear, the exhalations from which render the city unhealthy at certain seasons of the year. The streets are wide, unpaved and sandy, but laid out with great regularity, and well shaded with trees. There are twenty-four public squares, each of considerable extent, and all closely shaded with Pride of India trees. Grassy promenades run through the middle of two of the streets, Broad and Bay, having ample thoroughfares on each side.

Nearly all the buildings are built of brick, and all of very neat design and finish, and give evidence of great wealth.

The city contains a new custom house, built in 1860. It is one hundred and ten feet in length, fifty-two feet in width, costing the government \$173,000.

There is also a State arsenal, theater, court house, a city exchange, artillery armory, jail and other public buildings, all of costly and imposing appearance. There are fourteen Protestant and three Catholic Churches, a Jewish Synagogue, and a public library, containing seven thousand volumes.

The public squares are ornamented with many interesting monuments. One erected to the memory of General Green, and one imposing structure in honor of Pulaski, who fell in an attack upon Savannah in October, 1779, then held by the British.

The whole space between Savannah and the ocean is cut up and intersected by rivers, creeks, cuts, swamps and openings.

The city is the most beautiful we have seen in the South. The most wealthy and enterprising, and a present population of 25,000 inhabitants, who manifest less malignancy toward the Yankee than we have seen elsewhere. We saw only one evidence of disrespect, which was in the burial of the prisoners of our army.

We find quite a number buried outside their fortifications by the wayside. General G. F. Wiles, commanding the Second Brigade, had a strong stockade placed around the graveyard, which was about one acre in extent. Thus a friendly hand, too late for relief, came finally to do honor to their last resting place, by placing around them an enclosure that would guard their sacred dust from the feet of inhuman and barbarous rebels. Surely their friends will feel lasting gratitude to General Wiles for this kind regard of those who have died from unfriendly neglect and barbarous enmity.

The city of Savannah was entered by our troops on the morning of the 21st of December. General Hardee, in command of the rebel forces, anticipating the general

assault which General Sherman had ordered that morning, escaped with the main body of his infantry toward Charleston, the night of the 20th.

The rebel iron-clads were blown up and the navy-yard burned.

The captures include eight hundred prisoners, one hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives in good order, one hundred and ninety cars, a large supply of ammunition and materials of war, and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton safely stored in warehouses.

LETTER FROM THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH.

POCOTALIGO STATION, S. AND C. RAILROAD, }
January 18th, 1865. }

Dear Editor:—Short and pleasant was our stay at the beautiful and non-loyal Forest City of Georgia. The 17th Corps left it the evening of the 5th, and marched to Thunderbolt, five miles from Savannah, and next morning the Third Division, commanded by General Leggett, embarked upon steamers, passed down the Wilmington river and through the Warsaw sound, and entered the rough ocean. After a stormy, rough sail, landed at Beaufort at 10 P. M., and next morning encamped about four miles from the town. Beaufort is pleasantly located on the Beaufort river, Port Royal Island, and was the home of aristocracy. It was a place of great wealth and influence. Every dwelling is a palace built in costly style, presenting an air of neatness, comfort and pleasure. It was captured by our troops, November 7th, 1862. All the inhabitants left but one, and he says he would have acted the fool like the rest, but was too drunk at the time. This one man still remains, and is doing a flourishing mercantile business. The town is now settled with Northern families, who are, some in the service of the Government, some engaged in mercantile pursuits, and some are becoming immensely wealthy in the cultivation of cotton upon plantations either bought or rented of the Government. The Island is ten or twelve miles square; the

soil very rich. Part of it has been sold to Northern men, and part appropriated by the Government for educational purposes, and as the establishment of schools for the contrabands. There are about one hundred teachers, principally ladies from the North, employed for the purpose.

The people hearing so much about Sherman's army and its vandalism, were here somewhat frightened when the Seventeenth Corps arrived; even the Post Paymaster buried the few "greenbacks" he had on hand. But the men proved themselves, by their conduct, that they could and would respect the property of loyal people: although ready and quick to destroy and lay waste in rebeldom, they were as ready and quick to let alone when among loyal people. This fact shows that our army is certainly the best disciplined in the world, and that they act from necessity and by motives of duty and principle, whether among the loyal or rebellious. We received nothing but kindness, good will and favor from the people in Beaufort, and received full rations for the men and forage for the horses, for the first time in nine months. Quartermasters and Government agents seem much more accommodating and obliging than in the West, and rations are of much better quality.

We remained upon the Island from the 7th to the 13th, when we broke up camp, bid farewell to the pleasant land and marched to the Coosa river, which bounds the Island on the north, and is navigable for the largest boats. The rebels made their appearance on the opposite shore, and opposed our crossing as they had successfully done to Foster and others. The opposite shore was strongly fortified, and had been the object of frequent attacks by our gunboats and iron-clads. About 10 P. M. in the darkness of the night, the Sixty-Eighth and Seventy-Eighth Ohio embarked on skiffs and crossed without opposition. The rebels, learning they were of Sherman's army, fled without firing a gun. By dawn of day the pontoons were stretched across the river, and the remainder of the Division and trains crossed and were again in rebeldom.

Before day-dawn, while standing on the river bank holding my horse, a stranger came forward from the crowd and addressed me. I did not at first recognize him, but he proved to be Captain C. M. Roberts, who had just returned from an absence of over two years, to his regiment, who, after crossing and exchanging a few salutations with officers and men, entered upon his official duties by taking command of a company; he, with his grave but pleasant face, soldierly bearing and respectful manner, is more than welcomed back to his regiment.

The Third Division, under command of General Leggett, with his two best Brigade commanders, General Force, First, and Colonel G. F. Wiles, Second Brigade, moved forward. Skirmishing soon commenced, the rebels rapidly falling back to fortifications on the opposite side of an extensive rice swamp. Colonel Wiles quickly deployed the Twentieth Ohio as skirmishers, in front of the enemy's works, which opened a brisk fire. Artillery was also placed in position, which opened with good effect upon their works. The First Brigade, under General Force, accompanied by General Leggett, moved upon another road, which flanked two strong lines of works. These the rebels left and fell back to a third line, near Sundown; the Division moved upon the third line. The Forty-Fifth Illinois being deployed as skirmishers here, lost several killed and wounded; among the killed was General Force's picket officer. The approach of night prevented farther operations, and the Division encamped. Next morning our Division moved forward—having now the advance for three days, they found the strongest works we have ever seen in the Confederacy, built two years ago, and evacuated by the rebels. The Division advanced to the Savannah and Charleston railroad, and encamped at the station, to await the arrival and concentration of the army, when a rapid movement will be made upon ———. In this movement General Leggett handled his Division with great efficiency. Thus one Division of two Brigades, advanced from Port

Royal and took possession of this railroad, which other Generals with probably five times the force, made seven attempts and as often failed, General Foster included.

The Seventy-Eighth Regiment is in good health, and never stood higher in efficiency and military reputation. Surgeon's call is thinly attended. There has been four deaths since leaving Atlanta, added to which list is the name of David Willis.

Our new line officers promoted from Sergeants, are proving themselves fully competent for their new position.

The day of retribution has now come to South Carolina. She is now and will in a few days receive a raking, and a sweeping scourge will pass over her that is frightful to contemplate.

The Seventeenth Corps left Pocotaligo on January 30th, and met with no opposition until reaching Saltkiahatchie river, where the enemy had an impregnable position and defended by heavy works. Nearly all rivers here are inaccessible, and can only be approached by a series of bridges and corduroy roads, probably a mile before we can reach the main stream; at the above river the men waded into these swamps and back water, and skirmished with the enemy. One Division crossed between the works and flanked them, while another Division charged in front. Here quite a number of prisoners were taken. In this fight the Second Brigade, under Colonel Wiles, engaged the enemy upon its right flank, and that night encamped at the fires the rebels had built near Barker's mill. Next day the Brigade moved to the enemy's left flank, while the First Division engaged the front, the Fourth crossed the river.

The next place of any consequence was the Edisto river. The Second Brigade of the Third Division being in front, engaged the enemy's works across the river. Here one of Company K, Seventy-Eighth Ohio, was severely wounded. Next morning the Third Division moved down the river one mile and a half from Orangeburg, crossed the river, the main stream, on pontoons, and waded a swamp three hun-

dred yards wide, and from three to five deep. The enemy ascertaining that we were crossing, fled. Captain Roberts, with his foragers, was the first to cross, and skirmished with one whole cavalry regiment, driving them rapidly before him. Orangeburg was a beautiful town of about two thousand five hundred inhabitants, but the effect of war here marred its beauty and laid its fine mansions in ashes. Here is located the Charleston Orphan Asylum, removed from that city at the commencement of the bombardment. Early in the morning I with several paid a visit to the institutions; we entered the dining room where were about two hundred and ninety children seated around tables eating breakfast, which was chiefly mush and molasses. All were dressed clean and neat. We remained until school opened, which was under the care of Miss A. K. Irwin, a most estimable and Christian lady from New York, who was the first to establish a union school system in the State. She has eight assistants.

The opening exercises were impressive and very interesting. I have never seen a finer exhibition of discipline, nor better music and singing. I noticed the tears start in the eyes of some soldiers present. What a contrast this sweet and beautiful scene with the terrible realities of war and its sad results, an exhibition of which could be seen from every window of the Asylum. At that moment fine houses were wrapped in flames; on the streets were to be seen little children gathered around a few coals of fire left by some soldiers; also women and fine looking young ladies sitting weeping and guarding a few things saved from their burning houses, and where to direct their steps for a temporary resting place they knew not, and not a morsel of food could be obtained this side of thirty miles on either extreme.

The railroad was destroyed and all other means of transportation removed by our army. These poor saddened hearts, we could do little for them to lift the burden of sorrow now pressing so heavily upon them, but bid them look up to Him who was a refuge in time of trouble, and

whose ears were open to the cries of the needy. That morning the Corps moved on toward Columbia, destroying the railroad on its way. All unoccupied buildings were burnt; many fine mansions, the abodes of wealth, grandeur and happiness, were deserted by their occupants, and stood lonely, inviting the hand of some plundering soldier to apply the torch,

On the 16th the Corps encamped on the bank of the Congaree, opposite Columbia, which gave rise to heavy skirmishing. They left all their heavy works on this side of the river. The city presented a beautiful appearance. The next day the rebels evacuated the place, having burned all the bridges. That afternoon and night the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps crossed and occupied the city. There was concentrated much of the wealth of the State; the stores and much of the costly furniture of Charleston were brought here for security. The people conducted themselves with becoming demeanor, and treated the soldiers with much courtesy and respect; but very imprudently, yet meant in kindness, set out their wines and liquors to them.

The citizens little thought their beautiful city would next morning be a mass of smoking ruins. There were many things conspiring for the destruction of the city. In the afternoon a furious storm of wind arose and blew continuously with the violence of a hurricane till late at night. All the encampments caught fire and drove the men from the woods. The rebels put fire to cotton and to their commissary, which soon communicated the flames to adjacent buildings. Soon others were set on fire, the wind carrying the flames with unconquerable rapidity. Escaped prisoners and drunken soldiers soon began to apply the torch all over the city, and by midnight it was an ocean of flames. Six regiments were quickly sent to aid the citizens and guard every house, and soldiers from all regiments worked faithfully in rescuing people from burning houses and carrying the sick to safe places.

One of the Seventy-Eighth entered a burning building, and carried in his arms a considerable distance a woman, and with her a child three days old. Many such incidents occurred. One poor mother, in her confusion and terror, forgot her children, who were asleep up stairs. The fire spread so rapidly that almost immediately all entrance was cut off. The frantic mother called to her children from the street, and the screams of the children and calls to mother could be distinctly heard. In a few minutes the flames, in their mad rage, seemed to draw the building from its foundation, and it was consumed with almost the rapidity of an explosion: here and there could be seen persons jumping from the second stories. The faithfulness of the guard saved many from perishing. We have heard of the sacking and burning of cities, but to be a spectator to it beggars all description. It is grand, sublime and terrible. The next morning when riding through the ruins of the city, all was quiet and still as death; broken furniture and charred fragments covered the streets, and burnt walls stood black, shattered and lonely. I could not restrain the dropping tear of pain and regret. In the parks and in the suburbs of the city, women were sitting and guarding a few things saved and carried there by the arm of some kind hearted soldier. Major Mills, of the Seventy-Eighth, carried upon his horse women and children outside the burning part of the city, until nearly morning.

The next day soldiers seemed not cheerful; their hearts went back in sympathy with the suffering people. All condemned and regretted the city had been burnt, but whom to blame they scarcely knew. It was burnt in a mysterious manner. Some how it was burnt, none could tell, and no one intended or thought of such a thing the evening before. Thus the city where the first ordinance of secession was passed has received a retribution severe, if not righteous: terrible, if not just.

The Corps moved on the next morning, destroying the railroad, and arrived at Winnsboro, February 22d. The other column, the left wing, arrived at the place the previous

evening. The town is situated in a beautiful, rich country, and is the home of wealthy planters and South Carolina bloods, a people in this State at enmity with all, and in sympathy only with the nobles in Europe, hating all democratic institutions. This town is a place of some celebrity, almost every house presents an imposing appearance. The women exhibit less timidity than in some other places; they and the children were dressed in their best style, and some with a show of much wealth. They were free and bold to express their opinions, and advocated the most intense secession. Here we may observe that the women from Columbia northward are much better educated, more intelligent, and appear to have more of the sprightliness, activity and brightness of the Northern girls; their complexions are not so much affected by the low flats and swamps of the South. The women of the South, in general, have a haughtier air, a more commanding appearance than Northern women. The Southern lady has deeper and stronger feelings; the Northern more sensitive and refined, more timid and modest.

The Corps halted here but a few hours, and turned eastward toward the Wateree, which they crossed on the 23d. The Seventy-Eighth Ohio some days was in the rear, whose duty it is to guard the train. This night was the most disagreeable of the campaign. The regiment stood the whole night upon the river bank; under a heavy cold rain, and in mud from three inches to no bottom. It did not get the train all over until morning, having only a few minutes to halt and then move on with the train, the other Divisions having considerably the advance, by having good roads.

The next morning the teams of the Third Division were all mud bound. Colonel Wiles stretched his Brigade along the road of two or three miles of teams, making new roads and corduroying old ones. That day the Brigade made ten miles of roads and brought the teams up thirteen miles.

On the 3d of March we encamped twelve miles from Cheraw. It rained nearly all the time since leaving Winns-

boro. The 3d we remained in camp, and on that day the First Brigade of the Third Third Division had a very unpleasant duty to perform — the execution of a rebel prisoner, in retaliation for the murder of one of their foragers. This was done in compliance with an order from General Sherman, issued to protect our foragers. The man was chosen by lot, which fell upon a good old grey haired man, the father of nine children, and a subject of the cruel system of conscription. The act was one of the terrible necessities of war, but it had better not be done, and I am certain will fail in the object intended.

On the 4th of March the Seventeenth Corps entered Cheraw, on the Pedee river, where the enemy had made extensive preparations for a strong resistance, but were driven from all their works by our skirmishers. This Corps had nine killed and a few wounded, nearly all of whom belonged to the Twenty-Seventh Ohio. The enemy in their retreat succeeded in burning the bridge. There were captured twenty-seven pieces of artillery, many small arms, and several tons of powder. Much had been shipped from Wilmington and Charleston, to this place for safety.

The town is a pleasant but ancient one, spread over sufficient territory for ten times the population. There are many evidences of wealth in this place, and of former greatness, but the war is making shipwreck of all these once flourishing places.

On the same day, Captain Roberts with his foragers, captured Society Hill, sixteen miles from Cheraw, one of the most aristocratic and beautiful places in the State.

On the 5th the Corps, taking again the advance, crossed the Pedee, and moved on toward Fayetteville, North Carolina, which place it reached March 11th. The foragers of the Seventeenth Corps, as usual, entered the town several hours in advance, and had some considerable skirmishing with the enemy. Of the Third Division two were killed and some wounded. Here some of the boys of the Seventy-Eighth had hand-to-hand combats with the enemy.

Our foragers soon being reinforced by others coming up, held the town. This town is one of the shabbiest I have seen on the campaign. Aside from the United States Arsenal established years ago by Congress at this place, there are few important buildings in the place. The arsenal was destroyed, and all its fine buildings torn down by order of General Sherman. We have never before seen as many poor looking women in one place. They thronged the street in crowds, begging something to eat from our soldiers: they had every appearance of want and starvation. From this place three steamboats, captured from the rebels, were sent loaded with refugees and contrabands, to Wilmington. The army remaining here but one day, moved on toward Goldsboro, where the campaign will terminate.

The enemy under General Johnston began to make heavy demonstrations upon the left wing of the army near the Neuse river, opposite Smithfield. The Army of the Tennessee changed its direction and moved up the Neuse river, and on the 21st met the enemy's skirmishers, which were driven back to their works and our lines established with the left wing. Here we skirmished with the enemy successfully, the Seventy-Eighth having two wounded severely. That night the enemy evacuated his works and retreated across the river. They had charged our lines frequently the previous evening, but in every instance were repulsed with heavy loss.

The army then moved down the river and arrived at Goldsboro on the 24th.

Thus one of the most stupendous and arduous, and damaging campaigns of the war ended. The Seventy-Eighth Regiment traveled in all five hundred and three miles. The rains, the mud, the enemy and the many rivers crossed did not impede the army's march a day. The regiment under the efficient energy and activity of Captain C. M. Roberts had abundance of provision. The regiment sat down to a sumptuous supper every night. Nearly one half the men

were without shoes the last few days of the campaign, and as many were dressed in rebel clothing. Our foragers taking advantage of this, tried the pluck of some of General Terry's men who had marched through from Wilmington. Two boys captured a picket post of five, and again captured two orderlies of General Terry's headquarters and paroled them. I cannot stay to give your readers a recital of the many laughable events of the campaign, and especially on the part of the foragers.

The total casualties of the Seventy-Eighth from the time it left Pocotaligo to the 24th, are thirteen. Company A, Milton Turner and Reese Getwood, wounded; James Gawd, missing. Company B, John T. Moore, killed while foraging; A. J. Mills, taken prisoner. Company C, Levi Gould, taken prisoner. Company D, George O. Watterberry, died of disease. Company H, Jeremiah McBride, died of disease. Company K, T. H. Thompson, killed by lightning: Washington Bruce, Joshua Dyer and Joel Ward, severely wounded.

Colonel J. C. Robinson and Major Mills have led the regiment with good acceptance and general satisfaction. They have proved themselves efficient officers and commanders. Under their command the regiment has won honors, and waded streams, swamps and mud, by night and day, sometimes marching the whole night through a pouring rain without a murmur.

All the officers have done nobly. They were always first to plunge into the water, and lead in all places of discouragements and difficulties. Yours respectfully,

T. M. S.

Chaplain Seventy-Eighth Regiment O. V. V. I.

At Goldsboro, April 5th, Lieutenant Colonel G. D. Munson took command of the regiment, and Major I. C. Robinson, who had commanded the regiment with so much ability and acceptance, from Savannah to this point, was appointed Inspector on General Leggett's staff. Lieutenant-Colonel Munson soon became very popular with both men

and officers, and rose to the reputation which his military experience and knowledge well merited.

General Scott, April 5th, returned from the North and took command of the Second Brigade. General Wiles and Adjutant Search went home on leave of absence. Lieutenants Story and McDonald resigned and also left the regiment; both had long served upon General Scott's staff. The former had served from the beginning of the war as a Lieutenant, and declined his promotion to Captain. The latter was compelled, through ill health, to quit the service.

As an expression of the warm attachment between General Wiles and the Chaplain, we insert the following note sent the latter on the morning he left:

“HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, THIRD DIVISION,)
SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS, April 5, 1865. {

DEAR CHAPLAIN:

I met the officers of the regiment last evening, and I remember you were not present. I wish to say good-by to you, and to express to you my gratitude for your friendship and excellent support.

May God bless you, and have you in his keeping, and give you health to perform your duties as Chaplain, and may he make your labors acceptable and fruitful, is the earnest prayer of your friend.

G. F. WILES, Colonel.”

On the 10th of April the regiment bid farewell to Goldsboro, and set out in pursuit of Johnston and his fleeing army. We arrived at Raleigh on the 13th, meeting no opposition. Johnston had gone farther west. Here we heard the sad news of the assassination of President Lincoln. The news of General Lee's surrender a few days previous had made the army wild with joy. We were then rejoicing over the news of Johnston's surrender to General Sherman, which was a source of additional joy. Closely follows this the sad news of the murder of the President, which caused a deep feeling of pain and sorrow. So intense was this feeling that scarcely a word was spoken. The

camp were hushed to the utmost stillness, each fearing to speak or impart the news to his fellow. In a short time the silent murmur of revenge was whispered from right to left of the whole army, and soon reached the ears of commanding officers. Quietly a strong line of guards was thrown around every encampment, which was all that saved the city of Raleigh from annihilation or a sudden transition to ashes.

After maneuvering about Raleigh in proximity to Johnston's army during the conditions of surrender, the regiment left for Richmond, Virginia, April 29th, but how different the march from any during the last four years. It is no longer through a hostile country: no cavalry are needed to clear the way: no scouts are needed to spy out the position of the enemy and to watch the secret movements of guerrillas; no plundering the inhabitants, and making a desolation of the country through which we pass; all is good feeling, that the war has ended, and ended in triumph to our arms; the country is saved; liberty and humanity vindicated, and the right victorious.

The whole army of General Sherman marched across the Neuse river and encamped until Monday morning, when all broke camp and started on a race for Richmond. The contest between the different Corps daily grew exciting and more determined, and the men entered into it with resolution and energy.

The second day's march the Tar river was crossed, and the army encamped upon its banks. Here the Seventy-Eighth regiment had a most estimable and worthy man drowned, private Levi Hamley, of Company K, while bathing in the river. This providence cast a heavy gloom over the regiment. His companions labored nearly all the night and the next morning to recover his remains, but without success.

So close was the contest between the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, that General Blair and General Logan, with

their staffs and pioneers arrived at the Roanoke river within one or two minutes of each other. Both Corps were compelled by the breadth of the stream to combine their pontoons and cross at the same point. General Logan had sent forward his pioneers to occupy the landing, and thus claimed the right to cross first. The Seventeenth Corps had to remain there until the next day, waiting the coming up and crossing of the Fifteenth Corps. The Seventeenth Corps were all up and in camp before the Fifteenth had reached the river. This Corps crossing first gave them a day in advance, which was considerable of an advantage.

We arrived at Manchester, on the south side of the James, opposite Richmond, on the 9th of May, making about twenty-five miles per day. The country south of Petersburg and toward Richmond is the garden of the South. The peculiar Southern appearance of both country and people disappear; all look more Northern-like and more familiar.

On the 12th the army left camp near Richmond and started for Washington City. The march was a pleasant one, and the country beautiful; and those stiff and sore from the forced march to Richmond rapidly regained their elasticity. All the way was made interesting by the marks of war, fields of battle, and encampments of the Eastern army. We had heard much about the desolations of Virginia, but were surprised to see them so trifling compared with Atlanta, and the country through which the Western army had passed its heavy campaigns. The works about Richmond were much inferior in every respect to those about Atlanta, and the desolations from Petersburg to Washington will bear no comparison with the desolations from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

On the 20th we arrived at Alexandria, where General Wiles and other officers absent on leave rejoined the regiment. On the 23d we camped near the Long Bridge across the Potomac. From our camp the capital and the sur-

rounding country presented an indescribably grand appearance.

On the 24th we marched into the city and passed in review before all the great ones of the nation. The multitude of people surpassed anything we had ever before seen. The review was quite a contest between the Eastern and Western armies. The former surpassed the latter in appearance, but the latter (General Sherman's army) surpassed the Eastern in marching, in soldierly bearing, and military discipline. Their free, easy motion, without a break or disparity in any particular, was in wonderful contrast with the Eastern army. It was conceded by all to be far superior in everything pertaining to a soldier. Here we remained encamped north of the city until June 6th, at which time a part of the regiment was mustered out, the veterans and a few others remaining.

The Third Division, commanded by General Leggett, had obtained so high a reputation, as being the best of General Sherman's army, doing the best marching and making the best appearance as soldiers, that many visited its encampment. The Second Brigade excelled the First in every quality, and of its regiments the Seventy-Eighth was in nothing second best. The Christian Commission will bear testimony that in all their visits to regiments none more cordially received them or made them feel more at home than the Seventy-Eighth Ohio.

June 6th we received orders to report at Louisville, Kentucky. The trip was made by railroad to Parkersburg, thence by boat. The first part of the journey was made interesting by the magnificent scenery of the mountains over which we passed, and those rising in solemn majesty in the distance; far to our left pile upon pile of mountains rose in the distant horizon. The whole journey was made still more interesting by the greetings of the people, especially the ladies who thronged every depot, and scores of old women, little boys and girls, loaded with baskets of pies and cakes.

As we passed down the Ohio river a most noticeable feature was the difference of the two shores. Those upon the Ohio side seemed all life and energy. The ladies tossed and waved their handkerchiefs with a life and energy that indicated earnestness, welcome and joy. Those upon the Kentucky side seemed to be generally away from home. Some would stand in their doors in sullen indifference. They probably felt that they had lost their dear rights, and were not likely soon to recover them. They *looked* as the Southern Confederacy *felt* — “caved in.”

We arrived at Louisville the morning of the 11th, and marched about four miles south-west and encamped. The next day changed camp, but the position being a swamp we again moved to the south-east of the city, where we found a beautiful, healthy locality. We all tried to think we were in a loyal State, for Kentucky was blowing her horn as loud as the most loyal State in the North. *Aristocrat* and *plebian*, “*stay at home*” and returned rebel soldier, as full yet of rebellion as “hell of brimstone,” all going in on the spread eagle style for the “Constitution and the laws,” claiming for themselves as much of the new glory that crowns the Fourth as if they had battled for the Government instead of against it — for the Constitution and the laws instead of against them. They fought hard, no matter on which side, for or against, the glory is all the same: they were neutral.

Yes, ye gods! look down and be amazed at the patriotism of us Kentuckians! Old Smith comes down from the ratters, after his wife has repeatedly assured him that the bear is dead. See him now, as he spreads himself among his neighbors, and tells them how “me and Sally killed the bear!” Who would not honor the self-sacrificing old hero for taking such high ground, such a safe position during the petty conflict of “our erring brethren?” True, he would much rather the bear had killed Sally, but now that the beast is dead and his own precious carcass is safe, (*requiescat in pace*;) we should all rejoice in our common victory!”

This State has suffered but little. If she had been run over like South Carolina she would have been infinitely more loyal than she is. She is much like a perverse family out West that could never be induced to attend church. They were rich and prosperous in worldly things. The old preacher had been very kind to them, but they only grew more wicked and more insulting to both God and man. One day a rattlesnake bit one of the boys and he thought he must die. At once they sent for the preacher. He came. They wanted him to pray for the dying boy, and he began: "We thank thee, O Lord, for rattlesnakes. We thank thee, that in thy adorable providence thou hast sent one to bite John! And we do beseech thee to send one of them to bite the old man and the rest of the family, for nothing but rattlesnakes will bring them to repentance!"

Such a prayer would be very appropriate for Kentucky. She needs rattlesnakes—she needs to suffer that she may know the value of a good government.

When at Louisville much discontent and open complaint prevailed among the troops, that they were longer held in the service after the war had ended. In some regiments the conduct became almost mutinous. The Seventy-Eighth became tainted with the same contagious spirit, but in a mild form, compared with others.

General Leggett issued an address to his command, that caused the fever to abate. We give the address below:

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH A. C., }
NEAR LOUISVILLE, KY., June 17, 1865. }

SOLDIERS OF THE THIRD DIVISION:

During the last four years you have displayed your valor and patriotism on scores of battle-fields. Scores of times have you met the enemies of our Government in deadly conflict, and always proved victorious. You never suffered your lines to be broken. You never attacked a position held by the enemy which you failed to take. You were never driven from a position which you attempted to hold.

When the history of the bloody battles and arduous campaigns in which you have been engaged shall be truthfully written, it will be said of the Old Third Division: 'It never knew defeat. It was never late in battle, and never early out. It never turned its back to the enemy. It always responded to the order 'FORWARD' with a cheer, and moved without regard to the obstacles or force in its front, and stopped only when its own commanders sounded the 'HALT.'

Of your name and record you justly feel proud. Soldiers guard well that name! Do not suffer any feeling of disappointment or discontent to lead you to tarnish that proud record, which, up to this day, is without a blot.

When we left North Carolina, our visions of home with its comforts and endearments were strong, and we all hoped, ere this, to have been there. But the Government determined that it would be imprudent to so soon disband us. Every inch of territory lately in rebellion is still under martial law, and while martial law prevails the war is not at an end, though active warfare may have ceased. Until reorganization takes place, and civil tribunals are ready to assume the control now exercised by the military authority, soldiers will be needed, and we may justly and legally be held in the service, and have no just right to complain.

It is the expressed desire of the Government to reduce its expenses as much and as rapidly as possible, and we may rely upon being mustered out of the service at the earliest moment deemed prudent by the authorities at Washington.

In the meantime a liberal percentage of the men will be permitted to visit their homes on furlough, and the usual discipline must be maintained in camp.

As to our further movements, or when we may expect to be mustered out of the service, you know all that your commander knows, and you ought to expect no more. But while held in the service, let us do our duties like men and soldiers, that when discharged we may bear to our homes

and to our friends, names of which they always may feel proud.

M. D. LEGGETT,

Brevet Major-General Commanding."

In July the Third Division was ordered to be mustered out. The rolls were soon completed, and the Seventy-Eighth started for Columbus among the first, where it arrived on the evening of the 14th, when it was paid off and disbanded. Each soldier, now a citizen, started for his home, feeling grateful to a kind and merciful Providence for protecting him through four years of bloody war, and permitting him to return home to his family and friends.

The parting of the Sixty-Eighth, Twentieth and Seventy-Eighth Ohio, was like the breaking up of a family. From the beginning of the war they had served together, and had been successful in every engagement, and never once gave way or retreated before the enemy. All were conscious of the fact that no other Brigade in the army had a prouder or more honorable record.

The following letter from General Leggett to the officers and soldiers of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio on the expiration of their original term of service, I take the liberty to insert:

"HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION, SEVENTEENTH A. C., }
NEAR BEAUFORT, S. C., January 10, 1865. }

To the Officers and Men of the Seventy-Eighth O. V. V. Infantry:

FELLOW SOLDIERS:—To-day ends the original term of "three years" for which the Seventy-Eighth Ohio Volunteer Infantry entered the service of the United States.

At the beginning of this term, few thought our services would be so long required. Then we enlisted for "three years" or "during the war;" we believed that "during the war" would be a shorter term than "three years." We failed then to correctly estimate the number and wickedness of those banded together to destroy our general government, and disgrace our national flag. Neither did we know then the strength of our affection for that flag, nor the depth of our love for that government. Three years of the most arduous and exposed service, has increased our

devotion to our country, and greatly deepened our hatred of its foe.

The history of the regiment has been one of which we are all proud. Thank God and the brave men of the Seventy-Eighth, there is not a page or a paragraph of that history that need ever cause the blush of shame to tinge our cheeks, or those of our children after us.

During the "three years" the regiment has never been the subject of censure, but has often been commended and praised in orders and reports, for its gallantry in battle, its thorough discipline, its soldierly conduct in camp and on the march, and for its proficiency in drill.

The Seventy-Eighth has never gone into summer or winter quarters. Its entire term has been one of extreme exposure and arduous service. Its history may truly be said to have been written in sweat and blood. At Donelson, Burnt Bridge, Shiloh, Siege of Corinth, Bolivar, Iuka, Thompson's Hill, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hill, Siege of Vicksburg, Boguechitta, Baker's Creek, Clinton, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Jonesboro, Lovejoy, Siege of Savannah, and in almost numberless affairs and skirmishes of less importance, the regiment has left its mark in blood, and by its determined bravery shown its invincible character.

In the campaigns to Iuka, to Water Valley, in the rear of Vicksburg, and the expedition of the Yazoo valley, Boguechitta Creek, through Louisiana, the great Meridian raid, the march through Northern Alabama, the Atlanta campaign, the pursuit of Hood in the rear of Atlanta, and the great expedition through Georgia to Savannah, it has displayed its high state of discipline, its marching qualities, and the patriotic willingness of its officers and men to undergo the greatest deprivations, and to subject themselves to the most extreme fatigue and exposure, when the exigencies of the service demanded.

Since entering the service the regiment has marched three thousand two hundred and eighty-nine miles; been

transported on steamboats two thousand two hundred and fourteen miles; and on railroad one thousand six hundred and ninety-nine miles, making the whole distance traveled during the three years, seven thousand two hundred and two miles.

Two hundred and ninety-four of your number have given their lives a willing sacrifice upon their country's altar. Of this number eighty-one were killed in action. Unshrouded and uncoffined their hallowed remains are sanctifying the rebellious hills and valleys of Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama and Georgia. The recollections of these brave men who have so nobly fallen will ever be fresh in the memory of their comrades. Let us emulate their noble deeds. Patriotic braves can ask no better time to die than while raising their arm in defense of the best Government that God ever gave to man. Two hundred and seven have been wounded in action, many of whom must be cripples for life. They must have our warmest sympathy, and, when needed, our active aid.

Five hundred and eighty-nine have lost their health in the service, and have been discharged before the expiration of their term. Twenty-seven are reported as missing in action. Thirty-one have been transferred to the Invalid Corps, and seventeen are reported *deserters*, making the total loss of the regiment eight hundred and eighty-five men. We entered the service with nine hundred and forty men.

During your three years' term your regiment has, excepting a short time, constituted the whole or a part of my command. The ready obedience it has always yielded to my orders, and the friendly, generous and cheerful spirit its officers and men have given me in the discharge of my official duties, have won my lasting and warmest gratitude.

In the honor and welfare of the regiment I have always felt, and shall always feel, the deepest solicitude. Whenever the regiment has honored itself, I have felt honored; and had it ever disgraced itself, I should have felt myself

disgraced. Let its future be what its past has been, and it will always be the pride of my life, that I was the first Colonel of the Seventy-Eighth Ohio.

Those whose health and circumstances at home precluded them from becoming veterans, close their term of service with us to-day. In bidding farewell to those of your command who now leave you, give them the assurance that the reputation of the "Old Seventy-Eighth," so dearly won, shall be fully sustained in its veteran organization — that the remaining pages of its history shall be equally glorious with those already written.

Your friend and former Colonel,

[Signed,]

M. D. LEGGETT.
Brigadier-General."

GENERAL LOGAN'S FAREWELL TO THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE, }
LOUISVILLE, KY., July 13, 1865. }

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee:

The profound gratification I feel in being authorized to release you from the onerous obligations of the camp, and return you, laden with laurels, to homes where warm hearts wait to welcome you, is somewhat embittered by the painful reflection that I am sundering the ties that trials have made true, time made tender, suffering made sacred, perils made proud, heroism made honorable, and fame made forever fearless of the future. It is no common occasion that demands the disbandment of a military organization, before the resistless power of which mountains bristling with bayonets have bowed, cities have surrendered, and millions of brave men been conquered. Although I have been but for a short period your commander, we are not strangers: affections have sprung up between us during the long years of doubt, gloom and carnage, which we have passed through together, nurtured by common perils, sufferings and sacrifices, and riveted by the memories of gallant comrades, whose bones repose beneath the sod of an hundred battle-fields, nor time nor distance will weaken or efface. The

many marches you have made, the dangers you have despised, the haughtiness you have humbled, the duties you have discharged, the glory you have gained, the destiny you have discovered for the country in whose cause you have conquered, all recur at this moment in all the vividness that marked the scenes through which we have just passed. From the pens of the ablest historians of the land, daily are drifting out upon the current of time, page upon page, volume upon volume of your heroic deeds, and floating down to future generations will inspire the student of history with admiration, the patriot American with veneration for his ancestors, and the lover of republican liberty with gratitude for those who, in a fresh baptism of blood, reconsecrated the powers and energies of the Republic to the cause of constitutional freedom. Long may it be the happy fortune of each and every one of you to live in the full fruition of the boundless blessings you have secured to the human race. Only he whose heart has been thrilled with admiration for your impetuous and unyielding valor in the thickest of the fight, can appreciate with what pride I recount the brilliant achievements which immortalize you, and enrich the pages of our national history. Passing by the earlier, but not less signal triumphs of the war, in which most of you participated, and inscribed upon your banners such victories as Donelson and Shiloh, I recur to campaigns, sieges and victories that challenge the admiration of the world, and elicit the unwilling applause of all Europe. Turning your backs upon the blood-bathed heights of Vicksburg, you launched into a region swarming with enemies, fighting your way, and marching without adequate supplies, to answer the cry for succor that came to you from the noble but beleaguered army at Chattanooga. Your steel next flashed among the mountains of the Tennessee, and your weary limbs found rest before the embattled heights of Mission Ridge, and there, with dauntless courage, you breasted again the enemy's destructive fire, and shared with your comrades of the Army of the Cumber-

land the glories of a victory, than which no soldiery can boast a prouder.

In that unexampled campaign of vigilant and vigorous warfare from Chattanooga to Atlanta, you freshened your laurels at Resaca, grappling with the enemy behind his works, hurling him back dismayed and broken. Pursuing him from thence, marking your path by graves of fallen comrades, you again triumphed over superior numbers at Dallas, fighting your way from there to Kenesaw Mountain, and under the murderous artillery that frowned from its rugged heights, with a tenacity and constancy that finds few parallels, you labored, fought and suffered through the broiling rays of a Southern midsummer sun, until at last you planted your colors upon its topmost heights. Again on the 22d of July, 1864, rendered memorable through all time for the terrible struggle you so heroically maintained under discouraging disasters, and that saddest of all reflections, the loss of that exemplary soldier and popular leader, the lamented McPherson, your matchless courage turned defeat into a glorious victory. Ezra Chapel and Jonesboro added new luster to a radiant record, the latter unbarring to you the proud Gate City of the South. The daring of a desperate foe, in thrusting his legions northward, exposed the country in your front, and though rivers, swamps and enemies opposed, you boldly surmounted every obstacle, beat down all opposition, and marched onward to the sea. Without any act to dim the brightness of your historic page, the world rang plaudits when your labors and struggles culminated at Savannah, and the old "Starry Banner" waved once more over the walls of one of the proudest cities of the seaboard. Scarce a breathing spell had passed when your colors faded from the coast, and your columns plunged into the swamps of the Carolinas. The sufferings you endured, the labors you performed, and the successes you achieved in those morasses, deemed impassable, form a creditable episode in the history of the war. Pocotaligo, Salkahatchie, Edisto, Branchville, Orangeburg, Columbia,

Bentonville, Charleston and Raleigh are names that will ever be suggestive of the resistless sweep of your column through the territory that cradled and nurtured, and from whence was sent forth on its mission of crime, misery and blood, the disturling and disorganizing spirit of secession and rebellion.

The work for which you pledged your brave hearts and brawny arms to the Government of your fathers, you have nobly performed. You are seen in the past gathering through the gloom that enveloped the land, rallying as the guardian of man's proudest heritage, forgetting the thread unwoven in the loom, quitting the anvil and abandoning the workshops, to vindicate the supremacy of the laws and the authority of the Constitution. Four years have you struggled in the bloodiest and most destructive war that ever drenched the earth with human gore; step by step you have borne our standard, until to day, over every fortress and arsenal that rebellion wrenched from us, and over city, town and hamlet, from the lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean, proudly floats the "starry emblem" of our national unity and strength.

Your rewards, my comrades, are the welcoming plaudits of a grateful people, the consciousness that in saving the republic, you have won for your country renewed respect and power at home and abroad, that in the unexampled era of growth and prosperity that dawns with peace, there attached mightier wealth of pride and glory than ever before to that loved boast, "I am an American citizen."

In relinquishing the implements of war for those of peace, let your conduct ever be that of warriors in time of war, and peaceful citizens in time of peace. Let not the luster of that bright name that you have won as soldiers, be dimmed by any improper act as citizens, but as time rolls on let your record grow brighter and brighter still.

JOHN A. LOGAN, Major-General.

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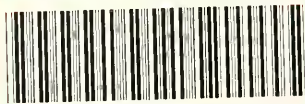
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